

THE
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April 1967, 75 cents

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by Daniel Callahan

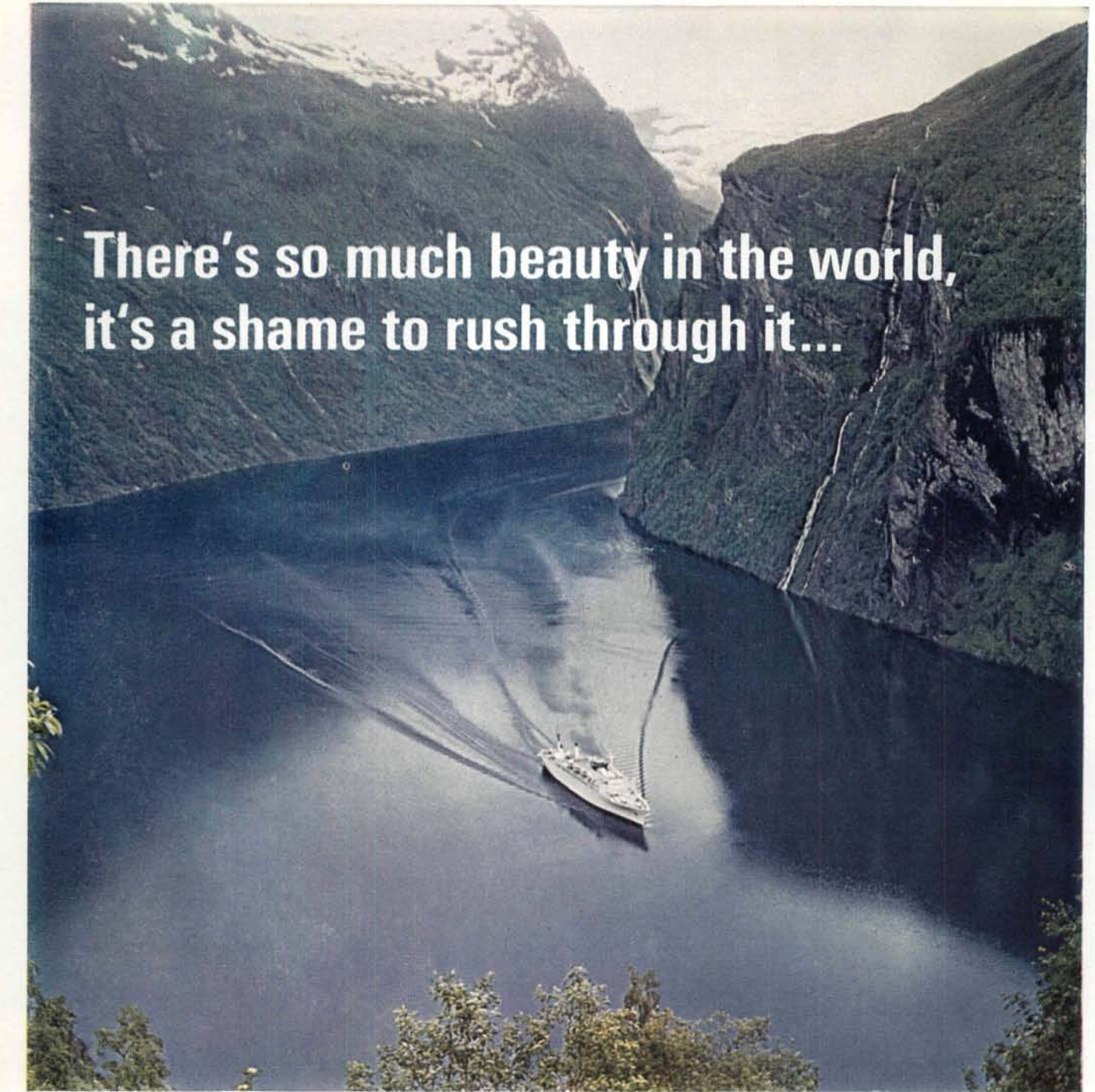
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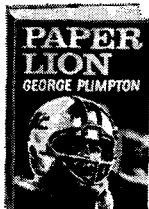
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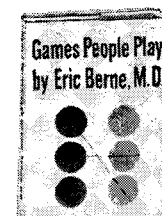
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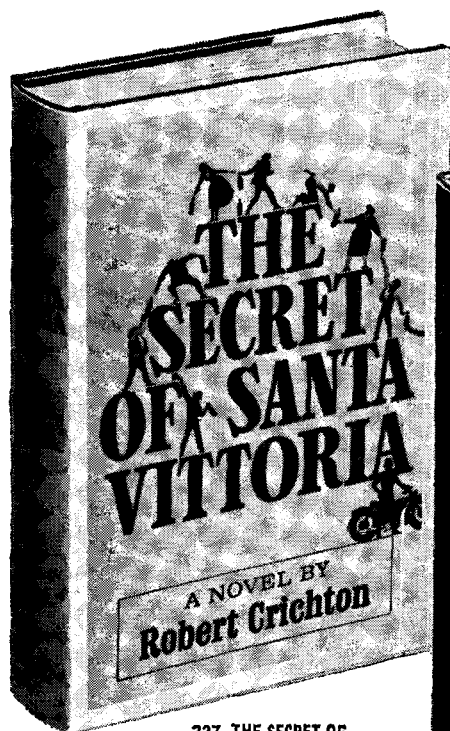
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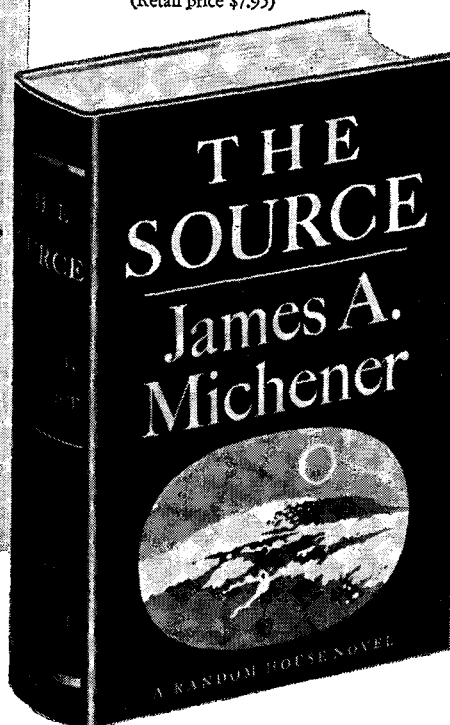
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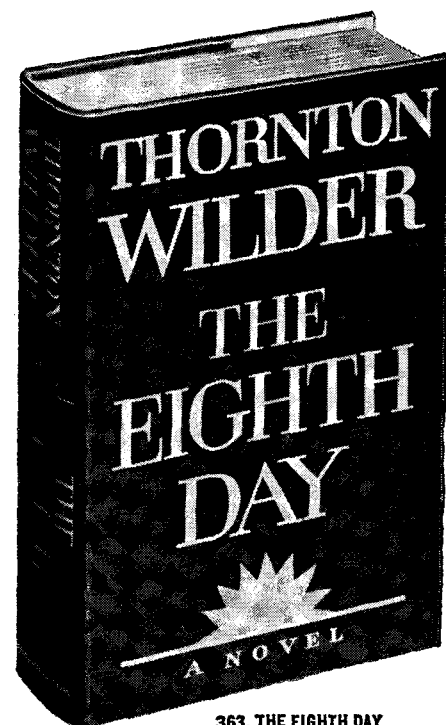
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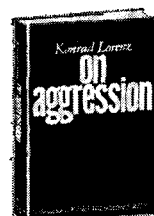
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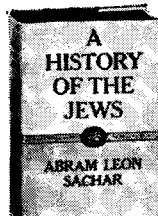
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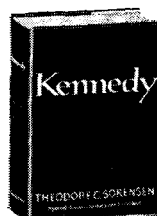
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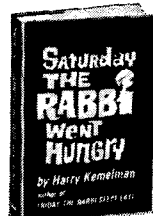
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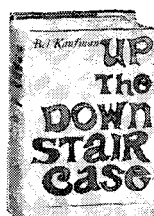
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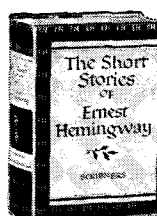
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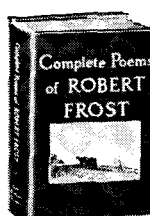
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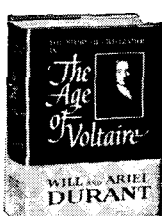
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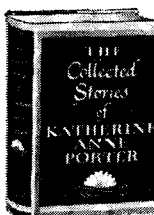
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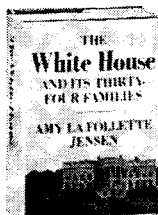
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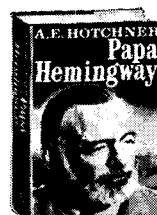
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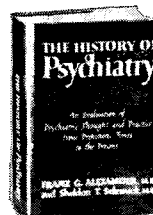
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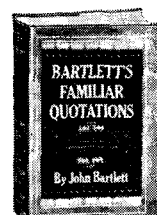
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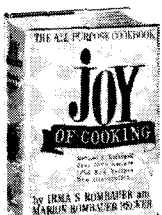
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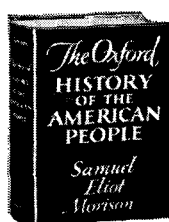


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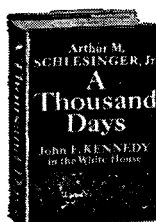
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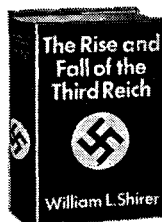
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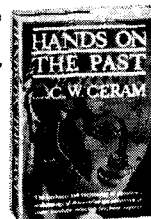
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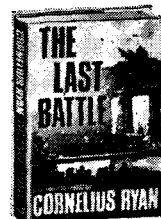
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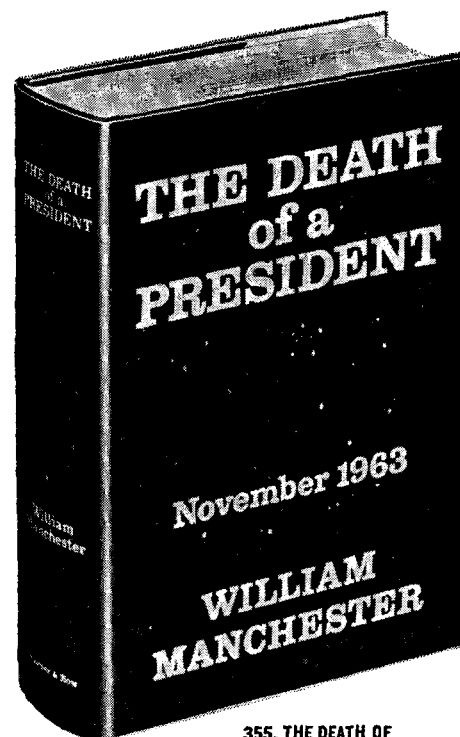
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reports

Washington



The G-man working at his desk at the headquarters of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in Washington is a man in his late thirties, tall, lean, clean-cut, well groomed. Since eight thirty this morning he has been poring over the files of an internal security case. Now he glances at his watch and sees that it is shortly after ten thirty. He gets up from his desk and prepares to leave the building.

Before he departs he stops off to fill out his "Number Three" card, the way FBI regulations require. He signed the card when he came to work this morning, and now he signs out. On the card he notes the file number of the case he is working on, his time of departure, his expected time of return, and the name of the contact he is now about to approach.

Gray fedora in hand, the G-man leaves the Justice Department building. He strides purposefully down 10th Street, crosses Pennsylvania Avenue, and after a casual but professional size-up glance in either

direction, enters a small, steamy-windowed coffee shop. He takes a seat in an empty booth in the back of the place, and presently a greasy-aproned counterman sidles over. It is obvious by the glance they exchange that they are not strangers to one another.

"The usual?" the counterman asks. Then he adds: "Or why don't you try the cheese for a change. The cheese is good today."

The G-man considers the proposal for a brief moment, but shakes his head. "No, the usual," he replies.

A minute later the counterman returns, bringing a big, thick mug of black coffee and a prune danish. The agent glances around the coffee shop, then picks up the pastry and bites into it. He had to tell an official lie to come out on this coffee break, and he means to enjoy every crumb of it.

Life with J. Edgar Hoover

This G-man didn't leave his office on any official business. He didn't go where he said he was going on the "Number Three" card. Neither does he have any intention of contacting the person whose name he wrote on the card. The fact is, he lied about all that. The fact is, this G-man is doing nothing more than taking a fifteen-minute break for a cup of coffee and a prune danish. He does this all the time, and he knows that if he ever gets caught, he will be punished for it.

A piece of fiction? Yes. An exaggeration? No. The Federal Bureau of Investigation investigates none more thoroughly than it investigates those candidates who wish to join its own ranks. The Bureau goes to understandably extreme limits to make sure that it is getting good men. But then — if the state-

ments of numerous ex-agents are to be believed — the Bureau treats them like children and motivates them chiefly through fear.

The 6200 special agents in J. Edgar Hoover's FBI live and work in a special, unique world. It is a world that was created by Hoover, and its rules and regulations, in their rigidity and complexity, would equal those of the United States Army, the Boy Scouts of America, and the Roman Catholic Church combined. "The thing is, the rules themselves make good sense, most of them. It's the way they are enforced," says one former special agent.

"Never embarrass the Bureau"

Inside information about the FBI always has been hard to come by. It is famous as one of the most image-oriented agencies in the federal government, and of all its rules, the number one rule is: "Never embarrass the Bureau." Thus there presently exist two sharply conflicting versions of the FBI story.

The first is the classic one promulgated over the years by Hoover: the FBI is efficient, dedicated, and utterly free of graft and corruption. It is nonpolitical. Its ethics and its conduct are beyond reproach. It catches crooks, kidnappers, and Communists in great numbers; the FBI always gets its man. Under the inspiring leadership of the greatest policeman in the world, an elite corps of special agents, making use of the most effective anti-crime apparatus ever created, stands as the faithful, trustworthy guardian of the republic. And the American people owe it a lasting debt of gratitude, by God.

The dissent has come only in recent years. In fact, it is possible to pinpoint the exact date when the

"I'm a stock broker. I think every investor should at least consider listed stocks."

**"I mean investors of all types
—new and old, big and small."**

**What's special about stocks listed on
the New York Stock Exchange?**

"Generally they're the big companies, the leaders in their fields. When a company's stock is first listed, the Exchange has to be satisfied that it has earned a position of importance in its industry and proved its ability to make a profit."

Is profit the whole picture?

"No. There are lots of guidelines for original listing. One is that ownership can't be concentrated in just a few hands; there have to be at least 1,700 owners of 100 shares or more—and some go to a million shareowners or higher."

How can I learn about listed stocks?

"That's an important point. Generally there is more information available on listed stocks. The Exchange rules require that these companies put out financial reports and promptly advise the public of major developments. And every shareowner has the right to vote on important matters. The investor should ask his broker for such facts."

**Once listed, does a company always
stay listed?**

"By no means. The Exchange has standards for de-listing a company, too."

**How many companies are listed on the
Exchange?**

"About 1,200 out of some 1,400,000 in this country. But these few, as a group, earn about 70% of the profit reported by U.S. corporations, and pay about 60% of all dividends."

How many people own listed stocks?

"The Exchange estimates that more than 20,000,000 people own stock today, and 12,000,000 of these own listed stock. And of course many listed stocks are favor-

ites of the big institutional investors. That means pension funds, insurance companies, and so on—so practically everybody has a stake in the market."

That's fine, but how does that affect me?

"One thing is volume. Last year, an average of about 7,500,000 shares changed hands each trading day. So it's a matter of supply and demand. Whether you want to buy or sell, your broker can usually find your opposite number in a matter of minutes. And it's easy to keep up with price changes because listed stock transactions are reported promptly on the ticker. And they're covered on radio and TV news shows and in newspapers."

**Does all this mean that listed stocks
are right for everybody?**

"No, it doesn't. Every investor has his own set of circumstances, and the broker wants him to feel completely free about discussing them. No investor and no broker can push a button and get the answers. Sound investing is based on circumstances, facts and judgment. But my experience tells me that every investor should consider listed stocks."

4 steps to wise investing:

1. **Get facts and advice.** Go to a member firm of the New York Stock Exchange.
2. **Consider investing only funds you don't expect to need for living expenses and emergencies.**
3. **Invest with a view to meeting a specific goal—a second income from dividends, or growth of your money for use later, or the relative safety bonds might offer.**
4. **Keep your eyes open to the risk in any investment. Ask your broker for facts, then ask yourself for your best judgment.**



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175th Anniversary—Marketplace for the Nation's Progress

Washington

FBI first started having serious image problems. It was in January, 1961, when Robert F. Kennedy became Attorney General of the United States and Hoover's new boss. Kennedy and the man who worked for him at the Justice Department took a hard look at the Bureau and didn't like much of what they saw. They have been talking about it ever since.

The FBI, so it's said, is not all that hot. The FBI, so it's said, rigs its crime statistics to show itself in the most favorable light. It is existing on a reputation gained chiefly during the gang-busting thirties and the spy-catching forties. The Bureau, we are now told, is reluctant to enter any case unless chances of breaking it are good, and it frequently hogs the credit for arrests and convictions, conveniently ignoring contributions by local law enforcement officials. And, it is said, the Bureau had to be prodded into action in the vital fields of civil rights and organized crime because Hoover concluded that both areas were too politically controversial and too unlikely to produce favorable statistics quickly and easily.

R.F.K. vs. J.E.H.

The recent Report on Crime issued by the National Crime Commission also emphasized that detailed, reliable information on organized crime in the nation is greatly lacking at present. The problem is, how do you come by it? Evidence indicates that the major part of the FBI's program against organized crime — instituted at Robert Kennedy's insistence — consists of an expanded wiretapping and bugging operation. And there are those who say the Agency has cut back on this now.

Kennedy and Hoover have been throwing rocks at each other since the assassination.

Of all the many traumas produced that November, perhaps the least understood was the one suffered by the executive branch, whose members, Hoover among them, had settled down with the realization that John F. Kennedy was going to be in the White House — and his men were going to be in charge — until 1969. Few people within the federal bureaucracy were prepared, either emotionally or intellectually,

to accept the abrupt, unanticipated transitions of power caused by the first presidential assassination in modern times.

Hoover was one of the few. During his long tenure as director of the FBI, Robert Kennedy was the first, and probably the last, Attorney General whose political authority exceeded Hoover's own. He also was the first, and no doubt will be the last, ever to use his desk buzzer to summon Hoover into his office. Hoover was sixty-nine years old at the time and no doubt had reconciled himself to the hard fact that this inglorious condition would remain his until retirement.

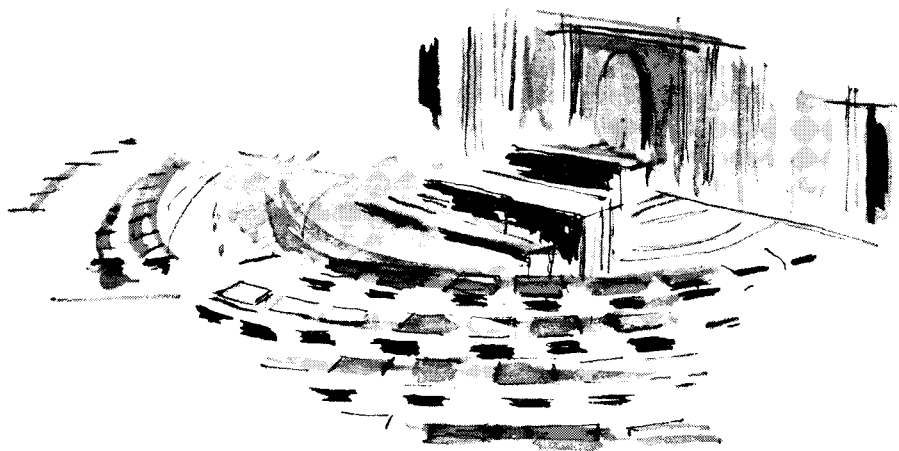
According to William Manchester, it was Hoover who called Kennedy at home and informed him that "your brother [not "the President"] is dead." That same day, Herbert (Jack) Miller, then assistant attorney general in charge of the criminal division of the Justice Department, flew to Dallas. But he might just as well have stayed home, for his presence there was pointedly ignored by the FBI.

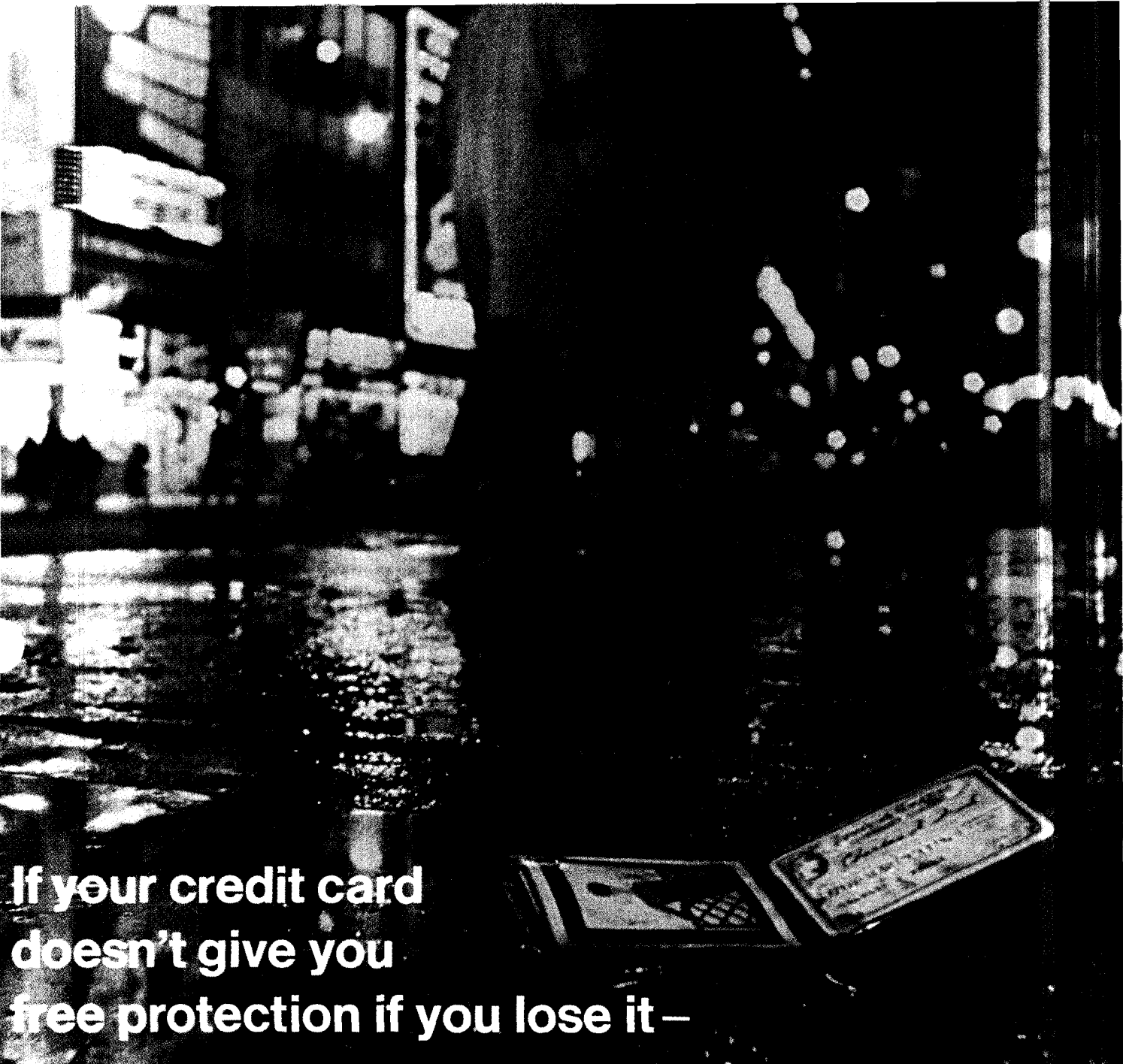
By way of contrast, when the Yugoslav embassy in Washington was bombed this past winter, FBI agents paid routine calls on people who lived in the neighborhood. One such person is Edwin Weisl, Jr., the assistant attorney general in charge of the land and natural resources division. Weisl was impressed by the courtesy and bearing of the two agents, particularly since it was apparent that neither of them recognized him, and subsequently wrote a complimentary note to Cartha D. (Deke) DeLoach, who is Hoover's assistant. DeLoach showed the note to Hoover, who promptly issued reprimands to both agents for not knowing who Weisl was.

Thus, it is accurate to say that of all the transitions caused by the assassination, the swiftest occurred at the Department of Justice. Since then, Hoover has snubbed Kennedy and refused to speak to him on more than one public occasion. In retaliation, Kennedy has become to the FBI about what Ralph Nader is to General Motors.

Hoover and Lyndon Johnson, on the other hand, are old, close friends. For years, when Johnson was in the Senate, the two men were neighbors who lived only a few doors apart on 30th Place in northwest Washington. In May, 1964, the President issued an executive order which, in "the public interest," waived the compulsory retirement that would have become effective on Hoover's seventieth birthday and proclaimed that the FBI director could keep his job "as long as I am in the White House."

An inaccurate story widely circulated in Washington has it that Hoover's first action after the Kennedy assassination was to gather up all the FBI files on the Kennedy-commissioned Bobby Baker investigation and deliver them to Johnson. Not only is that story inaccurate, it also fails to give proper credit to the subtle political instincts of both men. What seems to have happened is that Hoover decided to make Johnson ask to see the files, and Johnson, recognizing the ploy, delayed the request as long as possible. Johnson was confined to Bethesda Naval Hospital when his name was first mentioned in the Baker public hearings, which were then under way. That gave him legitimate reason to look into those files at last, so he immediately phoned Hoover and ordered them sent over. The President's relation-





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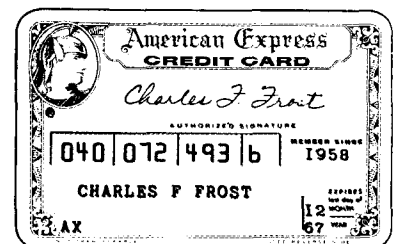
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Washington

ship with Hoover has little to do with their personal friendship, however. Rather, it is based on a mutual appreciation of Hoover's political powers and the uses he can make of them. "*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*" asked Juvenal. "Who will watch the watchers?" In this instance, the answer is — a wary Lyndon Johnson.

The politics of FBI snooping

Despite all the criticism it has received in recent years, despite all the controversy, there really is little that is wrong with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Its equipment and facilities are first-rate. Its agents are capable and dedicated. And even its severest critics acknowledge that the Bureau does a creditable job in any area, once it commits itself to action.

There are those who worry about the possibility that the Bureau, given its head, could become some sort of national MVD-like secret police force. But fact does not support this, either. To the contrary, Hoover always seems to have been well aware of the ultimate dangers of a "national police force." He has spoken out publicly on the subject many times. And on his orders, the FBI has scrupulously observed the rules on forced confession, unwarranted arrest, and search and seizure.

The record is not so clear on telephone bugging, and is further obscured by the political maneuvers of recent months. A lot of people in Washington are still wondering who and what motivated the Bureau suddenly to fess up and admit that its agents violated Fred Black's constitutional rights when they bugged his telephone. Robert Kennedy evidently sensed that Hoover and Johnson were coming at him like Mister Inside and Mister Outside. Shortly, Washington lawyer Courtney Evans, who served as the FBI liaison between Kennedy and Hoover, wrote him a letter which said, in effect, "You didn't know about the bugging, Bobby."

"Yes, he did too," Hoover quickly replied.

There the matter rests, at least for the time being, although one thing is sure: Hoover will never agree that the FBI bugged a phone without

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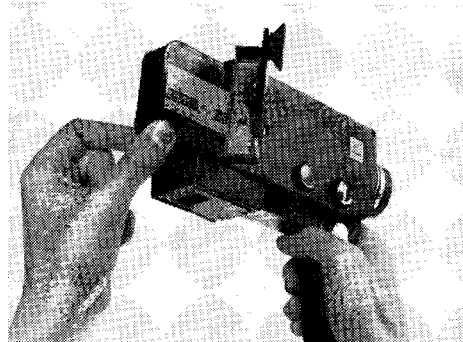


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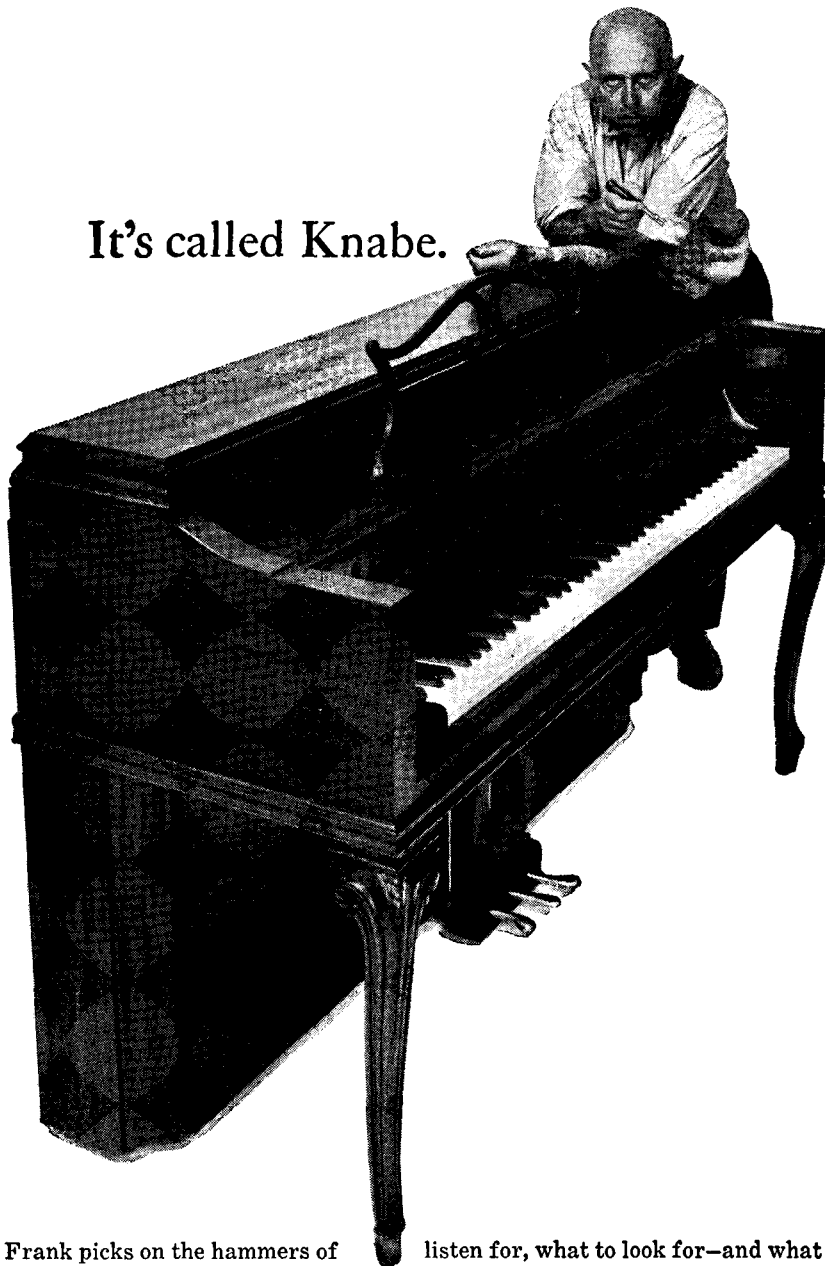
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Washington

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The power of the files

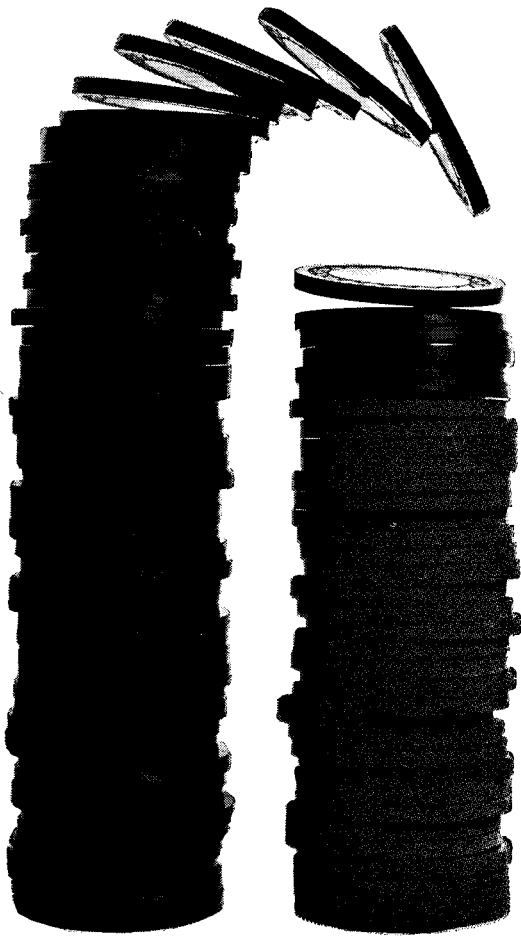
Within its central files the FBI possesses enough material, it is said, to blackmail, or at least thoroughly embarrass, half of America, and there are many who fear that the files would be extremely dangerous if they ever got into the wrong hands. The files most certainly do exist. There are millions of them. And no doubt they would make racy reading. But the fact is that their size, their mystery, and their very nature provide a built-in safeguard against any Gestapo-like use of them.

There is a file on virtually every politician, and it is not at all difficult to imagine what the reaction would be upon the discovery of any evidence that the files were being improperly used. As proof of this, consider, for example, the warning grumbles Washington made when word got around that President Johnson and his appointments secretary, Marvin Watson, were making constant use of the files in the process of filling jobs within the Administration.

Every special agent in the FBI writes a memorandum on every conversation he has when he carries out an investigation. Every scrap of material collected is saved. All this goes into these files. Thus the files contain both evaluated and unevaluated ("raw") material; their very purpose, in fact, is to serve as a tool of evaluation. They are available only to authorized persons within the Agency, the Justice Department, and the White House.

Neither does the FBI's problem lie in the fact that Hoover is a right-wing conservative. As one of Washington's very best bureaucratic politicians, Hoover has always known that even his great national popularity and the power it gives him could not prevail against the pressures which would have resulted had he used the FBI—except in the most selected, isolated instances—to further the political cause he believes in. The tightrope walk he performed this winter on the U.S.-Soviet consular treaty is a perfect example of this knowledge being put to use.

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Who told *him*?

How does *anyone* know what is happening to that one particular speck, invisible in the vastness of space and moving at five miles per second?

He knows because the facts do come back—through a communication system as essential to space research as any satellite.

Some day man may colonize the planets, but first a vast amount of information is needed.

Every space flight today, manned or not, is basically a fact-finding mission—whether to learn more about cosmic radiation, the ability of a human to function in zero gravity, or scores of little-known aspects of space.

“Needle in a haystack”:

To collect the information in the first place, earthbound mission controllers must stay in touch with the spacecraft from the instant of launch, know where it is and where it is going.

The National Aeronautics and Space Administration does the job through a worldwide network of stations—many parts of which have been built by General Dynamics—that track and collect information from the space vehicles. This network is tied into control centers which, depending on the mission, may be in Florida, Texas, California—or aboard an instrumentation ship on the high seas.

From the moment a space shot starts, a transmitter follows the programmed path of the space vehicle,

beaming a continuous-wave radar signal on a specific assigned frequency. A transponder aboard the spacecraft receives the signal, changes it to a different frequency, and transmits it back to earth.

As the spacecraft moves, the length of time for the signal's round trip changes. The differences are continually measured and computed against the original program, with the spacecraft's position, speed and path displayed visually for the controllers.

If the spacecraft is straying, mission controllers can order the vehicle to make the necessary corrections that will put it back on the right path.

Collecting the facts:

More than direction is involved.

Even before launch and on through flight, literally hundreds of sensors in and on the launch vehicle and its payload—in a manned flight even on the astronauts' bodies—are measuring as many different kinds of data.

Some sample the goings-on outside the spacecraft: radiation, meteorite contact, temperature. Others keep track of conditions inside: fuel consumption, engine operation. Still others may report on crew members' heartbeats and skin temperatures, or on cabin conditions such as oxygen content.

Each of these measurements is converted into electrical signals to be radioed back to earth. The more complex the spacecraft and its launching vehicles, the more information must be sent. Ground stations must receive and digest millions of “bits” of information every second. Printed, this would be enough to fill ten average Sunday newspapers every minute.

All this information is sent down a single radio beam. The process is similar to the multiplexing which allows scores of individual telephone conversations to go over a single wire or microwave beam simultaneously.

Command function:

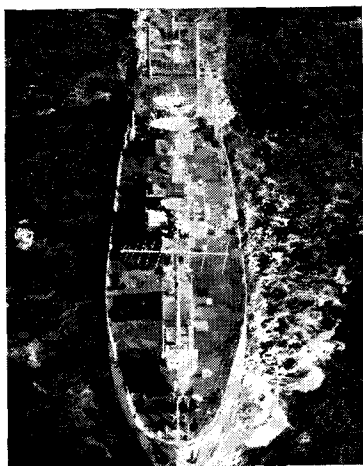
Picture an eight-lane highway, packed solid with cars, interrupted by a one-lane bridge. At the entry to the span, a policeman alternately directs one car from each highway lane in sequence to keep a solid stream flowing across the bridge. At the other end, another policeman directs each car back into the same lane it started from.

Now multiply the speed of the process a millionfold. Instead of eight lanes, more than 200 sensors; instead of a bridge, one radio beam; instead of the policeman, a commutator which alternates the input from the sensors in the proper sequence.

Although all data sent from the spacecraft are stored for later detailed analysis, much of it must be immediately available—visibly, while the event is occurring—for the controllers to exercise their command function.

Suppose an orbiting spacecraft begins to tumble, jeopardizing the mission. Sensor measurements radioed to earth indicate changes. Controllers watching the computer printouts and data displays find anomalies, analyze the problem and order corrective action. Orders are transmitted to the spacecraft whose on-board receptors pass them to the system involved. Main engines or verniers fire as necessary to put the spacecraft back on course.

The rates vary at which data is sent. During launch phase, tracking data



Filling the Holes in the Network

Requirement: Orbiting satellites are temporarily “lost” when they pass over oceans out of “sight” of land tracking stations. In view of the complexity of the forthcoming Apollo moon-shot program—particularly the critical need for uninterrupted contact with the Apollo vehicle and its three-man crew—this ocean gap had to be filled.

Solution: Three floating tracking stations, called Apollo Instrumentation Ships, built by General Dynamics for the U.S. Navy and NASA. The ships are fully equipped to track, maintain two-way radio contact with and receive telemetered data from orbiting satellites.

The three ships will be deployed this summer under U.S. Air Force operational command to positions in the Atlantic, Indian and Pacific Oceans. There, integrated into NASA's worldwide network of land tracking stations, they will begin their tracking and telemetry work.

In addition to their communication role, the Apollo Instrumentation Ships have been given mission control responsibility. If communication should be broken between NASA's control center in Houston and the ship then in contact with the Apollo capsule, the basic “go/no go” decisions will be made aboard the Apollo ship.

may be required every fraction of a second; after the payload is in orbit, once an hour may be enough. Heart-beat and respiration of an astronaut might be monitored constantly. But a weather satellite may "store" all the information it acquires in a full orbit, discharge it all at once upon command to a specific receiving station.

A whisper from space:

But how can this information possibly get across the hundreds, or in some cases millions, of miles of space?

One problem is that the size of the spacecraft severely limits the power available to it for radio transmitters and receivers. Commercial radio stations use as much as 50,000 watts of broadcast power. The space ship may have as little as five watts.

Receiving antennas on the ground must be able to sort out one specific whispered signal from among those coming from hundreds of other spacecraft, from other space noise including solar radiation, from the mass of radio signals bouncing around within the atmosphere—and interpret its special signal with absolute correctness.

To do this, receivers have to be big. Movable antennas built by General Dynamics have diameters up to 30 feet and can pick up a 5-watt signal from the moon. NASA uses some as big as 85 feet in diameter which have received space signals from as far as 134,000,000 miles away.

Weak ears, big voice:

The concave surface of the antenna, tuned to the specific frequency of the spacecraft it is receiving, collects and focuses the signal to a smaller hyperbolic reflector which, in turn, sends it to a series of amplifiers that boost its intensity.

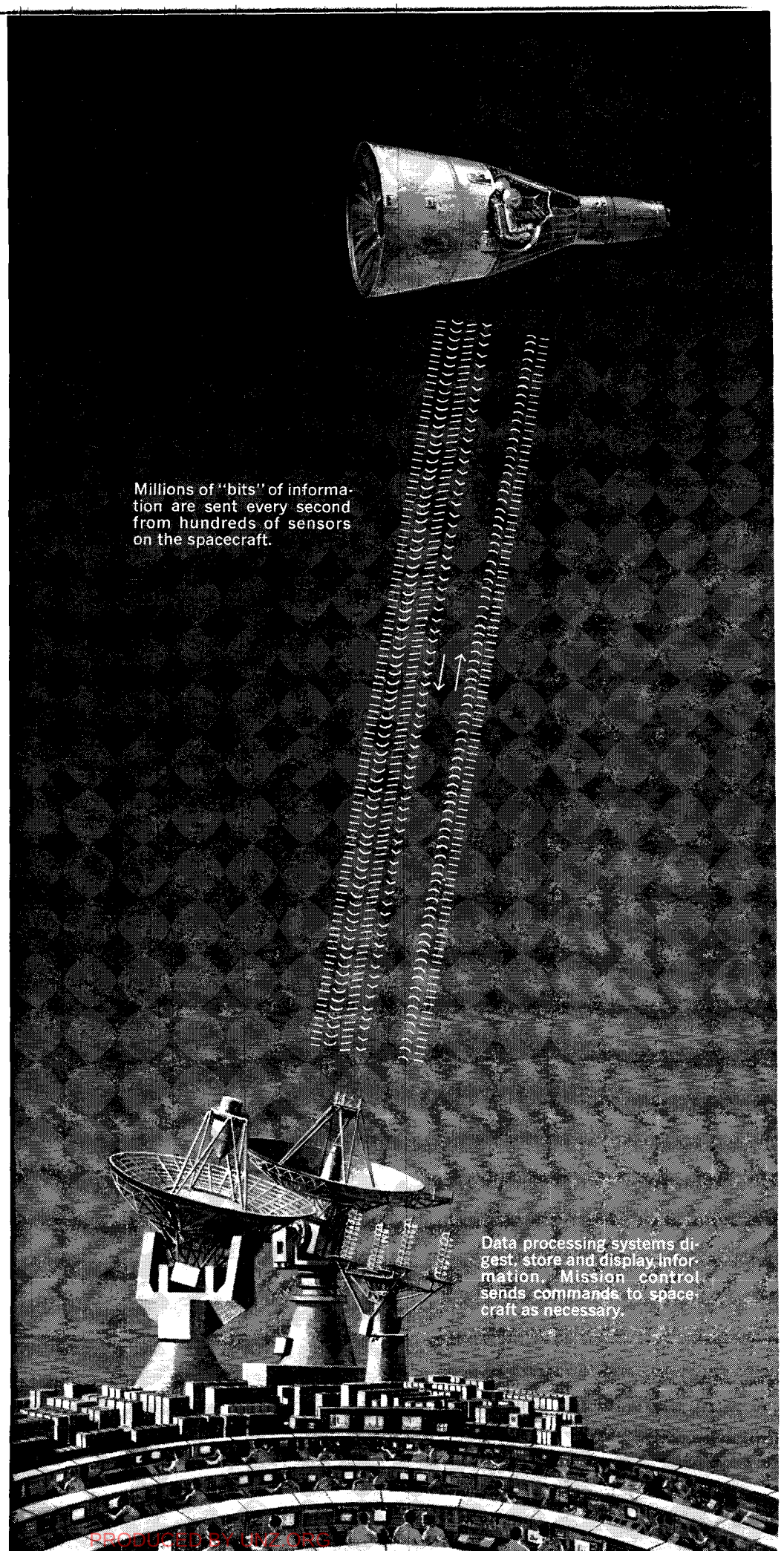
To "call" the spacecraft, the problem reverses. Its antennas may be as small as five inches in diameter. The signal sent from earth may require peak power of up to 1,000,000 watts.

General Dynamics is a company of scientists, engineers and skilled workers whose interests cover every major field of technology, and who produce: aircraft; marine, space and missile systems; tactical support equipment; nuclear, electronic, and communication systems; machinery; building supplies; coal, gases.

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Millions of "bits" of information are sent every second from hundreds of sensors on the spacecraft.

Data processing systems digest, store and display information. Mission control sends commands to spacecraft as necessary.

The problem with the FBI, to state it bluntly, is that J. Edgar Hoover is an old man. He is seventy-two years old, and he has been director of the Bureau since 1924. It is as if Kellogg were still Secretary of State and had no apparent inclination to retire anytime soon. More than one member of Congress has noted with apprehension that Hoover sometimes has to be helped in and out of his car by aides when he journeys up to Capitol Hill these days. Others have noticed his hands now tend to tremble. What is more, his chief assistants at the Bureau are no spring chickens either and are equally set in their ways.

Hoover is a bachelor and an egoist, and the Federal Bureau of Investigation is both his child and his monument. Because it does constitute his life's work, he is both inordinately proud of its record and fearful of its future without him, for it is an organization built and operated almost entirely on the principle of personal loyalty.

Perpetuating power

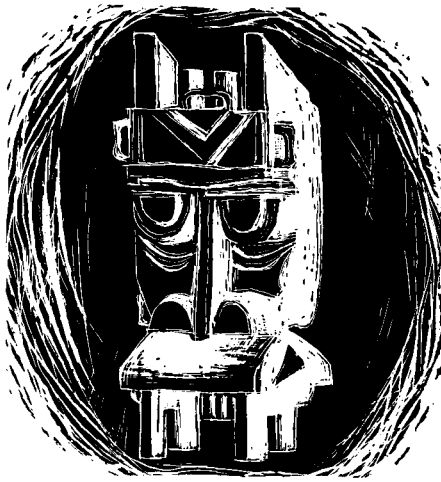
But there are two instruments in his possession which could guarantee that his influence will remain, almost as strong as ever, even after he has gone. One is the book of rules and regulations. For all practical purposes, Norman Mailer could run the FBI, and if its rules and regulations were all enforced to the degree they are at present, it would still be Hoover's FBI. The other is the degree to which he can name his successor. His present recommendation would be one of two men, Deke DeLoach or Assistant Director Clyde Tolson, and either could be counted on to change little. One force for change may evolve from a view under consideration by the new Attorney General, Ramsey Clark, that future FBI chiefs be subject to Senate confirmation.

When J. Edgar Hoover leaves, as one day he must, the decision the President must make is not whether he wants the FBI to continue being the FBI. The answer to that is easy and obvious. The hard decision is whether or not he wants it to remain as J. Edgar Hoover's FBI — in faithful reflection of this extraordinary man's faults, vanities, and prejudices, as well as his virtues.

It is possible, one would hope, to keep the one without the other.

— Douglas Kiker

Nigeria



During its first five years of independence Nigeria had looked like the most hopeful of all African countries. Then, in 1966, amid a tragic and complex drama of coup, counter coup, and communal massacre, the precarious balance between the three main regional states making up the federation was broken. At the end of 1966, few observers thought Nigeria could survive. Only by early this year was an uneasy peace achieved, as the country attempted to undo the damage of the past year's debacle. Why had this tragedy occurred?

From the first, skeptics had said that Nigeria, a British creation, was a mere "geographical expression." Indeed, the Negroid peoples of the Eastern and Western Regions had attained much higher levels of economic and social development than the Sudanic peoples of the Northern Region. More important, Nigerian political parties did not, for the most part, cut across regional and tribal lines. In both East and North the dominant party was the political vehicle for the region itself, and this hardly hastened national integration.

The East, a region of 12 million people, is predominantly Ibo, and set the pace for political development throughout Nigeria. Its first great leader, Dr. Azikiwe, came to America in 1925 for his education, and returned to become one of the fathers of African nationalism. The East, however, was too small to contain the ambitious and often radical Ibos, several million of whom spread throughout Nigeria, trading, developing businesses, working the rail-

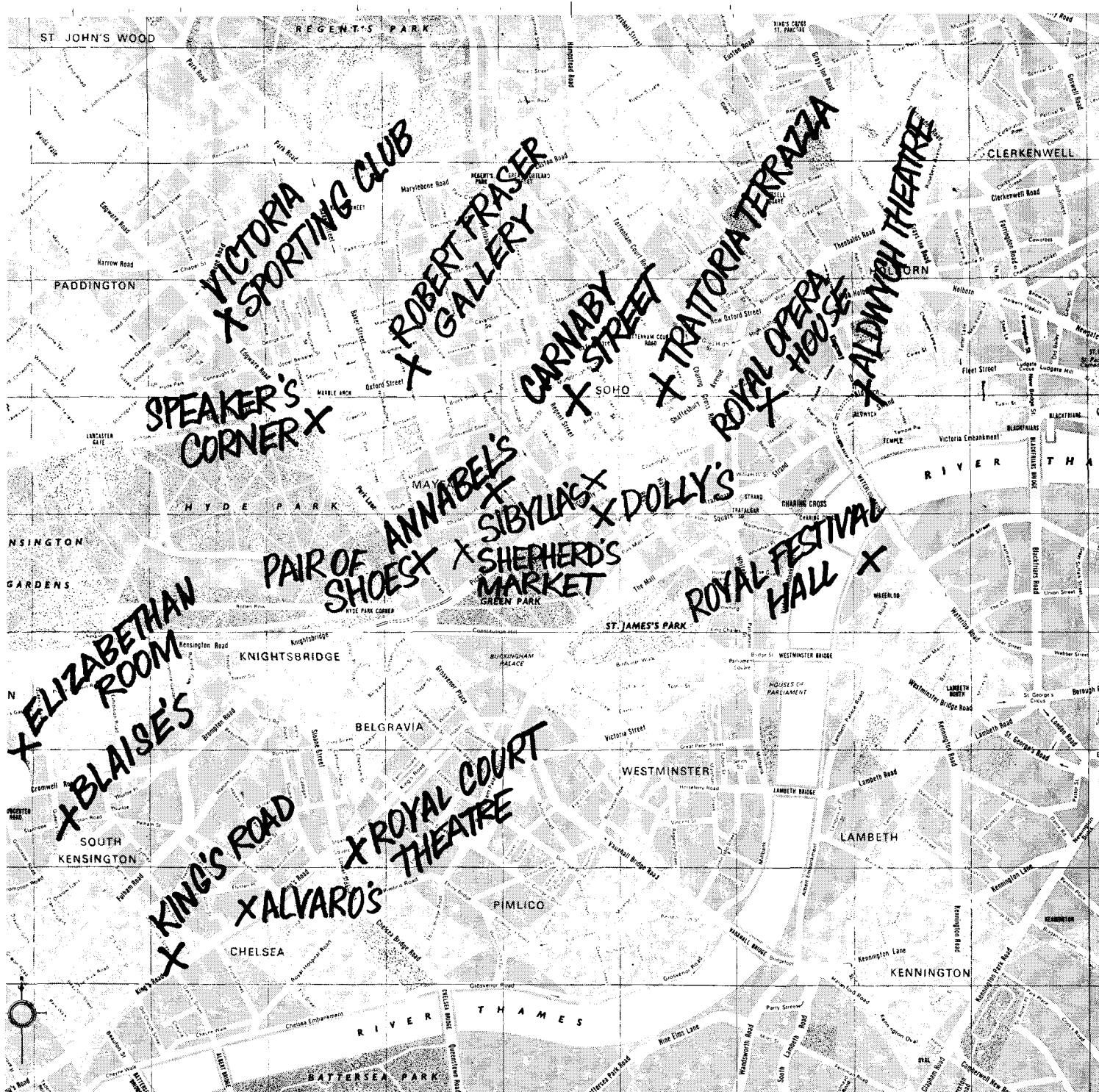
roads. But their remarkable success created fear and resentment among the indigenous peoples wherever they went, particularly in the much less advanced North, and they came to describe themselves more and more as "Africa's Jews."

The West, a relatively prosperous cocoa-growing area of 10 million people, predominantly Yoruba, was fractured politically after 1962. Politics in the developing world is very much a "zero-sum game" ("what I win you lose"), and as there is little enough patronage to go around, the political process is a peculiarly bitter one for the loser. Chief Awolowo, who had founded the nationalist movement in the West, had become Federal Opposition leader, and grew increasingly frustrated. In 1962 he attempted a coup and was imprisoned. But the splinter group which took office, and which allied itself with the federal coalition, had few popular roots, and dissatisfaction gradually mounted.

The enormous North could hardly have been more different from the East and West. The tall, graceful Hausa-Fulani people live in a feudal and Islamic system that was in fact strengthened by British "indirect rule." The emirs consolidated their power, and the system came to show remarkable resilience to change, in contrast to so much of Africa. With 30 million people, the region easily dominated the federal legislature, and resisted attempts by the East and West to split it into smaller parts. The autocratic Northern Prime Minister, Sir Ahmadu Bello, was the most powerful man in Nigeria, and sent his political lieutenant, Sir Abubakar Tafawa Balewa to Lagos, the federal capital, to be federal Prime Minister.

That the federation survived so long was a tribute to Sir Abubakar, a respected moderate who alone was capable of conciliating the competing factions. He brought the Eastern politicians into a coalition government, and later the Western ruling groups as well. In fact, the federal government was an alliance between the conservative Northern leaders and the Southern nouveau riche businessmen and politicians, and it appeared to be working.

The framework of parliamentary government was preserved despite mounting tensions in the West, and restiveness among radical Eastern Ibos, who resented the North's domi-



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lot of what's happening in London is happening on quaint little sidestreets not shown on most tourist maps. Our guide should put you in the vicinity, if not on the doorstep, of some of the "in" spots.

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Nigeria

nant position. The economic problems were staggering, with several million unemployed, but solutions were in sight. Confidence abroad in the regime meant that foreign private investment almost doubled annually, to \$180 million in 1964. Furthermore, new oil productions in the East had eliminated the chronic balance of payments deficit by 1966, and Nigeria's pragmatic diplomats had looked to their national interests and negotiated a remarkable agreement with the European Common Market that guaranteed access for their commodities while granting few concessions in return.

Nigeria not only looked like the African success story; it was developing a colorful international personality, through such men as Wole Soyinka, whose *Lion and the Jewel* had a successful run in London recently; Dick Tiger, the world light heavyweight boxing champion; Chief Simeon Adebbo, a popular diplomat at the United Nations; and numerous others.

But in 1965 the domestic political scene became increasingly turbulent. Sir Abubakar could hold his government together only by turning a blind eye when politicians took bribes, or when they sacrificed the national good to regional and tribal interests. The bands of radicals, whose influence was growing, and who claimed to speak for "the masses" of Nigeria as a whole, grew more and more dissatisfied.

The Ibos rebel

The federal substructure was insufficiently strong to contain all the pressures building up within it. Violence spread in the West after a blatantly fraudulent election there; pressing needs, like local government reform, were neglected. Only the politicians seemed to be thriving; one Nigerian scholar described the regime as "government of, by, and for the politicians."

On January 15, 1966, a group of young rebel majors seized power throughout the federation, in order to "unify the country and extricate it from the clutches of Western imperialism," as one said. In much of Nigeria and elsewhere in Africa hopes were stirred that the revolutionaries could settle Nigeria's problems. Ominously, though, they were

all Ibos. They had murdered Sir Abubakar, Sir Ahmadu Bello, and the Western Prime Minister, S. L. Akintola, but not the Ibo Prime Minister in the East.

Almost immediately, the survivors of the federal cabinet of Lagos handed power to the senior army officer, General Ironsi, to prevent the majors from consolidating their regime. Ironsi thus appeared to stand between the *ancien régime* and the young radicals, and had, perhaps, a unique chance to reconcile factions and clean up the government. The Northerners, however, had seen their leaders and officers killed and demanded military justice for the Ibo majors before reconciling themselves to the new order.

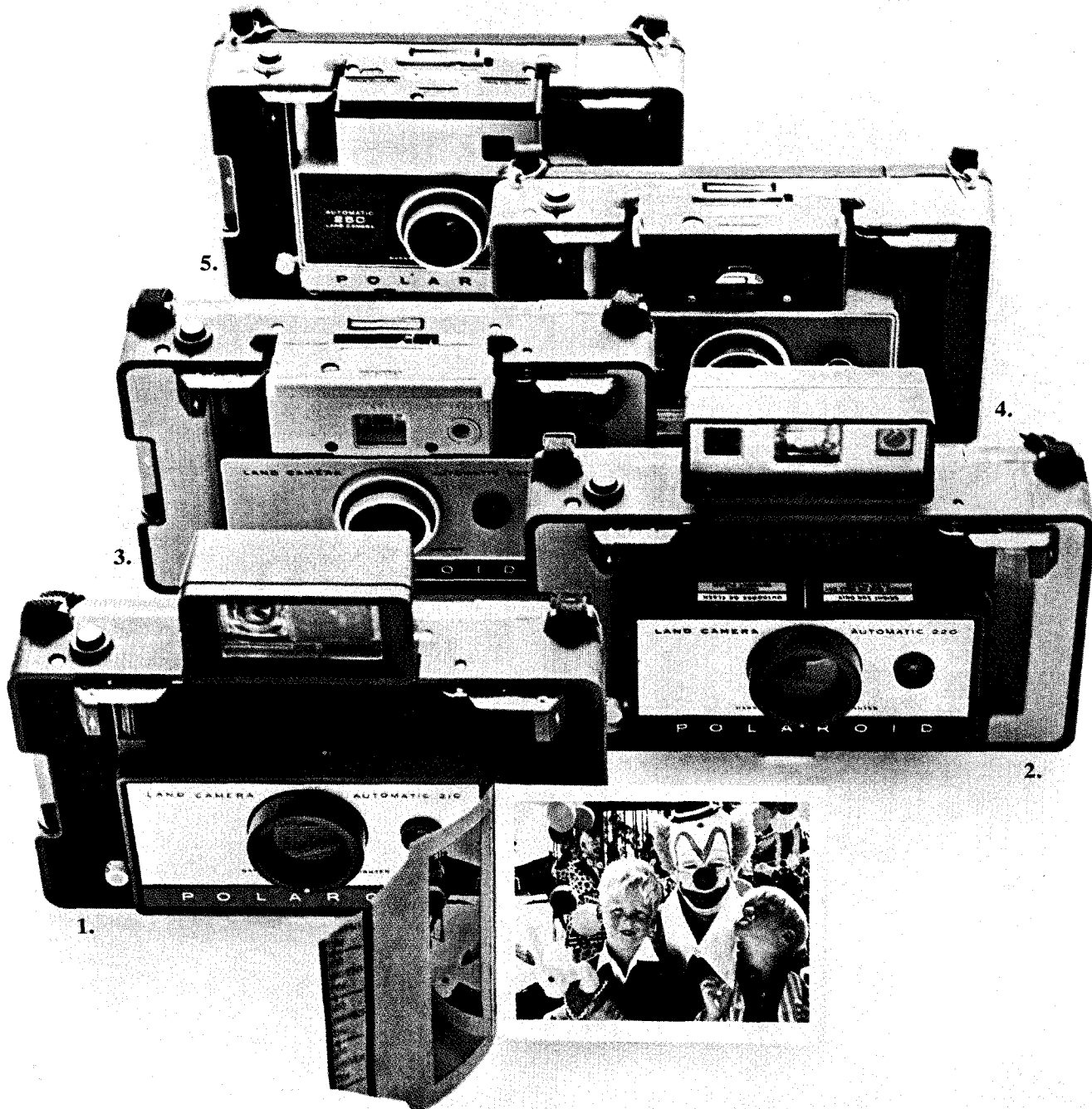
But Ironsi himself was an Ibo, and many observers are convinced that he had from the first been in contact with the majors. In any case he proceeded to court Northern displeasure, first by the appointment of a close associate of the rebel leaders as Eastern regional governor, Lieutenant Colonel Ojukwu, an Oxford-educated officer about whom more was to be heard. And of the twenty-two military promotions during his period as Federal Supreme Commander, almost all went to Ibos. Worse, he declared the federal constitution null and void, and Nigeria a unitary republic, even before a constitutional commission could make a report.

To the North all this meant rule by the Ibos. As a result, the hopes raised by the outcome of the January coup were betrayed, and a "revolution" that could have been a catalyst for reform throughout the country became an instrument of Ibo nationalism, merely replacing Northern with Eastern domination. As a result, the North threatened secession, and in May, more than a thousand Ibos working in the North were massacred. Now Ironsi and the Northerners were clearly on a collision course.

Violence begets violence

Ironsi's policies simply set the stage for a second coup, and a second round of violence. On July 29, 1966, Northern soldiers mutinied, killed every Ibo soldier in sight, kidnapped Ironsi, and then killed him. "Ti for tat," a Northerner commented. Ibo suffering increased in the North, and thousands began streaming back to their Eastern homeland.

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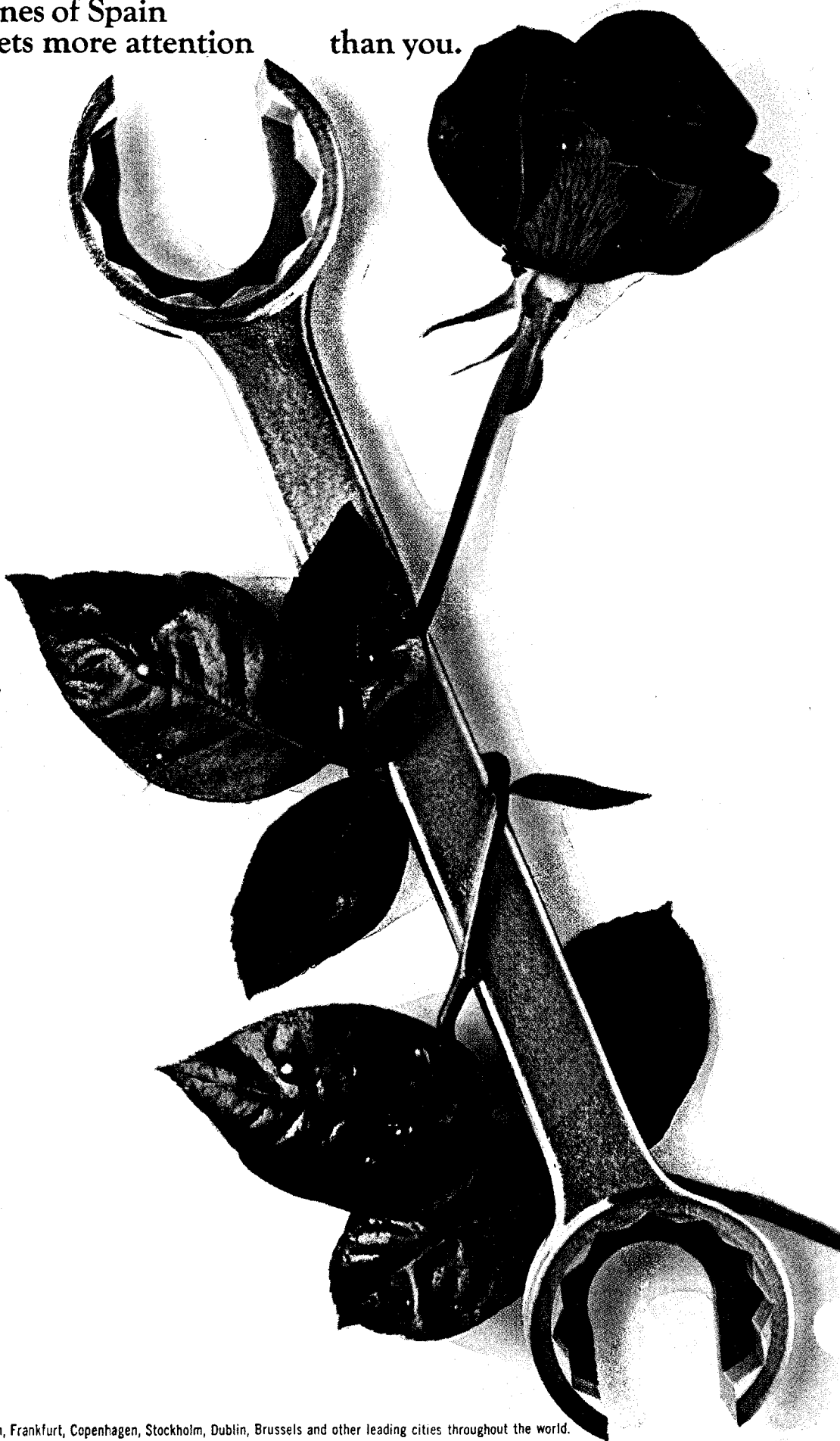
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Nigeria

The tables were now once again completely turned. The North demanded one of its own as Federal Supreme Commander and head of government, and they got it, Lieutenant Colonel "Jack" Gowan, a handsome thirty-two-year-old Sandhurst graduate, and luckily a moderate man, a non-Muslim, from a minority tribe of the North. Now the Easterners were in the exact position the Northerners had been in after the January coup. Their man, Ironsi, had been killed, several thousand of their people had been massacred, and a Northerner was again in power. Gowan was, in fact, junior to the Eastern military governor, Lieutenant Colonel Ojukwu. From the first, Ojukwu, a stocky and proud soldier and son of one of the richest Ibos in the East, refused to recognize Gowan's authority.

Gowan now had to hold the standard of Nigerian unity, and he decided that it was time for some steps backward, for as he said, "The base for unity is not there." He called a constitutional conference in September, to attempt to reconcile differences and to pave the way back to civilian — and federal — rule. But he did not appreciate how deep Eastern resentment was as a result of the massacres, or how little operational authority was left to him amidst the chaos.

Thus, there was little progress at the conference table. The East, out of bitterness, didn't even want a federal legislature, and called for a simple association of the regions. Nigeria had never faced so serious a contest of wills — but the worst was yet to come.

Butchery in earnest

On September 29, for inexplicable reasons, new waves of violence spread throughout the North, and

according to official figures, 7000 Ibos were killed. They were shot, beheaded, raped, and mutilated in ways that could never be forgotten, much less forgiven, and over a million jammed the railways and planes in a mass exodus to the East. But in Lagos and the North, instead of immediate condemnation of the atrocities, there was an embarrassing amount of comment that the Ibos had "brought it on themselves."

Violence spread throughout the country. No sector of society was guiltless, and indeed, the intelligentsia seemed worst of all. Nigeria was on the brink of civil war.

Somehow, passions cooled in time, but now it was not possible even to get the Easterners to the conference table, to talk about "rebuilding" Nigeria. They blamed Northern leaders for sparking the massacre and began talking openly of secession. They were overwhelmed with the task of resettling their million refugees, healing their wounded, finding sufficient food for their much expanded population; and in this context directives, even suggestions, from Lagos seemed irrelevant at best. Secession was developing a logic of its own.

To quiet Eastern fears, Ojukwu proceeded to reinforce the Eastern position. He ordered all non-Easterners to leave the region, and he sent home non-Eastern soldiers of the federal army stationed in the East and openly began recruiting willing Ibo refugees to replace them. Finally, with reports rife that Lagos plotted military invasion of the East to bring it to heel, Ojukwu began looking for arms. The search was at first clumsy; a plane, loaded with arms procured in Europe, crashed in neighboring Cameroon in mid-October.

Gowan, in Lagos, desperately tried to get the constitutional conference going again, but the Easterners refused to attend, fearing for their



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Nigeria

lives and waiting for gestures of reconciliation to come out of Lagos. Gowan and Ojukwu seemed united on only one thing, their unwillingness to request an outside commonwealth force to guarantee security in Lagos — though London anticipated a request at one point. It was, ironically, that same pride, typical of all Nigerian leaders: both Gowan and Ojukwu said that they didn't want to lose face. But matters got worse, and there was little face left.

Gowan tried summoning a consultative assembly, and this too was unsuccessful, and so he became more and more convinced that the East planned secession. Gowan then threatened that "if circumstances compel me to preserve the integrity [of Nigeria] by force, I shall do my duty to my country." But this only confirmed Eastern suspicions, and set off a further round of insults from each side just as the unhappy year ended.

The tribal tendency

Thus disaster followed disaster in 1966. The original government had not brought stability or vigorous government to the people, and it had not solved the delicate question of regional balance. But reform in Nigeria has always come at the eleventh hour, and Nigerian leaders for over a decade have played the game of brinkmanship. There is reason to think that Sir Abubakar had been on the verge of drastic steps, including the formation of a more broadly based national government, to solve the crisis in the Western Region, when the military intervened. Nigeria, in any case, was one of the few African countries where there was an outlet for political agitation, and this, combined with the improving economic situation, might well have absorbed and channeled much of the conflict and led to a solution. But the rebellious majors opened a Pandora's box from which came endless miseries. Historic feuds that were on the way to being forgotten were brought to the fore. Tribalism, in its unpleasant manifestation, had its origins in the differing economic positions of separate competing groups, and seemed in part to be on the wane. But now tribalism pure and simple became the dominant force. General Ironsi's

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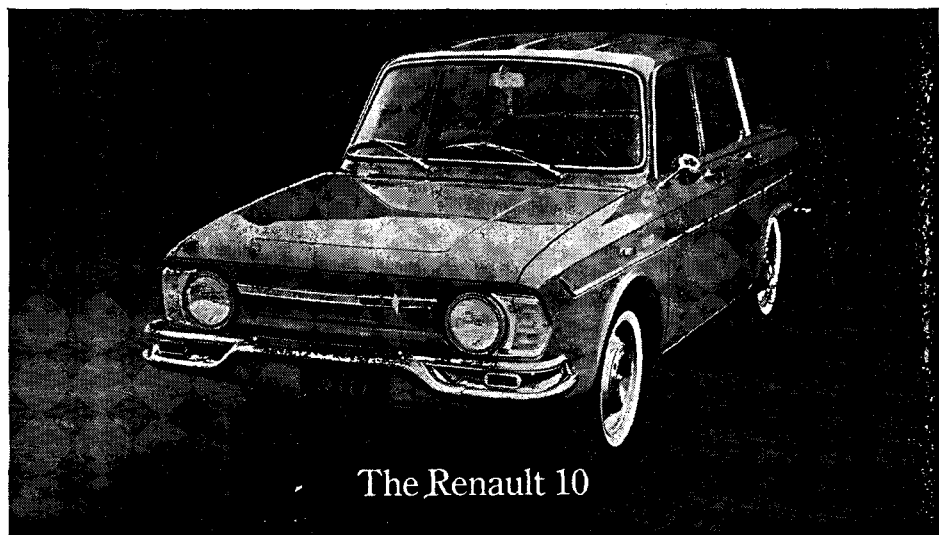
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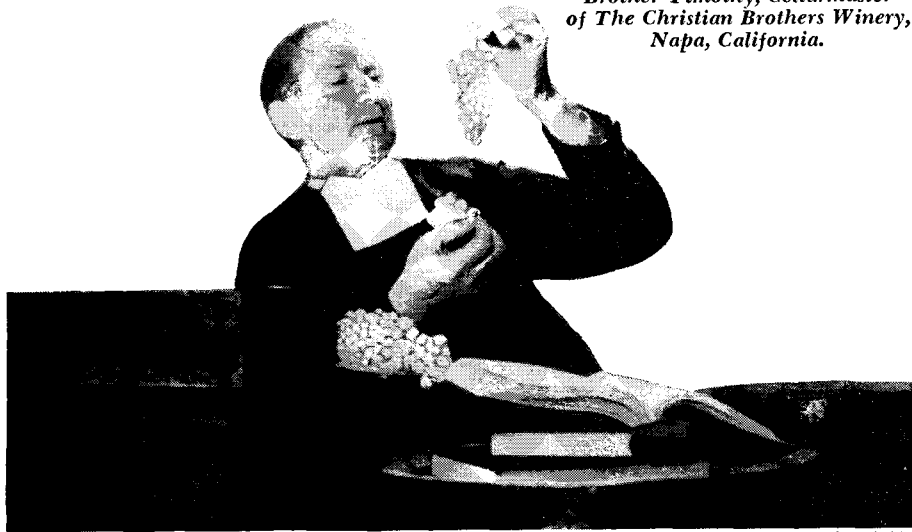
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Nigeria

regime, which came to power two days after the rebel majors struck might have cleaned up the government and led the country back to civilian rule if he had been more imaginative and the Ibo people had been less determined to turn the tables on the previously dominant Northerners. Northern leaders, in turn, could have done far more to restrain their own people from taking revenge on Ibos in the North, who were least responsible for the January coup.

After the last major round of violence, at the end of September, chaos was far too great for a young and relatively inexperienced soldier like Gowon to find an easy solution, and resentment in the East was too great for Ojukwu, the Eastern governor, to take the first step toward reconciliation.

There were additional reasons for pessimism. Ojukwu's position had become that Nigeria should "pull a little further apart" to survive; otherwise, with the regions too close, Nigeria might "perish in the collision." Yet no confederation with links as weak as those he prescribed had ever lasted.

Moreover, the physical links of the confederation were badly impaired: vital railway services had been disrupted when 6000 Ibo railroad workers fled East. The Northern economy seemed on the verge of collapse: tin mining, the principal industry, had almost stopped because of the departure of the Ibos, and the banks had to retrench their services by almost 50 percent.

There was also the danger that events would continue to develop their own momentum. Unbelievable suspicion clouded the air on both sides, and for every event there were two versions — that of Lagos and that of the East. Worse, the East was learning how to obtain arms discreetly, thanks to the international arms hawkers, who rush to any politically disturbed area. There was the charge that foreign businesses and governments were encouraging Eastern secession, and in fact, very senior officials in Lagos privately blamed the traditional scapegoat, the CIA, for the October arms deal.

There was, in any case, the evident reality that few Ibos would be willing to leave Eastern soil for at least sev-



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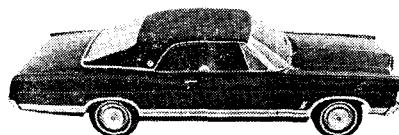
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Nigeria

eral years — but was it not likely that by then *all* links would have been broken with the rest of Nigeria? Finally, there was the feeling among many observers that, as one diplomat put it, if Gowan and Ojukwu did get to the conference table, “they would talk and talk until there would be nothing left to talk about.”

But luck seemed to change with the new year, and a different set of possibilities became apparent. For six months the more fortunate Ghanaian military leaders had sought a way to help their Nigerian comrades, and finally, early in January of 1967, they succeeded. General Ankrah sent his jet from Accra to Eastern Nigeria to bring Lieutenant Colonel Ojukwu to Aburi, ex-President Nkrumah's lavish resort, where he joined Gowan and the other Nigerian military leaders for talks.

It was the first time the Nigerian military command had met in more than three months, and the results were more hopeful than anyone could have expected. A series of concessions were quite rightly made to Eastern pride; even to have gone to Ghana for the meeting was a concession to the East. The use of force was renounced, and Gowan agreed to become Chairman rather than Supreme Commander of the Military Council.

Hopeful signs

There was still much ill will between Gowan and Ojukwu, but the chance that secession would be averted was reinforced by a series of other factors. Industrialists and investors in the East were understandably reluctant to see their properties elsewhere in Nigeria jeopardized by secession — and much of Nigeria's private wealth is Ibo. Nor was it only the rich: the East is far too small to contain all the Ibos, and sooner or later many of them would begin again to offer their talents to other regions, or the East could not itself prosper. It also seemed that the Eastern leaders, particularly Ojukwu, were playing the old game of brinkmanship to improve the East's position at the federal bargaining table, and this policy early in 1967 was having much success. There are enormous refugee claims to be met. Also, the \$48 million oil revenue paid to the

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federal government has to be divided among the regions, and the East wants the lion's share (already the federal government has increased their share). And it seemed just possible that as talks progressed, the Eastern leaders would admit the need for strong federal links, something Ojukwu hinted at in January.

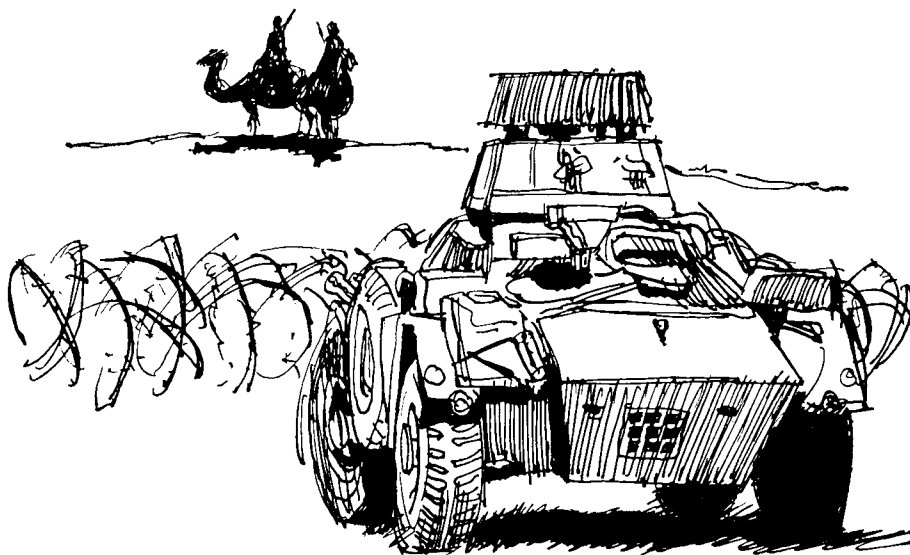
There were also some hopeful signs in Nigeria. Despite the departure of 3000 Ibo civil servants, the federal government was still running with remarkable efficiency. In the North, crash programs to replace the departed Ibos were having some success. There were signs that even the effort was instilling a sense of confidence in the North, without which peace between the regions seemed unlikely. In the West and East, the economy — almost entirely in private hands — has barely been affected by the turn of events. In balance, there seemed much reason in early 1967 to believe that Nigeria would survive, and perhaps, within five years, begin to be more than a "geographical expression."

But the cost of the Nigerian disaster in the meantime has been incalculable — not least to the rest of Africa, where Nigeria had been the most influential of the black states. Sir Abubakar's quiet diplomacy had had the effect of reassuring the tiny insecure states that make up so much of the continent, and Nigeria had stood as an ideal of unity to them as well. Nor was there other leadership to replace him elsewhere. A senior African diplomat, after the hapless meeting of the Organization of African Unity in November of last year, commented, "Africa has lost its anchor of stability, and we haven't begun to count the consequences." Nigeria's young leaders were aware of the losses, however, and perhaps this was enough to be grateful for. — *Scott Thompson*

REPORT CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Kiker regularly writes out of Washington for the ATLANTIC. He is on NBC's capital staff. The Nigeria Report is the third ATLANTIC article by Scott Thompson, a young American graduate student at Oxford. Martin Page, author of the Persian Gulf Report, is a British free-lance writer. In future issues, as in this one, some reports will be unsigned at the request of their authors. The ATLANTIC, of course, assumes responsibility for them.

Middle East I: Tunisia and Egypt



Last summer, Tunisian President Habib Bourguiba began to withdraw from the Egyptian-dominated Arab League, and in October he finally broke with Cairo. His own quarrel with Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt is an old one, based on personal incompatibilities and mutual distrust. But the final diplomatic break marks a new cleavage between what has come to be known as Bourguism and Nasserism.

As a veteran of the anti-colonialist struggle, and the first North African leader to achieve independence for his country, Bourguiba has solid nationalist credentials; and his devotion to a socialist solution to the Arab problem of poverty cannot be questioned. Neo-Destour Socialism has evolved under his guidance in Tunisia in a manner tailored to this small country's needs and capabilities. It works. This is just the reason that Bourguiba's initiatives abroad matter. His successes at home and his moderation abroad represent a challenge to Nasserism.

In the Afro-Arab world Bourguism means gradualism, Fabian-style socialism, neutralism, and anti-colonialism without the streak of hate which colors Arab and African extremism. Bourguiba has stood up to both East and West: in 1956 he condemned both the Soviets' Hungarian invasion and the Anglo-French-Israeli Suez invasion. He supported the United Nations with troops in the Congo. He worked tirelessly for Algerian independence through negotiation with France.

Yet he provided refuge for Algerian rebels in Tunisia, and permitted Egyptian arms to be run across Tunisia to them.

Bourguiba looks both ways

More recently, in African affairs Tunisians have opposed Liberation Committee activities of the Organization for African Unity (OAU) which they thought aided extremist elements without forwarding genuine nationalist objectives. At Addis Ababa late in 1966 Tunisians helped to reassert the OAU's authority over the freewheeling Liberation Committee and its budget. Tunisia has further exasperated African extremists by avoiding irreconcilable disputes and seeking common denominators. Thus Bourguiba has pushed the idea of a French-speaking commonwealth of states within the OAU as a natural unit with common problems, and with an interest in retaining useful links with the countries of Europe.

In such company Tunisia naturally assumes the position which geography suggests — that of a relay station for exchanges between Africans and Europeans. In this role it can function with an effectiveness out of proportion to its size and power.

No such tidy relationships are possible with the Arabs to the East. There the failure of unity and growing disharmony between gradualists and activists drown out appeals to moderation and consensus. Bourguiba's connection with Egypt goes back to his years of exile there in the



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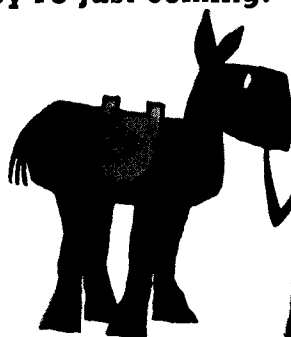
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Tunisia and Egypt

forties. Since coming to power in independent Tunisia, he has found himself contending with rivals for power based in Cairo. These are the followers of the late Salah Ben Youssef, a former fellow combatant against the French.

The Youssefists dream of turning Tunisia into a purer Arab state untainted by European influences and based exclusively on Islam. They disparage Bourguiba's control of the Neo-Destour and transformation of it from a revolutionary movement into a formal political party. His synthesis of Islamic and Western values is anathema to them.

Salah Ben Youssef himself was murdered in Germany under mysterious circumstances in 1961. In late 1962 his followers engineered an unsuccessful reprisal coup against Bourguiba, using Cairo as their base. Last fall a Cairo paper revived this vendetta by printing the transcript of a supposed tape recording of the plot which resulted in Ben Youssef's death, attributing the plot to Bourguiba's family. It was then that Bourguiba felt himself forced to speak completely with Cairo.

ousting with Nasser

At best, relations seesawed up to that time. In 1964 and 1965 Bourguiba made an effort to play a role in Arab affairs. Revisiting Cairo in the early spring of 1965, he took pains to praise President Nasser's internal achievements. He spoke of the many paths to socialism, suggesting that Tunisia's way might also serve as an example to others.

He held conferences with President Nasser on Palestine and agreed that Arab governments are constrained by international agreements from attacking Israel. He agreed that therefore the Arab Palestinians should push their own cause through guerrilla warfare. He and Nasser also agreed privately that UN resolutions were the point from which to reopen any political negotiations. Nasser was already on public record as being willing to observe all UN resolutions on Palestine if Israel could do the same.

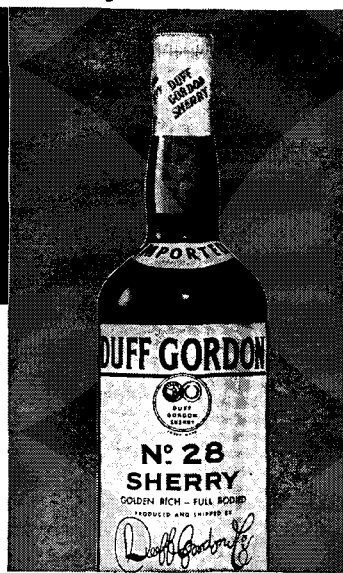
When Bourguiba reached Jordan, however, and spoke out among Palestine refugees in this same vein, he was immediately disowned. He had said in public the unsayable

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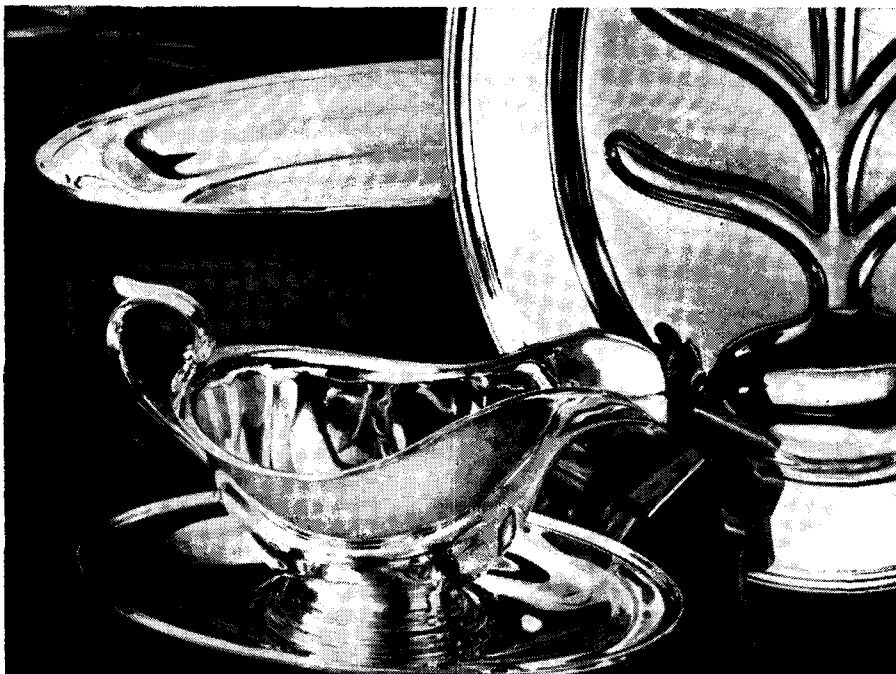
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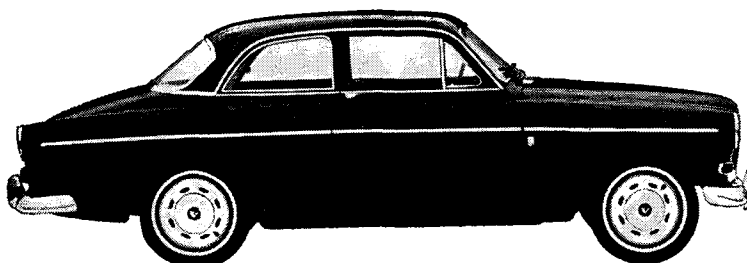
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Tunisia and Egypt

truth that Arab strategy against Israel was not working, and that more practical means must be found. Only in Lebanon was there an approving echo of this obvious truth. In Cairo, Bourguiba was immediately reviled as a traitor to the Arab cause. His real crime, of course, was that he had presumed to speak out. It was an unacceptable challenge to President Nasser.

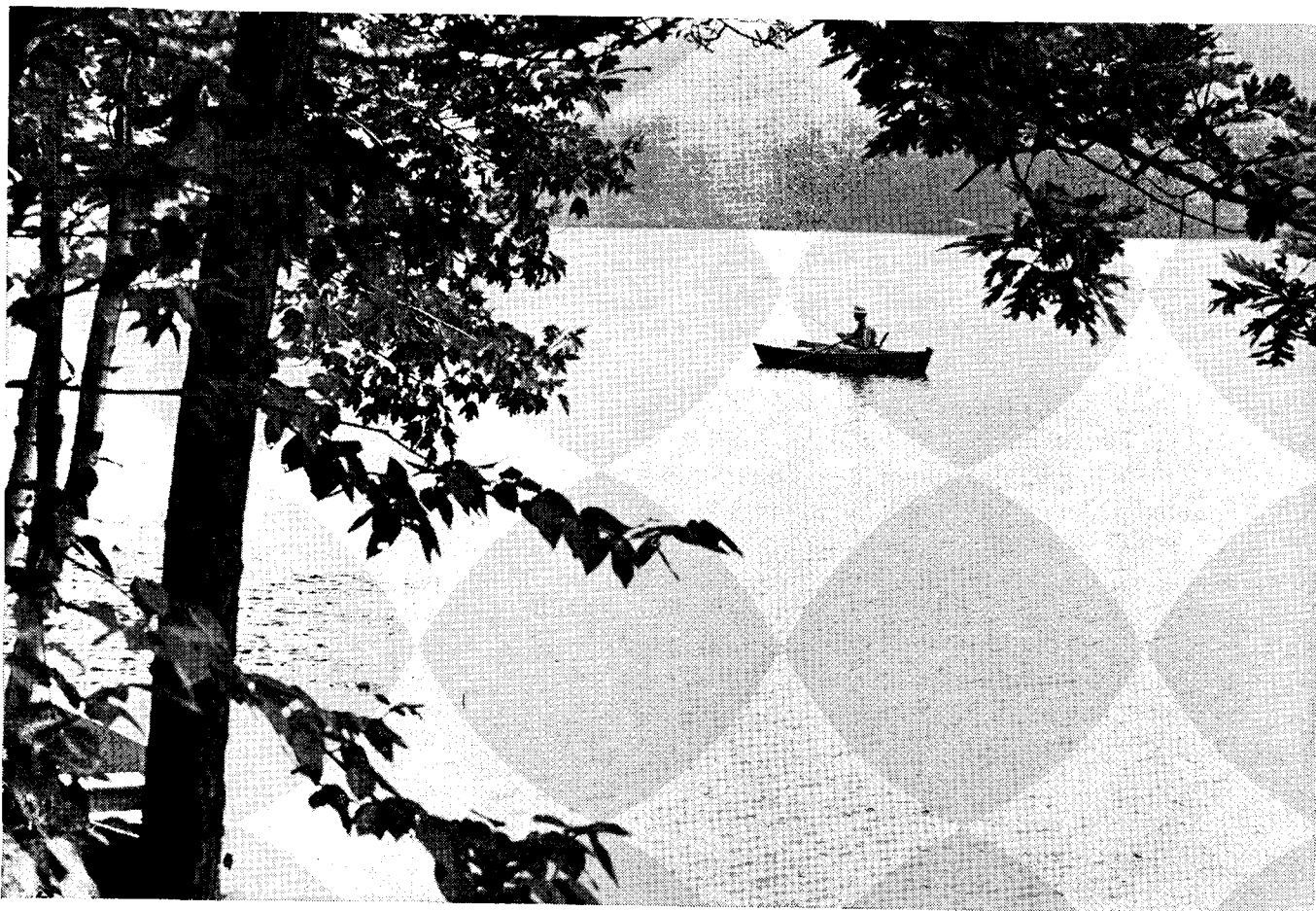
Bourguiba's second offense against Arab solidarity came when he refused to break relations with Bonn after the disclosure of West German arms aid to Israel and the subsequent establishment of diplomatic relations between Bonn and Israel. This aid had never really been secret from Cairo. But when it became public, Arab League members were pressed to react. The refusal of Tunisia, Libya, and Morocco spoiled the gesture.

The latest in this series of independent actions which Cairo found infuriating was Bourguiba's withdrawal of recognition from the pro-Nasser Sallal republican government of Yemen in February. The split between this faction, backed by Egypt, and a dissident anti-Egyptian republican movement offered sympathizers a choice. Last fall, representatives of the anti-Nasser group, the Union of Popular Forces, apparently won sympathy in Tunis, and this faction, moving out through Aden, has been increasing Egypt's difficulties in getting a stable republican regime launched in Sanaa.

Nasser's Vietnam

Yemen illustrates a cruel dilemma for Nasser in his attempts to lead the Arab revolutionary movement. It is his Vietnam. Now, after four years of extremely brutal encounters with tough Yemeni tribesmen, the Egyptian forces have begun to operate on the "strategic enclave" principle. They have withdrawn from





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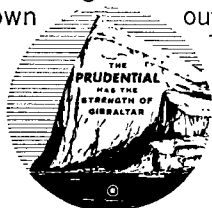
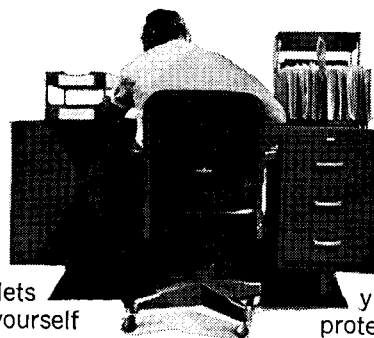
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Tunisia and Egypt

northern Yemen and concentrated around the capital of Sanaa. In this way they have been freed of the worst of the guerrilla attacks and have improved security in more populated areas. At the same time they have been able to bring home some 20,000 troops.

But for Nasser, the political scene in Yemen has proved to be as dangerous a minefield as the military front, for the Egyptians have come up against the intractable realities of Yemeni tribalism. Added difficulties spring from Yemeni resistance to Egyptian representatives trying to organize an economy and an administration in a singularly infertile political soil.

Cairo pays a price

In Cairo itself there is growing cleavage at the top between the Egypt-firsters and the nationalist missionaries. For the first time in its fifteen-year history the regime is known to be divided on priorities. The political and economic cost of Egypt's Vietnam is now in question. Nasser cannot withdraw without a face-saving cover. The only such cover in sight may be some general agreement on protection of Aden, once British forces pull out in 1968. There are now signs that Egypt would welcome a peaceful solution for Aden if one could be devised in time. Nasser's present cautious rapprochement with London seems to foreshadow some sort of solution to this particular instance of decolonization. Such a development could help to thaw the impasse in Yemen.

Egypt's internal affairs have reached a point where an emergency three-year development plan has been devised to tide the country over an acute financial crisis. On the eve of completion of the High Dam, the need for food and capital is more pressing than ever. Population pressure shows no signs of easing. The birth-control program is being given more attention but so far without measurable results.

In the absence of a wheat agreement with Washington, Egypt has secured partial supplies from the U.S.S.R. and small amounts from Europe. Debt postponement has become a necessity, and some progress has been made in negotiations to this end with Italian, French,



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Tunisia and Egypt

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Washington shows no alarm that Russia is helping to feed Egypt's hungry. In fact, American officials have bluntly told Cairo that the United States is short of wheat and dollars; that its own internal borrowings cost 5 percent in interest; and that there is no longer a surplus from which to give. To this bad news, U.S. emissaries have added the suggestion that any future aid recipients will have to refrain from behaving like enemies. Trade with Hanoi and attacks on Saudi Arabia are cases in point.

Yet Washington continues to recognize Egypt's pivotal importance, its pioneering strides in human welfare, and its striving for modernization. By succeeding in these efforts Egypt can, in Washington's view, assume Afro-Arab leadership by force of example.

Peace through oil?

There is one hopeful sign for those who want to see Egypt prosper and leave its neighbors alone: the prospect of domestic oil income. An American concern, the Pan-American Oil Company, will share with the Egyptian Petroleum Corporation in the development of the Morgan field in the Gulf of Suez. Output from this new field is expected to reach substantial amounts this year.

An even more promising discovery in the Western Desert, about twenty miles north of Alamein, has been made by another American company, Phillips Oil. Should this discovery be significant, Egypt's whole position as a Middle Eastern havenot state would change. The capital needed for industrialization would be available. (Egypt is already a "have" country in terms of skilled manpower; money is what it lacks.)

It is tempting to imagine that the lure of empire and oil interests in the Arabian peninsula would become unimportant to Egypt if oil wealth materializes at home; Egypt's energies could then be directed toward its own social and economic challenges.

But Cairo continues to incite restless local nationalists against regimes which they are incapable of replacing, and Washington's de-

mands that Cairo cool off these scattered minutemen are hardly welcome. Cairo feels beleaguered; it believes the West is trying to contain Egypt. Nasser has chronic fears of imperialist and capitalist manipulation. That is part of the creed of Nasserism.

Today Nasserism still stands for Egyptian hegemony in the Arab



world (or as the Tunisians call it, "micro-imperialism"). Those who follow Nasser believe that Egypt has a mission in Arabia and Somalia, for example. They do not accept the fact that numerous Arab League and OAU resolutions barring interference and subversion among member states are aimed at them. Above all, they are alarmed and angered by the Saudi Arabian and Iranian threat to organize an Islamic grouping to contain Egypt. Islam, they say, should not be used as protection for "tottering thrones."

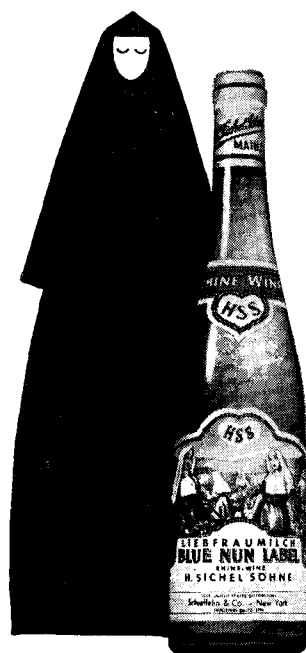
Cutting off Nasser

The sharp contrast between the American role in Tunis and in Cairo is one index of the distance between Bourguism and Nasserism today. In Tunis, U.S. Ambassador Francis Russell can devote his attention to economic questions; political problems are minimal. The Tunisian government seems aware of its own needs, makes its own plans, needs only economic aid. It is receiving U.S. aid at the rate of some \$40 million a year. Here, as elsewhere, most American aid goes for food-producing efforts and for education.

The view is not so pleasant from the U.S. Embassy in Cairo. Ambassador Lucius Battle takes his leave to become an Assistant Secretary of State after four years of deteriorating relations between Egypt and the



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United States. After furnishing a total of \$1 billion in assistance to Egypt since 1945, financial aid has ceased. Only a small amount of technical assistance, amounting to slightly over \$1 million this year, continues. Private American educational institutions remain, and the Ford Foundation has a far-reaching program stressing birth-control aid. Otherwise, American contact with this most important and strategic of Middle Eastern countries is quite clearly at a low ebb.

What is difficult to calculate is the eventual effect, in the sixties and after, of a policy of isolating the unquestioned leader of a revolutionary movement, still attractive to Arab have-nots.

Middle East II:

Persian Gulf



Two of the nine rulers of British-protected states in the Persian Gulf area have now been deposed. They are the first victims of a campaign to resist the rapid growth of republican feeling among the 316,000 people living there, by removing some of the worst excesses of Arabian monarchy.

In August of last year, Sheikh Shakbut, at the age of sixty-one and after a fairly peaceful reign of thirty-eight years, was expelled from his small but rich oil kingdom of Abu Dhabi. A man whose grasping lust for money caused comment even among his fellow sheikhs, he has lost, at the same time as his kingdom, his income from oil royalties, totaling five and a half million dollars a month.

As soon as the deposition order had been signed, the R.A.F. flew him hurriedly from the national airport — a strip of beaten sand, a customs hut, and a wind sock — to Bahrein. There Sheikh Isa, the young and unsure ruler who is rumored to be the next on the British list of rulers to be dismissed, granted him exile with reluctance, perhaps fearing that by associating with his guest, he might further weaken his own position.

When Shakbut was safely out of the way, the British authorities announced that he had been deposed by his family for “failing to create a proper administration and not using the kingdom’s wealth for the benefit of the people.” While formally denying that Britain had played any part in the coup d’etat, its Acting Political Resident in the Persian Gulf area, Hugh Balfour-Paul, did not find it inconsistent with his status as a diplomat to add that the old sheikh had displayed “a manifest inability to govern properly.”

One bar against accepting these statements at face value is that they ignore the visit to the foreign office in London by Shakbut’s younger brother and successor, Zaid, a short time before. Another, more serious one is that the charges made against Shakbut could also be justly applied to most of the rulers who continue to enjoy British patronage in this remote but strategically important part of the world. Not all of them are as rich as Shakbut was, or as miserly, or as determined to prohibit social and economic progress in their countries. But they are as unwilling to reform their feudal and autocratic regimes as he was, and are unaccustomed to spending more than a third of their great unearned wealth for the general benefit of their people.

Playthings for the sheikhs

The rest of the oil royalties usually go for such playthings as racehorses, motor yachts, new palaces, lavish gifts for local sycophants and distinguished visitors, and of course, fleets of air-conditioned Cadillacs. The royal family of Bahrein, for example, whose income from the American-owned Caltex oil corporation’s local subsidiary, Bapco, is comparatively modest — one and a quarter million dollars a month — is said to spend more than twelve

million dollars a year on these indulgences. While the sheikhs have built a four-lane highway between the palace and their private beach many of their 165,000 subjects live in shacks walled and roofed with palm leaves, by the side of sewage-strewn dirt tracks, well traveled by confident giant rats.

Admittedly, most of what money is left over is devoted to the social welfare of the community. Old houses have been converted into hospitals and schools; an agricultural research station has been established; and a few foreign technical experts, medical specialists, and teachers are employed. But the fact that British diplomats hold up Bahrein to the rulers of other states as a model of a progressive monarchy gives an idea of the extent of social deprivation in the area generally.

Saqr, the other sheikh to be dismissed, ruled Sharjah, a still more primitive country where oil has yet to be discovered and whose people are mostly bedouins. Sharjah is a sizable tract of desert containing a ramshackle palace, a Royal Air Force base, and very little else. Last summer after reigning there for fourteen years, Saqr was quietly bundled aboard an R.A.F. plane and delivered in Egypt as an unexpected guest of President Nasser’s government. Since then, he has been addressing a stream of anti-imperialist speeches to his ex-subjects through Radio Cairo.

As a ruler, Saqr showed far more interest in the poems which he wrote laboriously in classical Arabic and had published at his own expense than he did in politics. Toward the end of his reign, when he at last began to pay some attention to the problem of national development, it was too late. His neighbor Sheikh Rashid of Dubai had already laid his hands on most of the capital locally available, and used it to establish a virtual regional trade monopoly, profiting mostly from the smuggling of gold to India, Iran, and, via the latter, the Soviet Union.

With the recklessness of a long-time reader and writer of Arabian romances, Sheikh Saqr decided to take on the British single-handed. He announced that he had accepted an offer of aid from the anti-British Arab League. A few days later, the British Political Residency solemnly stated that he had been overthrown (by his family) on account of his

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Persian Gulf

"scandalous behavior and neglect of the welfare of the people."

Thus Britain has been attempting to deal with its quandary in a potentially explosive region where, under an exclusive treaty signed in 1892, it is the only foreign power with the right to diplomatic representation. The quandary is far from unique in diplomatic history, arising as it does from a conflict between a strong desire to maintain the status quo (in this case, to ensure regular supplies of oil) and a realization that the status quo is ultimately unpreservable.

Britain has been involved with the feudal regime of the Persian Gulf for the past 150 years. At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the sheikhs were operating as pirates against passing East India Company ships. A show of force by the Royal Navy in 1820 frightened them sufficiently to sign an agreement to "abstain in perpetuity from acts of piracy and plunder." Some years later, under further duress, they issued proclamations abolishing slavery; and by the end of the century, they had agreed to deal exclusively with Britain.

The discovery of oil in the 1930s came as an unexpected bonus, which Britain officialdom was slow to grasp. (Many of the best concessions passed into the hands of American companies as a result. Americans now hold about half of all Persian Gulf concessions, with monopolies in four out of nine states, and major prospecting rights in another three; currently they produce 20 percent of the total oil supply there, and have large stakes



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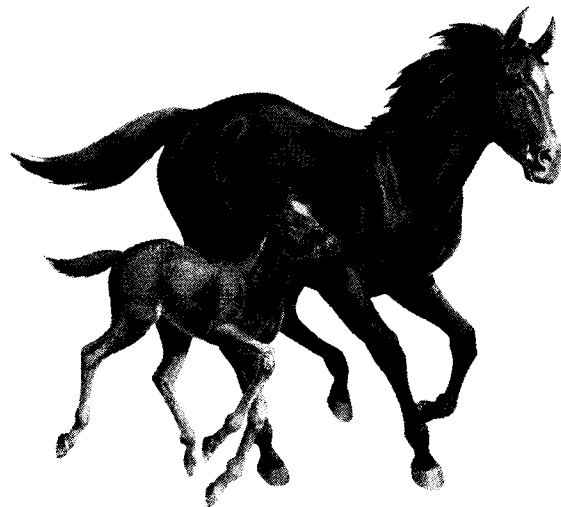
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Persian Gulf

in an international consortium producing another 55 percent.) Large-scale production started after the Second World War, and Britain's dependence on oil supplies from the Persian Gulf had become so great by the 1950s that the blocking of the Suez Canal at the end of 1956 caused stringent gasoline rationing in England.

Instead of striving from then on to diversify its sources of oil, Britain reacted to the emergency by increasing its armed strength in the Persian Gulf area from a few hundred men to more than three thousand. Whitehall calculated that, having made a makeshift peace with Nasser and got the canal reopened, the primary objective now was to stop the spread of Nasserism to the oil fields themselves.

British diplomats deny any intention of using their dominating position to interfere in the internal affairs of any of the nine kingdoms. But it is a theoretical disclaimer. Any internal revolution would be most unlikely to succeed without some measure of outside support, which could be taken to justify the intervention of British troops.

The diplomats have, at the same time, made efforts to lighten the oppressiveness of the regimes. Their pressure on the rulers has produced at least rudimentary primary education and a few medical services through most of the area. They have prevailed upon Sheikh Mohammed, the illiterate twenty-eight-year-old brother of the ruler of Bahrein who is chief of police, not to arrest political suspects quite so casually and detain them for such long periods without trial, with

manacles locked around their ankles which cause festering wounds and scars for life.

Directly after the British removed Sheikh Saqr, they initiated a public works program in Sharjah; and the people of Abu Dhabi can scarcely fail to benefit from the departure of Sheikh Shakbut, who refused to build hospitals and schools, on the grounds that his subjects would not know what to do with them if they had them.

But such activity has delayed, not produced, a solution to the most basic and pressing problem: that the archaic system of government by royalty, evolved within the framework of an isolated, tribal society, is simply unworkable in modern conditions. Apart from its impracticality and its immorality, it is becoming deeply resented by the people who are now living under it.

Oil as a progressive force

At the same time that it has brought wealth to the rulers, the discovery of oil has brought a large number of Arabs into contact with Western ideas. The attitudes, particularly toward authority, of American and European oil workers, have made an impression on their Arab employees. The latter are now familiar with such institutions as trade unions, a free press, and universal adult suffrage, although they are denied them. English schoolbooks and Egyptian schoolteachers (whose politics are viewed with suspicion but who are accepted as the only Arabic-speaking teachers that are available) have done much to teach the Gulf Arabs about human rights.

Most communities now have at least one transistor radio, and there is keen local competition between

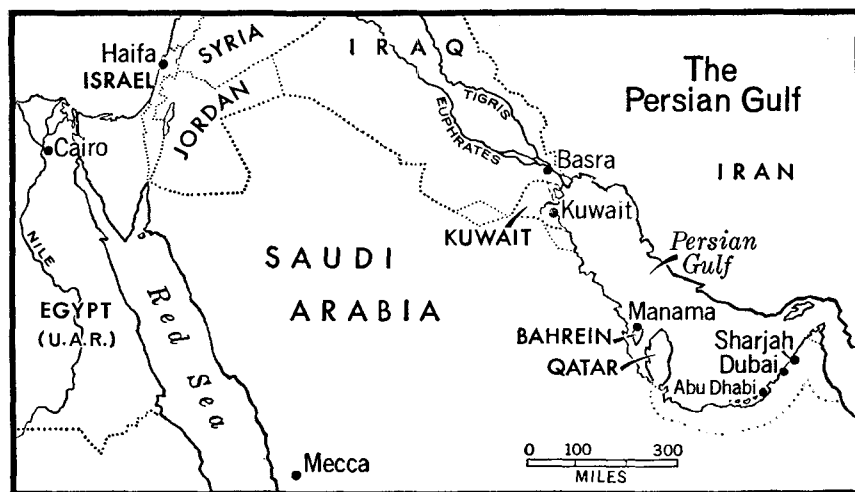
the BBC and Radio Cairo. Although their interpretations of democracy obviously conflict, at least they have made the word a familiar one.

Public relations lobbyists in Beirut, London, and other Western capitals have given the impression that some of the sheikhs are adapting their regimes to fit in with the new aspirations of their subjects. In the area itself, however, there is little evidence of this. Laws are still devised by the rulers personally, in secret consultation with relatives and courtiers, and then proclaimed without further discussion.

Popular representation is held to be unnecessary, on the grounds that any subject has the right of personal appeal to the ruler. Social welfare programs are also said to be superfluous, because anybody in need is supposed to have the right to ask the ruler for help. But the growth of towns — Manama, the capital of Bahrein, has a population of 61,000, and Dubai City one of 55,000 — has devalued rights which have been traditional. The sheikhs' regular, ostensibly public audiences are deteriorating into mere rituals, slavishly attended by Arab and British officials, partly in the hope of receiving favors and gifts, partly for fear of causing offense. Many genuine petitioners are turned away from the palace doors by the police, and a large number of those who do enter never get to voice their pleas.

Furthermore, young, literate Arabs, whose learning is often greater than their rulers', are no longer willing to go down on their bended knees to request humbly as favors what the radio and books have told them are their rights. The assumption that public property actually belongs to the royal family also causes resentment, particularly when a ruler grandiosely goes through the motions of presenting some of it, usually a piece of land, to the nation and then expects to be praised by a grateful populace for his generosity.

The American and British oil companies have, in fact, demanded and ultimately created for themselves a generation of industrial workers, skilled tradesmen, and merchants. To qualify, the Arabs have had to abandon the tribal loyalties of their fathers and adopt semi-Western standards. They are cynical about palace corruption, licen-



tiousness (Bahrein is a stopover with a unique reputation among airline hostesses), and unearned opulence, ashamed of the servile traditions of their people toward royalty, and perhaps too uncritical of what they have been told about Egypt, Europe, and the United States; and their privately expressed hostility toward the sheikhs has become much more marked, even in the past year.

Incompetent rebels

So far, the number of "freedom fighters" in the area is minute, for all the exhortations of Radio Cairo. Their record up to now is one of utter incompetence: their most recent efforts have been to blow up a water main in the mistaken belief that it was an oil pipeline, and to try to set fire to a sealed storage tank of crude oil by lighting an old newspaper underneath it.

If not their methods, their cause is supported by most of the rest of the Arab world, and it is becoming popular in the Persian Gulf area itself. The sheikhs have refused to convert their feudal regimes into constitutional democracies and to become mere figureheads. The British are too timid, despite the strength of their position, to do any more than arrange for the removal of the worst and least cooperative of the sheikhs, and substitute slightly better ones.

When British troops are withdrawn from Aden in 1968, as Harold Wilson has promised they will be, Britain's position in the Persian Gulf area will become still more entrenched. The Middle East Command Headquarters is to be moved to Bahrein (just eight years after it was moved to Aden from Cyprus), and the base in Sharjah is already being enlarged.

British diplomats are trying hard to play down the significance of this change, and to persuade British newspapers to do likewise. It is claimed that the increase in military personnel in Bahrein will be "hardly noticeable" and that there is no danger of the island's developing into a "second Aden." But as recent events in Aden have been, in many respects, a repetition of the history of Cyprus (which Britain was determined never to repeat), it is not easy to feel much confidence in the ability of British diplomats to learn from past mistakes.

— Martin Page

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letters

Can history use Freud?

SIR:

Barbara W. Tuchman's excellent article, "Can History Use Freud? The Case of Woodrow Wilson," in the February *Atlantic*, brings to mind the urgent need for a new ethic to protect both the living and the dead from character assassination by psychological speculation.

Libel laws, the sanctity of the confessional, and the ethics of the medical and legal professions are based on the principle that a person's reputation is as sacred as his life. Nevertheless, it appears that anyone who cares to can publish damaging insinuations against even the noblest person for reasons no more consequential than that he often hesitated (or did not hesitate) before crossing a busy street.

FRANCES A. BENZ
Cleveland Heights, Ohio

SIR:

Thank you for publishing Barbara W. Tuchman's "Can History Use Freud?" It is high time that someone utilized common sense and good historical method to give the lie to much of the stuff that psychologists publish as "history."

WILLIAM F. CHURCH
*Professor of history, Brown University
Providence, R. I.*

SIR:

In your February issue Barbara Tuchman asks, "What can the Freudian method do for history?" May I bring to your attention a similar question asked by the eminent psychologist Erik Erikson?

"Is it at all a psychoanalyst's business to reconstruct and reinterpret historical events?"

Erikson answers in the affirmative. "I believe that the psychoanalyst's competence can find a

specific application in the study of history because he faces, on a different level, a phenomenon analogous to the 'resistance' well studied in his daily clinical work, namely, the phenomenon of historical memory as a gigantic process of suppressing as well as of preserving data, of forgetting as well as remembering, of mystifying as well as clarifying, of rationalizing as well as recording 'fact.' "

AMOS SELAVAN
Pittsburgh, Penn.

SIR:

Barbara Tuchman says about the Freud and Bullitt book, "It is good psychology but bad history." This is an impossible state of affairs. Being bad history would necessarily make the work bad psychology.

We psychiatrists frequently make the error of holding that "psychological truth" has an existence independent of "other kinds" of truth. Non-psychiatrists usually do not fall for it.

RICHARD H. HARTMAN, M.D.
Boston, Mass.

SIR:

Every review of the Freud-Bullitt "psychological study" of Woodrow Wilson that I have read has, in effect, asked the same astonished question: How can the great genius Freud, the brilliant explorer of the human psyche, the molders of modern philosophy, have done this despicable thing? And now Mrs. Tuchman, after describing Freud as "a genius, one of the rare authentic pathfinders of all time," pinpoints with admirable precision the unwarranted assumptions, the intellectual irresponsibility, the emotional — hostile — motivation, and the historical absurdity that permeate this book and make it a cruel travesty on a great man who dared to essay the impossible. She seems to know that it was not Wilson who failed, but rather Europe, and especially the United States Senate, who failed him. And yet she considers this travesty, this "analysis" of Wilson's character, as "sharply illuminating, and with certain reservations, convincing. . . ." She says, "It is good psychology but bad history."

But surely this is the central contradiction of Mrs. Tuchman's whole piece. If the book is bad history, as she so brilliantly demonstrates, it is,

for the same reasons, bad psychology. Truth is indivisible: the evils of illogic and irresponsibility that make the book bad history make it equally bad psychology. We have never had a clearer demonstration that Freudian psychology is not a science but a mystique. It is the sort of mystique that not only has been used to malign Moses and Leonardo and Wilson in absentia, but is being used every day to "cure" the ill-begotten habits of a lifetime.

ROLAND P. MACKAY, M.D.
*Professor of neurology
Northwestern University
Chicago, Ill.*

SIR:

It was a pleasure to read Barbara Tuchman's cool and clinical analysis of the Freud-Bullitt book. Not since Huck Finn gazed serenely through the "tears and flapdoodle" of the King and the Duke has such hokum been so neatly exposed.

WADE CHAPMAN
Hinsdale, Ill.

Southern Baptists

SIR:

I doubt very much that Marshall Frady's article ("God and Man in the South," January *Atlantic*) will greatly affect the "body at rest" in the South. The punch of the events in Montgomery, Selma, Oxford, and Macon have all done little to rouse the sleeping giant.

Hopefully, Marshall Frady's essay can join with other forces already at work within the Southern Baptist denomination to give its churches in the East, Northeast, Midwest, West, and Northwest the forward-moving inertia necessary for them to become a part of the positive leadership the church must be in this hour in regard to this and other vital issues if the church's message is ever to be taken seriously again.

WILLIAM E. BOLIN
Nashville, Tenn.

SIR:

While I do feel pessimistic about the role of the church in the South's changing racial patterns, as suggested in Marshall Frady's article, I shall never cease working for a stronger church, and never would say that I would "just as soon see it all go down the drain."

It will never be too late for the recovery of integrity within the church, insofar as faithfulness is

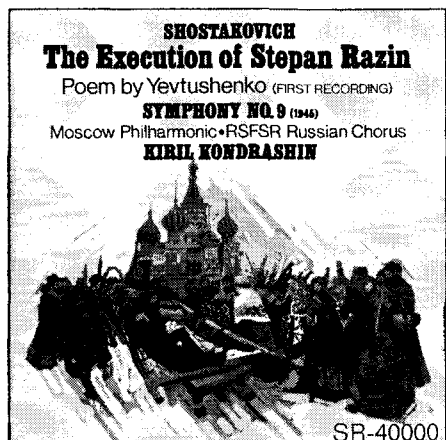
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concerned, however irrelevant this may be to an increasingly polarized situation. I do not, in other words, partake of the "legacy of despair" Mr. Frady attributes to many Southern churchmen, or of any "ultimate pessimism," although I think there is ample cause for such. There will be those who will give up and withdraw, even from the church, because of this. There are others of us who cannot deny our inheritance in this family, however sick its present institutional life may be.

REV. JOHN B. MORRIS
*The Episcopal Society for Cultural
and Racial Unity
Atlanta, Ga.*

SIR:

As a member of one of the Southern Baptist churches so severely castigated by Marshall Frady in your January issue, I am not proud of the many instances of brutalization, denial, and hostility shown Negroes during the last turbulent decade by many Southerners professing the same faith as I. Being a lay member of one of the churches, 34,000 strong, that he attacks, I write with no authority, but feel that several of his statements should be refuted.

Mr. Frady refers more than once to the Southern Baptist Church as if it were a monolithic body with authoritarian control over each of its 10.5 million members. In fact, autonomy is one of our most precious heritages. We can be ashamed for some of our fellow churches and the acts of their members, but no one can run their affairs for them.

I object to Mr. Frady's implication that Southern Baptists are primarily responsible for the ill treatment received by the civil rights movement in the South simply because they are largest in number. Severely limited by lack of hierarchical authority, some Baptist ministers did inspire members of their congregations to show a spirit of love in the face of great opposition. Mr. Frady's statement about Selma, that "it is doubtful that there were ten ministers there from Southern churches," is patently ridiculous. I know several who went from Houston, as far removed as it is, among them Southern Baptist pastors who were as concerned as anyone else and went at their own expense.

GALLOWAY H. HUDSON
Houston, Tex.

Dos Passos revisited

SIR:

I think Dan Wakefield's piece ("Return to Paradise," February *Atlantic*) a really extraordinary job. I don't know Wakefield, but I believe I am right in thinking that he is much younger than Dos Passos or I; yet he certainly has grasped the essence of the twenties. That was my time, too, in many ways; I was eighteen in 1920 and twenty-eight in 1930. I didn't know the great men then, except Tom Wolfe, and he began publishing his novels in the thirties. But though I did not know the great, I did know, or sense, what they felt, and Wakefield has it all.

THOMAS J. WILSON
*Director, Harvard University Press
Cambridge, Mass.*

SIR:

Dan Wakefield's "Return to Paradise" is an excellent work. I have long awaited the time when John Dos Passos would be expiated for the ineffable crime of political regeneration. To tag this great man a "proletarian writer" and dismiss his later works is to continue the injustices inflicted upon him by the ubiquitous left. I am glad, therefore, to see a fine writer take to task the literary high-executioners, whose primordial purpose is to slay the artistic reputation by slandering the political affiliation.

ROGER CAWLEY
New York City

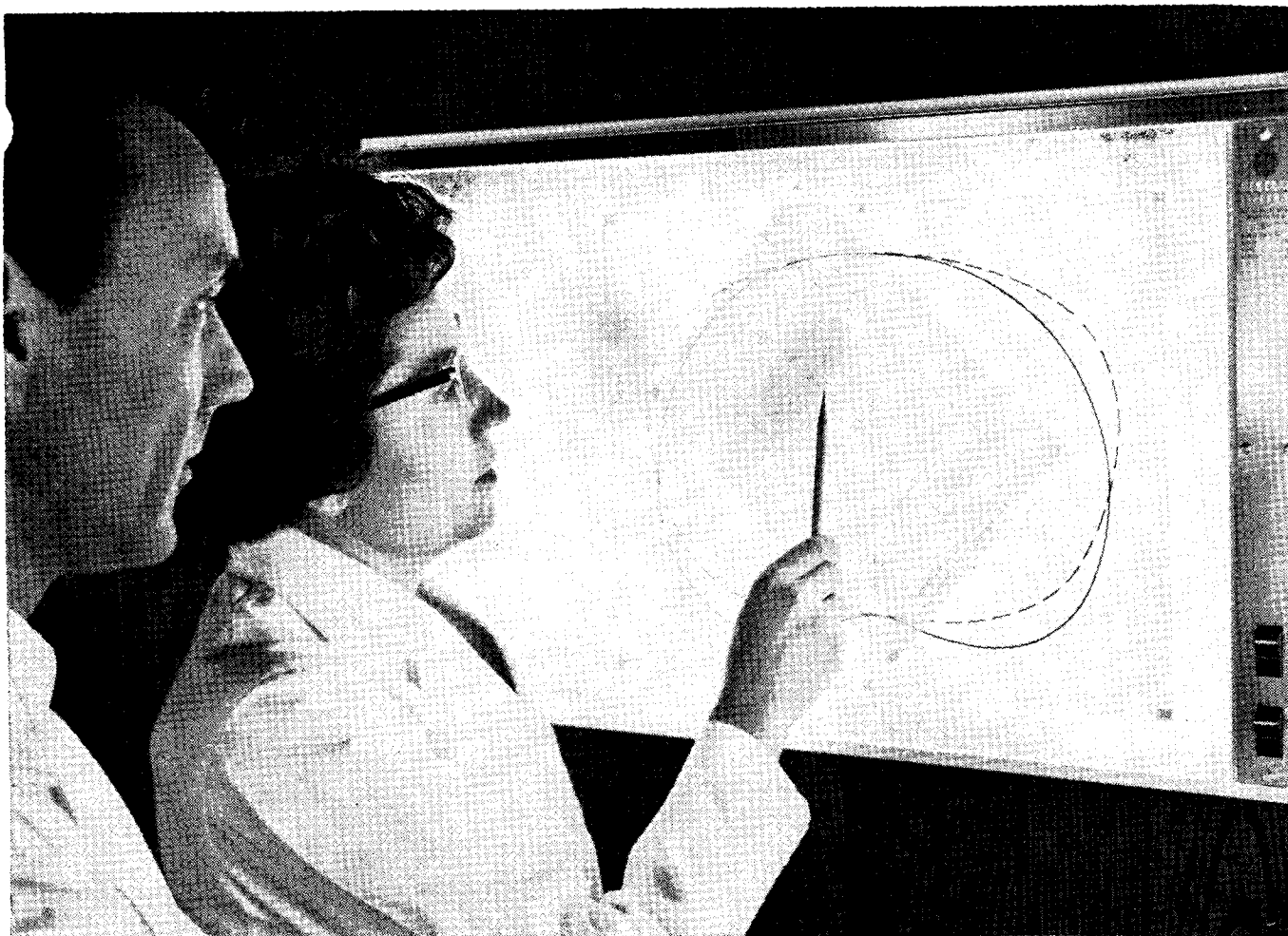
Our muddled State Department

SIR:

William Attwood should get a gold star for the most needed article of the year: "The Labyrinth in Foggy Bottom" (February *Atlantic*). It ties in splendidly with George McGovern's discussion of "an American illusion" ("Foreign Policy and the Crisis Mentality," January), for while it is true that "the crisis mentality" fails to see the tremendous strength in undeviating support of our nation's health, education, and economy, most of us are hopelessly ignorant of the actual work of our State Department.

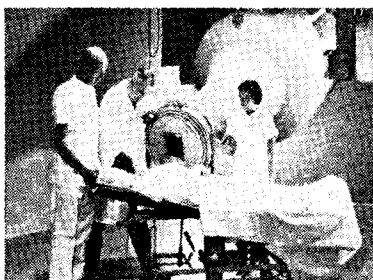
I can think of nothing more crucial to the solving of our most pressing national problems than the immediate, determined re-examination of the system by which we represent ourselves abroad.

THEODORE HADDIN
Ann Arbor, Mich.



Target cancer: search and destroy!

On the wall is a "battlemat"—a cross-section diagram of a cancer patient's body. Pinpointed on the "map" is the target—a deep-seated tumor. Through the use of diagnostic x-ray equipment, a radiologist—a physician specially trained in the use of x-ray for diagnosis and treatment—has searched out the location and size of the lesion. Now he and the patient's other physicians plan the attack. His weapon: a 2,000,000-volt x-ray unit. ■ Before treatment can begin, the radiologist must perform a series of complex calculations requiring the utmost patience, knowledge, experience and skill; he must determine the precise quantity and quality of radiation to be used. His exacting job: apply the proper amount of radiation to the cancer site while minimizing the dosage to surrounding healthy tissue. The radiologist is aided in his calculations by an isodose chart superimposed



over the patient's body-section diagram. The chart helps the radiologist determine how much radiation will be absorbed by intervening tissue and how much will get through to the target area. ■ Once the course of treatment is charted, the attack begins. Early discovery, followed by radiation therapy, can make it possible to arrest the cancer and return the patient to a normal life.

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SIR:

Both the *Atlantic* and Mr. William Attwood are to be congratulated for the excellent article "The Labyrinth in Foggy Bottom." As one who was formerly employed with the Foreign Service, I would say that Mr. Attwood's criticisms of the operating procedures of that remarkable institution are extremely well taken.

ROBERT W. SCHLECK
Caldwell, N. J.

SIR:

I particularly enjoyed the splendid piece by William Attwood on Foggy Bottom. It was hard-hitting but warmly human, critical but fair. Every member of Congress ought to read it and consider carefully Mr. Attwood's seven-point proposal for reform of the State Department.

DAVID F. SCHOENBRUN
New York City

Schlesinger on Vietnam

SIR:

I agree with Mr. Handlin, who reviews my book *The Bitter Heritage: Vietnam and American Democracy 1941-1966* in your March issue, that the question whether Asian Communism is a homogeneous, coordinated conspiracy or a fragmented and chaotic collection of national movements is a matter of judgment. If his measured view really is that the Viet Cong are the spearhead of a Chinese program of expansion in Southeast Asia, I cannot hope to persuade him otherwise.

However, I would like to correct him on an issue of fact. According to Mr. Handlin's review, Schlesinger "urges us to negotiate without contemplating the possibility that the enemy may not wish to do so." If he would turn again to page 105 of *The Bitter Heritage*, he will find these sentences: "It may take a long time before our adversaries are ready to negotiate in good faith. Indeed, Hanoi has shown no real interest in negotiation thus far except as a means of legalizing a Viet Cong victory."

Also, while I would hesitate to challenge so eminent a historian on a point of historical fact, Mr. Handlin's suggestion that the idea of limited war was unknown in American history until "some fifteen years ago" overlooks the War of 1812, the Mexican War, and the Spanish-

American War. The Korean War was by no means the first war in American history in which the United States renounced the objective of the destruction of the enemy.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
*The City University of New York
New York City*

Professor Handlin replies:

As to the logic — to refer to the existence of a possibility is not to deal with it.

As to the facts — in each of the three wars mentioned, the United States drew upon its full power for expansionist objectives. In the first, it just was not strong enough. In the other two, it utterly destroyed the enemies' forces and helped itself generously to their territory.

OSCAR HANDLIN
*Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

Americans in Asia

SIR:

I read two articles in your December issue with a personal interest: "The Americans in Thailand" by Maynard Parker, and "The Tragedy of Saigon" by Frances FitzGerald. For the past twenty-two months I have served with the U.S. Army in Southeast Asia; one year in Thailand as a member of First Lieutenant Maynard Parker's information staff, and now for ten months in Saigon.

Maynard Parker was one of the few U.S. Army officers in Korat who recognized the need for establishing a harmonic relationship between the U.S. military and the local Thai population — before the increasing hoards of American servicemen could leave their inevitable and indelible pockmark on a centuries-old culture.

Even when I left, the laments of the impoverished and uneducated farmer in Thailand's northeast could not be heard over the blare of jukeboxes in the bars that surround the U.S. military installations. Is this another "Lessons Learned" to be stashed away in a Pentagon filing cabinet?

If so, then a major portion of Miss FitzGerald's article on Saigon can soon be applied to locations in Thailand.

SP5 C. A. BETTERTON
*HHC, First Signal Brigade
APO San Francisco, Calif.*

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THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE

Planning and the Modern Corporation

BY JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

The great size of the modern corporation and its power to influence life in America are discussed in this first of three articles written for the ATLANTIC by the distinguished Paul M. Warburg Professor of Economics at Harvard. They convey essential theses of Professor Galbraith's major new work, THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE, to be published in June by Houghton Mifflin. His second article will discuss how the corporation manages itself, its prices, and its customers, and how it relates to the state. The third will discuss capitalism, socialism, and the future of the industrial system.

Few things so firmly establish one's grasp on the commonplace as to list the changes that have occurred in economic life in the last half century. Machines have, of course, extensively replaced crude manpower. Increasingly, one machine instructs other machines in the process called automation. Industrial corporations have become very, very large. They are no longer directed as a matter of right by their owners; they are guided impersonally by their management. They deploy large amounts of capital, much of which they derive from their own earnings. These earnings are now by far the most important source of savings — income that is needed for industrial expansion is no longer allowed to get into the hot and eager hands of those who might choose to use it for their personal consumption.

Economic well-being has also greatly increased — at least in the fortunate countries of Europe and North America. And the market has changed. In the world described by Alfred Marshall, the great English economist of the early decades of this century, prices were established, as he said, by the “higgling and bargaining” of the market after having been, as he also said, “tossed hither and thither like a shuttlecock.” Now, in the world of the large corporation, they are set by the corporation, and they often remain fixed for long periods

of time. These companies are also at considerable pains to persuade the customer on what he should buy. Everyone, including all economists, agrees on consumer sovereignty in principle, but no one wants to trust it unduly in practice.

Finally, even in countries such as the United States, where, as we all agree, faith in free enterprise is one of the minor branches of theology, the state plays a large and increasing role in economic affairs. It stabilizes purchasing power — what economists call aggregate demand; it underwrites expensive technology such as modern weaponry and the supersonic transports; it restrains, or anyhow seeks to restrain, wages and prices to prevent inflation; it educates the technical and specialized manpower that modern industry requires; and the state buys upwards of a fifth of all that the modern industrial community produces. In the presumptively capitalist economy of the United States, one is charmed to reflect, the state plays a very much larger role in almost every facet of economic activity than it does in the avowedly planned and socialist economy of, say, India.

I want to show in these articles that the changes just mentioned are part of an interrelated complex, or matrix, as economists say. And I want to show also that the result is larger than the sum of the parts, that specifically there have been three great

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consequences. The first is rather comprehensive economic planning; which is to say, producers extensively manage the lives of those whom they are assumed to serve. And they must. By its nature, the modern industrial economy is a planned economy.

The second consequence is that there are strongly convergent tendencies, as there are in all industrial societies. This is despite their very different billing as capitalist or socialist or Communist by those who act as the custodians of our official ideology.

The third consequence is that to a far greater extent than we imagine, our beliefs and cultural attitudes are accommodated to the needs and goals of the industrial mechanism by which we are supplied. These serve the convenience of modern industry. Industrial societies differ not in the fact but in the method by which ideas are patterned to industrial convenience and need.

Let me begin by showing how technology, time, and capital shape the modern economy.

ON JUNE 15, 1903, after some months of preparation, the Ford Motor Company was formed in Detroit, Michigan, for the manufacture of automobiles. The first car reached the market that *same* October. The firm had an authorized capital of \$150,000, although only \$100,000 worth was issued and only \$28,500 was for cash. Although it does not bear on the present discussion, the company made a handsome profit that year and did not fail to make a very large profit for many years thereafter. In 1903 Ford employed 125 men.

In the spring of 1964, the Ford Motor Company introduced what is now called a new automobile. In accordance with current fashion, it was named, one hopes inappropriately, a "Mustang" — a mustang is a very roughriding animal, as all close students of television are aware. Preparations for the Mustang required three and a half years. From late in the autumn of 1962, when the design was settled, until the spring of 1964, there was a fairly firm commitment to the particular car that eventually emerged. Engineering, "styling," and development costs were nearly \$60 million.¹ In 1964, employment in the Ford Motor Company averaged 317,000 men. Assets in 1964 were approximately \$6 billion.

Nearly all of the effects of industrial change are revealed in one way or another by these comparisons. Let me list them.

¹ I am grateful to Mr. Walter T. Murphy of the Ford Motor Company for providing these details. I have also drawn on earlier help from Robert McNamara which he gave when he was still an executive of Ford. Details on the early history of Ford are mostly from Allan Nevins, *Ford: The Times, the Man, the Company*, Scribner's, 1954.

First. With increasingly sophisticated knowledge there is an increasing elapse of time between the beginning and the completion of a task. Technology means the systematic application of scientific or other organized knowledge to practical tasks. It is applied not to the manufacture of a car as a whole. It is brought to bear on very small elements of its manufacture — on the qualities of particular steels or the methods of machining a particular part. Then knowledge is applied to the combination of these parts, and then on assembly, and thus on to final completion. The process of manufacture stretches back in time as the root system of a plant stretches down into the ground, and the longest of these filaments, as it were, sets the total time required in production. The first Ford needed only ordinary steel, obtained from the warehouse in the morning and worked that afternoon. The provision of steel for the Mustang, in contrast, reached back to specifications prepared by the designers, to tests in the laboratory, then to design of the appropriate metalworking machinery, and to production and installation of these tools. Years thus elapse between the beginning of work on a car and its appearance.

Second. There is a great increase in the amount of capital that is committed to production. This is partly the result of the increased elapse of time, for that means increased investment in the work that is in process. But the knowledge which is applied to the various elements of the task also costs money. And so does machinery, which is the most characteristic manifestation of technology.

Only very simple machinery was used in the manufacture of the first Ford. No trained engineers were employed. The frame of the car was moved manually, and it could be lifted by two men. The modern auto factory, in contrast, is itself a complex and closely articulated machine. Nothing is done by muscular effort. Computers control the flow of parts and components to the assembly line. Only the recurrent hideousness of the product remains to remind one that human beings are involved. Thus (along with increased output, of course) the increase in capitalization of Ford to \$6 billion.

Third. With increasing technology, time and capital tend to be committed ever more inflexibly to a particular task. Organized knowledge is used to improve the performance of a specific task. That task must be precisely defined before it is divided and subdivided into its component parts. Knowledge and equipment are then brought to bear on these fractions. But they are applied only to the fractions of the task as it was initially conceived. If that task is changed, new knowledge and new equipment will have to be mobilized for each part. So once a decision is made on what to produce, it is very difficult to alter it.

The engine and chassis of the original Ford were made by the Dodge Brothers (who eventually also made an automobile themselves). Their machine shop could have worked as well on bicycles, steam engines, or carriages, and in point of fact, it had been so employed. Had Ford and his associates decided at any point to shift from gasoline to steam power as a source of power for the vehicle, the machine shop could have accommodated itself to this considerable change by modern standards in a few hours.

By contrast, all parts of the Mustang, the tools and equipment that worked on these parts, and the steel and the other materials going into these parts were designed for this car and this car almost alone. The manufacture of a Barracuda, which differs mostly in having an even more bizarre name, would have required a very different tooling up. So would a "Serpent," a "Roach," or a "Locust" — if one may look ahead a little on automobile nomenclature.

Fourth. Technology requires specialized manpower. Not surprisingly, organized knowledge can be brought to bear only by those who possess such knowledge. However, technology is not the only thing that requires specialized manpower; so does the planning, which I will come to in a moment. And so does organization, for it takes specialists in organization to manage the organization which results from specialization.

This does not mean that the talent required for modern industry is necessarily more demanding, on some absolute scale of intelligence, than that of an earlier and technically less advanced era. Modern industrial man is not some species of superman; he must be helped to resist the temptation so to regard himself.

Indeed, the makers of the original Ford were men of considerable talent. The Dodge Brothers had previously invented a bicycle and a steam launch. Detroit legend also celebrated their remarkable exuberance when drunk. James Couzens, who was Ford's partner and who almost certainly had more to do with the early success of the enterprise than Henry Ford himself, went on to be police commissioner and mayor of Detroit and then to the Senate to become, as a Republican, a brilliant and undeviating supporter of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Not even Robert McNamara has shown more reach. What the members of the modern company do have is a much deeper knowledge of the specialized matters for which they are responsible. It is, like all others, a great assemblage of such specialists.

Fifth. Specialization obviously requires organization. Only thus is the work of specialists brought to a coherent result. It is obvious that if there are many specialists, this coordination will be a major task in itself. Next only to machinery, massive and

complex organizations are the most visible manifestations of a world of advanced technology. Its manifestation in the case of Ford is the growth from 125 to 317,000 men.

FINALLY. From the time and capital that must be committed and the rigidity of these commitments comes the inevitability of planning. Tasks must be so performed that they are right not for the time that they are undertaken but for the time in the distant future when they are completed. Developments, occurring between the time of initiation and the time of accomplishment, must be anticipated. Their effect, if adverse, must be neutralized. Or the events must be prevented.

In the early days of the Ford Motor Company, the future was very close at hand. What was raw material today would be a car next week. To fail to anticipate adverse contingencies was not fatal; anything that went unexpectedly wrong could be quickly remedied. Many things did go wrong. The earliest vehicles, as they came on the market, would have worried Ralph Nader. The cooling system did not always cool, the brakes did not reliably brake, and the carburetor did not always feed fuel to the engine. Once a Los Angeles dealer sent a message that when the cars he was receiving were steered, the "front wheels turn wrong." But these defects, though not minor, could be promptly remedied. Such faults in the Mustang would have been highly unpleasant and both time-consuming and costly to repair. Similarly, the original Ford used materials, labor, and components of a highly unspecialized character that were available in the open market. A shortage could be remedied by sending someone out to buy what was needed. A failure in delivery for the specialized machinery, materials, or components required for the modern vehicle would be subject to no such remedy. And the situation is the same with labor. In the days of the first Ford, an ordinary laborer or even a first-rate operative could be hired in the nearest saloon. A systems engineer cannot be so recruited. Nor can other specialized talent.

Here I come to a point of great importance. Technology — and associated change — not only requires planning, but also impairs and even destroys the usefulness of the market. Simple things can be bought and sold on the market. Complex things cannot. The farmer can find the things he needs for production in the next town. The automobile manufacturer cannot. There was an open market for muskets in their day. There is not, fortunately, for missiles. Orville Wright was able to buy most of what he needed for the first airplane in Dayton, Ohio. The market will not supply the

materials, parts, systems, and engineering talent required for a modern spacecraft. These must be foreseen, and the supply and price arranged months and years in advance.

The modern automobile, by which I have illustrated the foregoing tendencies, is, by many standards, an elementary product. For more sophisticated products, time, capital, inflexibility of commitment, specialization, organization, and planning are all greatly increased. This is remarkably so for, among other things, modern weaponry.

When Philip II settled on the redemption of England at the end of March, 1587, he was not unduly troubled by the circumstance that Spain had no navy. Some men-of-war were available from newly conquered Portugal; but, in the main, merchant ships would suffice. In other words, a navy could be had from the market. At Cadiz three weeks later Sir Francis Drake destroyed quite a few of these vessels. But this was not a fatal blow; more could be bought or quickly built. Accordingly, and despite what historians have always described as unconscionable inefficiency, the Armada sailed in a strength of 130 ships a little over a year later on May 18, 1588. The cost, though it was certainly considerable, was well within the resources of the Spanish Empire.

To create a modern fleet of the numerical size of the Armada, comprising aircraft carriers and an appropriate complement of aircraft, nuclear submarines, Polaris missiles, destroyers, auxiliary and supporting craft, and bases and communications, would take a first-rate industrial power a minimum of twenty years. Though modern Spain is rich beyond the dreams of its monarchs in its most expansive age, it could not for a moment contemplate such an enterprise. In World War II, no combat plane that had not been substantially designed before the outbreak of hostilities saw actual service. Since then, the lead time for comparable weaponry has become very much greater. No one in late middle age stands in any danger of weapons now being designed; they are a menace to the unborn and the unconceived.

IT is a commonplace of modern technology that we know that problems have solutions before there is knowledge of how they are to be solved. It is reasonably certain that a man can be landed on the moon within the next five years. However, numerous technical details of this journey remain to be worked out. It is known that air can be made breathable and water drinkable for those who must remain behind; but there is still much uncertainty as to the best methods of cleaning up the atmosphere and the lakes and streams.

If methods of performing a specified task have been fully worked out, the cost in time and money of bringing organized intelligence to bear on the task will be much less than if the methods are still uncertain. Uncertainty about the properties of the metal to be used for the skin of a supersonic transport, uncertainty therefore about the proper way of handling and working the metal, and uncertainty therefore about the character and design of the equipment required all can add extravagantly to the time and cost of obtaining such a vehicle. This problem-solving, with its high costs in time and money, is a recognized feature of modern technology. It graces all modern economic discussion under the cachet of industrial research and development.

The need for planning arises from the long period of time that elapses during the production process, the high investment that is involved, the inflexible commitment of that investment to the particular task, and the failure of the market when there is high technology. Where methods are unknown or uncertain, and where, accordingly, there must be this expenditure for research and development, planning is even more essential. It is also more demanding. The time that is involved, the money that is at risk, and the number of things, accordingly, that can go wrong and the magnitude of the possible ensuing disaster all increase. The cost and risk may be beyond the resources of a private firm.

An obvious solution is to have the state absorb the major risks under such circumstances. This is becoming established practice. It can guarantee a market for the weapon, airplane, or other similar technical product. Or it can underwrite the costs of development; if these increase beyond expectation, the firms will not have to carry them. The drift of this argument will be evident. Technology leads to planning. And in its higher manifestations, technology puts the problems of planning beyond the reach of the individual industrial firm. The compulsions of technology, not ideology or political wile, then require the firm to seek the help and the protection of the state. This is true under what has always been called capitalism. It is true, as a matter of course, in the formally planned and Communist economies. Technology and associated change require planning by the producing firm. Both impose a broadly similar role on the state.

But in the Western economies, it is a mistake to think of the state as the main planning instrument. Rather it is the large corporation. This is not without paradox. Large corporations, we were all taught from our prenatal days, are the very essence of unplanned capitalism.

A market economy is an arrangement by which people sally forth and by their purchases make clear what they want or do not want. Their market be-

avior, in turn, is an instruction to producers in regard to what they should or should not produce. The initiative lies with the individual. He is sovereign. There is something admirably libertarian and democratic about this process. It is not hard to understand why, among the devout, the market, no less than Christianity and Zen Buddhism, evokes such formidable spiritual feeling.

But in the case of the Mustang, the initiative came not from the consumer but the producer. It was not the consumer who established the price in the market. The price was set by the manufacturer. The consumer had no idea that he needed this blessing before it was unveiled, although indubitably he welcomed it thereafter. Nor was he left with a free choice of his purchase. On the contrary, considerable thought was given to the means of ensuring that he would want it and buy it.

When initiative lies with the consumer, we agree that we have a market economy. When it passes to the producer — and when the consumer is accommodated to the needs and convenience of the producer — it is commonly and correctly said that we have a planned economy.

The planning may be imperfect. The consumer retains the right to resist persuasion or otherwise contract out of the management to which he or she is subject. There will be Edsels as well as Mustangs, and the latter may much exceed planned totals. Nevertheless, imperfect or otherwise, there is planning. The modern large corporation can be understood only as an adaptation to the needs of modern technology, related capital requirements, and of organization and the resulting planning.

SUCCESSFUL planning requires that the planning authority be able to control or sufficiently influence the various contingencies which bear upon the result it seeks. And it must not be subject to the power of those who might frustrate its plans either by ill-considered interference or even by carefully considered interference which reflects other and alien objectives. The modern large business corporation possesses the principal requisites of successful planning. What it cannot do is done by the state.

The modern corporation achieves much of the requisite authority merely by being very large. This enables it to possess and control large amounts of capital and to mobilize and direct the large number of specialists that modern technology requires. Also, if the firm is large, contingencies that cannot be perfectly controlled can be absorbed or offset. If planning for a particular product by General Motors or General Dynamics goes sour, there are other products to offset this misfortune.

A plausible consequence of these advantages of size is that the modern industrial enterprise will be very large. And so it is. In 1962 the five largest industrial corporations in the United States, with combined assets in excess of \$36 billion, possessed over 12 percent, almost one eighth, of all the assets used by all companies in manufacturing. The 50 largest firms had over a third of all manufacturing resources. The 500 largest, a number whose presidents could be seated in a moderate-sized theater, had well over two thirds.² In the mid-nineteen-fifties, 23 corporations provided 15 percent of all the employment in manufacturing.

We have difficulty in thinking of the private firm as a planning instrument because we associate planning with the state. But the modern industrial enterprise operates on a scale that is far more nearly comparable with that of government than that of old-fashioned market-oriented activity. In 1965 three American industrial corporations, General Motors, Standard Oil of New Jersey, and Ford Motor Company, together had more gross income than all the farms in the United States. The income of General Motors alone about equaled that of the three million smallest farmers in the country. The gross revenues of each of these three corporations far exceeded those of any single state of the American Union. The revenues of General Motors in 1963 were fifty times those of the state of Nevada, eight times those of the state of New York, and slightly less than one fifth those of the federal government.

Economists have anciently quarreled over the reason for the great size of the modern corporation. Is it because size is essential in order to reap the economies of modern large-scale production? Is it, more insidiously, because the big firm wishes to exercise monopoly power in its markets? There is a little truth in the answers to both of these shopworn questions. The firm must be large enough to carry the large capital commitments of modern technology. It must also be large enough to control its markets. But the modern firm is larger than either of these purposes requires. General Motors is not only large enough to afford the best size of automobile plant but is large enough to afford a dozen of the best size. And it is large enough, in addition, to produce a host of other things as diverse as aircraft engines and refrigerators. Why is this? And

² Data on the concentration of industrial activity in the hands of large firms, and especially any that seem to show an increase in concentration, sustain a controversy in the United States that at times reaches mildly pathological proportions. The reason is that much of the argument between those who see the market as a viable institution and those who feel that it is succumbing to monopolistic influences has long turned on these figures. These figures are defended or attacked according to predilection. However, the orders of magnitude given here are not subject to serious question.

why, although it is large enough to have the market power associated with monopoly, do consumers not complain excessively about exploitation? We have here the answer. The great size of a modern corporation allows economies not possible for the small firm and permits the control of markets, to be sure; but its primary advantage lies in the service it renders to its planning. And for this planning — the control of supply, control of demand, control of capital supply, absorption of risk or minimization of risk where risk cannot be avoided — there is no clear upper limit to the desirable size. It could be that the bigger the better.

A prime requirement of the planning authority is control over its own decisions. This autonomy has, in fact, a double purpose. It is indispensable if the authority is to pursue the objectives of its planning. I shall have more to say on this later. It is also a vitally necessary aspect of decision-making under conditions of advanced technology. I must digress here for a special word about this.

As technology becomes increasingly sophisticated and as it leads on to specialization and planning, decisions in the business enterprise cease to come from individuals. They come necessarily, inescapably, from groups. The groups, as often informal as formal, and subject to constant change in composition, contain the men possessed of the information or with access to the information that bears on the particular decision. They contain also those whose skills consist in extracting and testing this information and obtaining a conclusion. It is through such groups that men act successfully on matters where no single person, however exalted or intelligent, has more than a fraction of the necessary knowledge. It is such groups that make modern business possible, and in other contexts, also make modern government possible.

Effective participation in such decision-making is not closely related to the individual's nominal rank in the formal hierarchy of the company or corporation. This is something that takes an effort of mind to grasp. Everyone is influenced by the stereotyped organization chart of the business enterprise. At the top is the board of directors, the chairman, the president, and the principal executive officer, thereafter the department or divisional heads. Power is assumed to pass down from this pinnacle. Those at the top give orders; those below relay them on or respond.

Power is employed in this way only in very simple organizations — in the peacetime drill of the National Guard or in a troop of Boy Scouts moving out on Saturday maneuvers. Elsewhere decisions require information, and some power will then pass to the person or persons who have this information. If this knowledge is highly particular to themselves, as in the case of sophisticated technology,

their power becomes very great. At Los Alamos, New Mexico, during the development of the atomic bomb, Enrico Fermi rode a bicycle up the hill to his work; Major General Leslie Groves presided in grandeur over the entire Manhattan District. Fermi, in company with a small handful of others, could, at various stages, have brought the entire enterprise to an end. They were also irreplaceable. No such power rested with General Groves at the top. At any moment he could have been replaced by any one of one hundred others without any loss.

WHEN power is exercised in this fashion by a group, not only does it pass into the organization but it passes into the organization irrevocably. If an individual has taken a decision, he can be called before another individual, who is his superior in the hierarchy, and his information can be extracted and examined, and his decision can then be reversed by the greater wisdom or experience of the superior. But if the decision requires the combined information of a group, it cannot be safely reversed by another individual. The individual will have to get the judgment of other specialists. This returns the power once more to the organization.

The modern large business corporation is admirably equipped to protect the autonomy on which the group decision required by technology and planning so deeply depends. The corporate charter accords a large area of independent action to the firm in the conduct of its affairs. And this freedom of conduct is defended as a sacred right. In our business attitudes nothing is held to be so iniquitous as government interference in the internal affairs of the corporation. And attitudes in other countries are similar if somewhat less choleric. There is equally vehement resistance to any invasion by trade unions of the prerogatives of management.

But interference from those who own or supply capital would be equally damaging to the planning of the firm and to the quality of its decisions. The modern firm exempts itself from interference from those who supply current capital requirements first of all by having its own source of capital. The use of earnings returned from profits is wholly at the discretion of those who run the firm. If funds must come from a banker, his views must be treated with respect. He can also intervene. If he isn't needed, and the funds aren't coming from him, only politeness is in order.

Few things have resulted in a greater shift in power than the ability of the large modern firm to supply itself with capital. Few things have more altered the character of capitalism. It is hardly surprising that retained earnings of corporations

have become such an overwhelmingly important source of capital.

The stockholder too has been separated from all effective power in the large corporation. Many things have led to this result. With the passage of time and the ineluctable effects of distribution by inheritance, of estate taxes, of philanthropy, of alimony, and of the other enjoyments of nonfunctional heirs, even the largest holdings are dispersed. It is next to impossible to get any considerable number of stockholders together for an action in opposition to management. Instead, the board of directors meets in solemn conclave to select the management, which previously selected that board. The electoral rituals of the modern large company are among our most elaborate exercises in popular and self illusion.

BUT the exercise of authority by the modern enterprise is also protected by the technical complexity of its decision. Some forty years ago it was discovered that Colonel Robert W. Stewart, who was then the head of the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, was transferring an appreciable share of the revenues of the company, at least temporarily, to his own pocket. With colleagues he had arranged to have the firm buy crude petroleum from a Canadian company, which he partly owned and which existed for the sole purpose of buying the oil in Texas and marking up the price to sell it to (among others) Colonel Stewart's firm. It was an admirable business. There were no costs at all, and Colonel Stewart got the profit. He later explained that he intended to return the bonds in which he put these profits to Standard Oil of Indiana, but had carelessly allowed them to remain in his safe-deposit box for many years and even more carelessly had clipped some of the coupons. The Rockefellers, who owned about 15 percent of the stock of the company, were able, though not without effort and expense, to throw the colonel out. It might not have been possible without the great prestige of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and it was only possible because the colonel was engaged in a simple and very comprehensible form of skuldugery. Modern malfeasance or misfeasance would turn on some complicated problem of patents, procurement, royalties, government contracts, or the like in the technology of petrochemicals. It would not seem nearly so safe for outsiders to intervene in so difficult a matter, nor would the remedy be so unambiguous. I have said that modern group decision-making requires the exclusion of uninformed interference. This works both ways. The nature of the decision also excludes interference by owners.

One thing does make the autonomy of the modern corporation vulnerable. That is a failure of earnings. Then the corporation has no source of earnings, so it must turn to banks and other outside investors for savings. The latter, since the firm is doing badly, will have prying tendencies. And the stockholders who are not being rewarded may also be moved to do something about it. In modern times virtually all proxy battles in major companies have occurred when the firm was doing poorly. We may lay it down as a rule that a management which is making money is secure in its autonomy. One which is losing money is not. We should expect, as a final characteristic of the large corporation, that it would take care to protect its autonomy by always making money.

Here too our expectations are fulfilled. Economists have not yet noticed how completely they are fulfilled.

In the year 1957, a year of mild recession in the United States, not one of the hundred largest industrial corporations failed to return a profit. Only one of the largest two hundred finished the year in the red. Seven years later, in 1964, which was a prosperous year by general agreement, all of the first hundred again made money; only two among the first two hundred had losses, and only seven among the first five hundred. None of the fifty largest merchandising trading firms failed to return a profit. Nor did any one of the fifty largest utilities. And among the fifty largest transportation companies, only three railroads, together with the temporarily troubled Eastern Airlines, failed to make money.

Business liturgy has long intoned that profits and losses are symmetrical. One gets the profits at the price of risking losses. "The American competitive enterprise system is an acknowledged profit and loss system, the hope of profits being the incentive and the fear of loss being the spur." This is not true of that part of the economy in which the firm is able to protect its profits by planning. It isn't true of the United States Steel Corporation, author of the sentence just cited, which has not had losses for a quarter of a century.

Such is the corporation as a planning authority. It rivals in size the state itself. It has authority extending over and uniting the capital and organized talent that modern technology requires. Its authority extends on to its supply of capital. And its power is safely removed and protected from the extraneous or conflicting authority of either the state or its own owners or creditors.

In next month's article I propose to examine how the corporation as a planning authority manages its environment — more especially, its prices and customers — and how it relates itself to the state.



Backstage with Shakespeare, Morley, and Bogart

by Robert Morley and Sewell Stokes

"Show me a man who has enjoyed his school days and I will show you a bully and a bore." That is a Morleyism, one of the many to be found, along with this ATLANTIC excerpt, in ROBERT MORLEY: A RELUCTANT AUTOBIOGRAPHY, soon to be published by Simon and Schuster. Mr. Morley, who needs no introduction to theater- and film-goers, may be one of the last of a dwindling breed of truly professional actors. As the passages that follow attest, he may also be one of our least appreciated iconoclasts.

FOR some time past I had been urging Robert Morley to write an autobiography that would correct the possible impression of him as just another overweight actor bemused by his own public image. That there was very much more to him than that, few people were in a better position than myself to know. If, therefore, he was too lazy to do the job himself, why not let me do it for him? This suggestion had struck him as at least feasible. If we worked on the thing together, he thought something might come of it. I sincerely hoped that something would. At times my friend is inclined to talk nonsense. But more often what he has to say makes very good sense indeed. And unless a man is seen in his entirety, he is in danger of not being seen at all. With this in mind, I let him rattle on.

"I was," said Morley, "sitting in the Carlton Hotel in Cannes with Lady Willoughby de Broke, and I upset coffee all over Angela Fox's dress. 'Cold water,' said Her Ladyship to the waiter, 'cold water for coffee, hot water for blood.' The whole of Warwickshire was suddenly before my eyes, like a Brueghel painting; everywhere were riderless horses and dying huntsmen.

"Angela, Robin, and I were motoring through the lush lands on our way to Ravello, where I was to start filming *Beat the Devil* for John Huston and

Humphrey Bogart, who was producing the picture with, surprisingly, his own money. It was a perfect location, a small Italian town perched on the cliffs overlooking the coast road to Amalfi; and regrettably we arrived late. 'Not to worry,' said the production manager; 'we thought we'd have needed you before now, but we haven't. We don't even need you now; in fact, we shan't need anyone until Truman Capote has returned from Rome. Truman has taken over the script. He was here for a week conferring with John, but he had to go back to his raven. The bird simply refused to talk to him on the telephone and may be quite ill. On the other hand, as Truman says, he may be just sulking.'

"'Meanwhile?' I asked.

"'Meanwhile,' said the production manager, 'I'm sure John will be glad you're here. He's gone to Naples for the night, but he'll be back.'

"'Meanwhile,' said Robin to me, 'you're on salary.'

"'Meanwhile,' said Angela, 'where are our rooms?'

"'The Prince Tasco has all that under control,' said the production manager. 'I'll find out where he is.'

"'The Prince Tasco was at his villa; he suggested we should join him there. 'It is more comfortable

than the hotel, and you can have the suite we reserved for Bogart, who prefers company.' Bogart said the villa was like the prince, cool and luxurious. The prince introduced us to his wife and daughter. 'My sister was here the other day,' he said. 'She lives in America and never stopped telling me of the wonderful laborsaving devices she has in her kitchen. I told her that we could get a glass of champagne at any hour of the day or night by simply pressing a button. She didn't believe me, so I gave her a demonstration.' He got up and touched the bell, and a servant arrived with a freshly opened bottle of Bollinger and glasses.

"I became very fond of Tasco. Much later in the story, when he hadn't paid the hotel bill for the unit and the actors were beginning to go hungry and to find their beds unmade, he explained that it was customary to squeeze the hotels until, being desperately short of ready money, they would settle the bill for cash, and for half what they were claiming. He had the cash waiting. 'But,' he said, 'there is a psychological moment to settle. Meanwhile, the actors must put up with it.' 'But not me,' I told him. 'We must never be short of house-keeping money at the Villa Carlotta.' 'Of course not,' he promised, and he kept his word. Besides, as he pointed out to me, he was living there himself. In the Villa Carlotta we had ten servants, and the cook specialized in spaghetti soufflé and spiced sausage.

"The night after we arrived, a prominent member of the unit nearly burned down the hotel. The local doctor arrived and dressed his burned hand. Then he took the production manager to the window and pointed down the hillside to a small house on the cliff path leading to the beach. 'From my home to this hotel,' he said, 'there are eight hundred and nine steps, too many for an old man like myself. Tomorrow you must go to Naples; you must engage Dr. Vascotti to come and live up here with all of you. He is a friend of mine, and you will have to pay him a great deal of money, but he will be worth it. He is an expert on alcoholic poisoning.'

"Truman came back after a few days, and no one quite liked to ask him about the raven, but I think it had died. As the production manager had said, he had been brought in by John Huston to write a new treatment of the story. He wrote it page by page and read it aloud to us all, page by page, every morning. He never seemed to manage to write very much on any one day, but then as we didn't film very much either, it didn't matter. The dialogue was at least always mint fresh.

"We settled into the villa, tested the bells for ourselves, and waited. A few evenings later Givenchy, the great French dressmaker, arrived. He had been hastily summoned by David Selznick,

who wanted Jennifer Jones's entire wardrobe redesigned. He kept looking out of the window at the view and murmuring, '*Exquise . . . c'est exquisite.*' The next morning he had disappeared. Miss Jones played her role dressed entirely in white. The story was that Givenchy produced the toiles of her dresses for the fitting, and that they were mistaken by David for the finished products. The English crew complained constantly; they loaded their lamps and equipment on the backs of the natives and then grumbled at how slowly they moved up the mountain. Only Huston remained entirely content. He hired a cargo steamer, and we all put to sea. Jennifer climbed to the top of the mast, lost her nerve, and climbed down. Huston besought her to try again. After an argument, she left in a speedboat. Hours later she returned, ready for a second attempt. Huston declined her offer. When the sun went down, they decided to turn the boat around and sail for home. To the surprise of everyone except the captain, who had presumably worked out that the time taken in any direction must equal the time taken on the return journey where the same route is followed, we didn't get to bed till six the next morning. Meanwhile, there was nothing to eat or drink. All work stopped for two days, in protest. Driving my car to the dock, I lost the way and turned down a cul-de-sac. Beside me sat Tasco's daughter, a beautifully languid Roman child. 'Do you mind looking behind you,' I asked her, 'while I reverse, and let me know if anything is coming?' She turned her head gracefully; I backed, at some speed, into a truck. Both vehicles suffered considerably. We were instantly surrounded by hostile peasants. The princess wound up the window and sat back. 'I thought,' I told her sharply, 'you had agreed to help. I asked you particularly to let me know if anything was coming.' 'It wasn't coming,' she assured me, 'it was there all the time.'

IN THE evenings we would play chemin de fer with Bogart and John, though for only a tenth of the stakes they were accustomed to, or drive into Naples. There were two roads, one by the coast and the other through the mountain passes. This road was not recommended; it had a sinister reputation, for in the war an American plane that had crashed in the vicinity had been entirely stripped of valuables in one night, the valuables including the clothes of the airmen. It was hinted that the same fate awaited any actors whose cars broke down. Nevertheless, we went by the mountains, turning in our imagination every poor peasant into a bloodthirsty bandit.

"Sitting in the Square in Ravello, one gradually

became conscious of the few people whom the company was not employing, among them a very thin Englishman with a straggly golden beard. With him were usually an enormously plump lady and a small boy of about five. He was, so the crew told me, an artist, an old Wykehamist, and starving. 'Why not encourage the poor chap and buy some of his pictures?' one of the 'grips' suggested. 'Why, indeed, don't you?' I replied. But a few days later it was I who made the pilgrimage to his shack perched on the side of the mountain above the town.

"In answer to my knock a voice bade me come in, and what struck me as soon as I was inside was the darkness. I'd always understood you needed a north light to paint by. I suppose I'd expected to come upon something more like a huge window overlooking a Chelsea mews. But here was this dim, squalid little room, furnished with a wooden table and chairs and a dilapidated bed. The large woman was with the artist, and also the small boy. Though they probably knew who I was, I introduced myself, and I said that if the artist cared to let me see some of his pictures, I thought perhaps I could help him. I suggested buying a couple of them to take back with me to London, where I could show them to friends of mine who were particularly interested in avant-garde painting. By saying this, I thought I might get the pictures a bit cheaper.

"He made no objection to my seeing the pictures. 'There they are,' he said, and when I looked around the room, there they were — everywhere, except on the walls. They covered the bed, the table, and the chairs. Piles of them littered the floor and were stacked against the walls. They were not painted on canvas — I suppose he couldn't afford that — but on paper of every description: brown wrapping paper, sheets of foolscap, pages torn out of books, old newspapers. Leafing through the collection, I observed that the paint on some of them was sticky, so that when you picked up a painting, some of the paint from the one underneath came off on the back of the one you were holding. This made me highly nervous because it seemed to me to decrease the amount of paint, and thus the value of the picture. But as the artist didn't appear to mind, after a time I ceased to worry.

"They were all abstract pictures, and I noticed the paint ran in blotches down the page, never across it, giving the effect of Japanese scrolls. To me they were quite meaningless; they might have been daubed by the small boy who stood in a corner of the room as motionless as a statue. After I'd looked at them for some time I started to comment. 'That's charming,' I said. 'That's very bold; I do like that . . . no, I don't think I like

that quite so much' — you know, the silly things one does say when one hasn't a clue. Then I asked how long it took him to paint his pictures. It was a perfectly ridiculous question, but I couldn't help being impressed by the amount of work he'd done. 'I really don't know,' he said. 'Well, how many in a day?' 'I sometimes do six,' he said, 'sometimes only one.' Then I said, having, I thought, sufficiently prepared the ground, 'May I ask what the price of one of these pictures is?' It was an awkward question to put anyway, and I felt more awkward still when he told me that he usually sold them for about forty-five guineas each. (I made a mental calculation that the pictures in that room alone must be well over ten thousand pounds' worth.) 'As a matter of fact,' I said, 'I've only got twenty-five pounds on me. I suppose you couldn't possibly let me have one for that?' He said of course he could, and invited me to help myself.

"So now I had to decide which one to take. And I wasn't looking for one that was particularly different from the rest — they all seemed much the same to me — but for one that was dry, as I didn't want the paint to come off on the way home. I spread them out on the bed, pretending not to be able to make up my mind which of them appealed to me most. Then for the first time the little boy came to life. He came forward, picked up two of the pictures I was examining, and very politely turned them round the opposite way. Feeling a perfect fool, I cut my inspection short, paid my twenty-five pounds, thanked the artist, and hurried out. They watched me go as if I were some sort of gypsy, which irritated me; because all along I had thought of *them* as gypsies.

"Returning down the goat track, I looked at the painting I'd bought and decided that never before had I got so little value for my money. In the square, the first person I saw was Humphrey Bogart. 'Look, Bogey,' I said, 'I've got a picture here by a British artist who is likely one day to be very famous. I was wondering if you'd care to buy it.' I offered it to him for thirty-five pounds, but he didn't seem very interested. He kept asking what it was meant to be. I told him it was obviously meant to be Horse Guards Parade on a wet afternoon. It could, however, be something else: a piano on its back . . . four fish and a football . . . in fact, almost anything. That was the beauty of ultra-modern pictures like this one: they impressed different people differently — like the pictures one sees when one looks into the fire. But still Bogart didn't seem to want it, so I told him he was missing a bargain. Later I offered it to other members of the company, none of whom wanted it, even when I reduced the price to a fiver. When we finally left Ravello, I still had the picture and no room to pack it. So I put it on top of the wardrobe. Always in the

past, and particularly when staying in Paris, I have found the top of the wardrobe in hotel bedrooms an admirable place to put anything one is anxious to leave behind — books of erotic literature, for instance. So now I climbed onto a chair, put the picture on top of the wardrobe, closed the bedroom door, and gave the key to the porter. That, I believed, was the end of the incident, so far as I was concerned. But of course it turned out not to be.

“A year or so later, in a London gallery, I was telling a dealer that to try and persuade me to buy ultramodern pictures was a waste of his time. They didn’t interest me. ‘I know,’ he said, ‘but it’s such a pity, because I could probably put you on to something rather good. You never buy a picture that is likely to increase its value, yet at the back of your mind is always the hope that it will.’ He then insisted on showing me some unframed paintings that had arrived the same morning. Directly he held the first one up, I knew the artist. The splodges that ran all down the page still looked to me a bit damp. ‘I can tell you who painted that,’ I said; ‘a man who lives in a shack at Ravello.’ ‘Not any longer,’ he said. ‘He now has a very nice flat in the Bois de Boulogne.’ ‘How’s that?’ I asked him, and was told that the artist had been taken up by the dealers. ‘At the moment I’m offering his pictures at between three hundred and four hundred pounds, but it won’t be long before they’re worth a thousand each. I think his prices will absolutely rocket. He’s the new Masson, you know.’ I said, ‘Really, I’m afraid I never realized how good he was. But as a matter of fact, I do happen to have one of his early works.’

“This was not quite true, of course. On the way home I wondered if I shouldn’t get on a plane, go back to the hotel in Ravello, climb on the chair, and retrieve my property. But I decided against the plan, things having a habit of disappearing.

AMONG the visitors we entertained at the villa was Jenny Nicholson, who reported from Rome for the *Daily Mail*. I left her on the terrace to admire the view, and instantly she recognized her surroundings. ‘My,’ she said, ‘so you have the villa of the Black Duke.’ She then told me the fascinating and tragic story of the owner of the villa, who had fallen in love with his wicked chauffeur, and how the latter had over the years acquired complete ascendancy over his master and the title deeds of all his estates, and finally refused him the necessary money for an operation on his eyes, so that he was now practically blind. Shocked by such infamy, I was unprepared therefore a few days later to be told that the duke himself had called and wished to meet me. I received him in his own living room, noting that for a

blind man he seemed comparatively clear-sighted and that his companion, whom I assumed to be the chauffeur, not surprisingly was a good deal better turned out than he was himself. I persuaded His Grace to stay to luncheon and was at all times over-effusive in my manner toward him, while maintaining what I trusted was a noticeable coldness toward his companion. It was only toward the end of the meal that I discovered that far from being accompanied by a chauffeur, the duke was in the company of his brother, a distinguished nobleman like himself, and at one time an ambassador to the Court of St. James’s. As for being the Black Duke in the legend of Jenny Nicholson, that was either another local landowner or a figment of Miss Nicholson’s imagination.

“Perhaps the most spectacular of all the scenes in *Beat the Devil* was the one in which the venerable Rolls-Royce went sailing over the cliffs into the sea beneath. In order that this maneuver should be carried out without a hitch, the technical experts forgot their customary card game on the evening before the execution and perfected their plan. It was, they explained, to have a small Italian mechanic secreted on the floor of the car out of sight of the cameras, who would apply the brakes just before the car, with Bogey and myself inside, plunged over the ravine. The cameras would then be stopped and shooting only resumed when all three of us had safely alighted.

“‘We won’t rehearse this,’ said John; ‘it’s perfectly straightforward. The car has stopped, so you, Robert, will be pushing it from behind, with Bogey walking at the side and steering. Then as the car starts to move, just run along, open the door at the back, and jump in. Bogey will meanwhile have got into the driving seat.’ The car moved rather faster than I had expected, and I entirely failed even to open the door, let alone jump inside. Bogey, the complete professional, accomplished the maneuver, but happening to glance down at the floor where the mechanic should have been lying, discovered that he had not after all come on the trip. Bogey leaped from the car a second before it crashed. Everyone was loud in their praise of his agility. He was, you will remember, financing a good deal of the picture.

“‘If I had been in the car, I might have been killed,’ I told Huston. ‘Yes, but you weren’t, were you, kid? So now you’re fine, just fine.’ Huston always told everyone he was fine. Once, walking down Fifth Avenue with a party of friends, he came across a dead man on the pavement. Everyone else avoided the corpse, but not John. The story goes that he knelt beside the man, and taking his limp and lifeless hand, held it for a few critical seconds before replacing it carefully on the pavement. ‘He’ll be just fine,’ he told the waiting ambulance men, ‘he’ll be just fine.’

"No one can accuse me of being a great actor, but you know, I've always felt I could have become one," Morley remarked.

"Then why didn't you?"

"I wrote in one of my plays: 'God says take what you want from the shelves and pay the price.' I never wanted to pay the price. In our business there are two sorts of people, the entertainer and the dedicated actor. The entertainer is the one who doesn't wear makeup. Laurence Olivier put it another way: 'Some actors go into the theater for what they can get out of it, others for what they can put into it.' I have the highest regard for those members of my profession who continue to act in Shakespeare, but I have reached an age when I can no longer bear to watch them doing so. I daresay I am not the right person to discuss Shakespeare, as I have very seldom succeeded in finishing any of his works. (Indeed, I have sometimes wondered how *he* always managed to do so. He is the only playwright I have ever heard of who didn't leave a whole bundle of first, second, and as was the custom in those days, third, fourth, and fifth acts of unfinished masterpieces.) Nevertheless, I was asked the other day, as part of the quadricentenary celebrations, to select the ten Shakespearean characters that had intrigued me most over the years. In *Hamlet*, I unhesitatingly plumped for Cornelius."

"For Cornelius?"

"You've obviously forgotten." Morley, having put failure behind him, was now beginning to enjoy himself. "Cornelius is one of the ambassadors to Norway. He has only a small part and speaks only half a line in unison with his friend Voltemand. On his second entrance, Claudius includes him vaguely in an invitation to a feast and advises him to have a lie-down beforehand. What plans, one asks oneself, had Shakespeare for him? Was he to get drunk at the party and provide the comic relief that *Hamlet* so sadly lacks? Or was he to play an even more significant part in the tragedy — as Gertrude's lover? Perhaps he was to be the one who had staged the ghost effect as an elaborate practical joke.

"One thing is certain, Shakespeare would never have thought up the name Cornelius at all unless he had some ambitious plan for the lad. What could have gone wrong? What caused him to abandon the ostensibly far more provocative part of Cornelius and concentrate on the relatively mundane and predictable Hamlet? A theory with which I have played from time to time is that, in fact, Shakespeare conceived the part for the son of one of his friends who wanted to put his lad on the stage. Shakespeare may have borrowed his horse or been under some other obligation to him. He may even have been the one who introduced him to Anne Hathaway. At all events, Shakespeare did what he could, and then found that the boy was in-

capable of speaking the lines (hence the device of having Voltemand speak one with him). After that Shakespeare had to rewrite the play. 'I'm sorry,' one can hear him explaining, 'the part just didn't work out. . . . No, no, Hal, your boy was fine. He was sensational, but that's show business.'"

Morley paused, then suddenly recalled another character from his list, about whose peculiar treatment by Shakespeare he also holds an intriguing theory — the Shipmaster in *The Tempest*. "We know that toward the end of his life Shakespeare grew increasingly intolerant of actors. When rehearsing *The Tempest*, his farewell play, which as the title suggests was to be a tale of adventure at sea, pure and simple, he took a violent dislike to the actor whom he had engaged to play the Shipmaster, and who in the original version (and indeed all subsequent ones) opens the play with the line 'Boatswain!' So enraged was he by the manner in which this actor handled the ensuing scene, which included the now missing soliloquy about life aboard ship, that he dismissed the company for the afternoon, and taking the script home with him, overnight rewrote the play, so that the ship was wrecked and the entire action took place on a desert island. He left the Shipmaster to do his worst with 'Good, speak to th' mariners! Fall to't — yarely, or we run ourselves aground! Bestir, bestir!' Keeping strictly to the letter, if not to the spirit, of the actor's contract, Shakespeare allowed him one further entrance in the last scene, but gave him nothing to say.

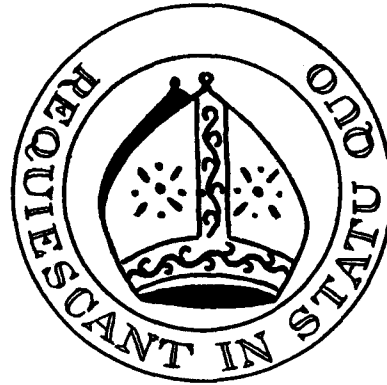
"Then there is Antonio. My interest in that character has been greatly influenced by the fact that I played it on tour in Sir Frank Benson's production of *Twelfth Night*; actually, I doubled the part with Sea Captain — a real challenge to any actor. I had only about ten minutes in which to exit as the Captain and change both my beard, which was elaborate, and my costume, which was simpler but included button-up boots, and rush back onto the stage for my first entrance as Antonio. Only once during the entire tour did I meet the challenge and arrive on time to ask Sebastian, 'Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?' And on that occasion I had omitted to button both my boots *and* my breeches.

"Besides the Shipmaster and Cornelius and Antonio (so long as he is doubled with Sea Captain), my list included Varrius in *Measure for Measure*, who not only doesn't speak throughout the play but doesn't even appear; Ragozine, in the same play (only his head is required — another real challenge); and of course, Cobweb, Peaseblossom, Mustardseed, and Moth. Especially Moth.

"That was my list," said Morley, "for what it's worth. I don't suppose it's worth much, but in a quadricentenary year every little bit helps."

America's Catholic Bishops

by Daniel Callahan



Short of the Pope himself, there is no one who can challenge the Catholic bishop for leadership or power in the American church today. That is the view of Daniel Callahan, a young Catholic journalist, teacher, and critic, who examines that extraordinary influence, and questions its pertinence to the humanistic concerns and convictions of a younger generation of priests and lay Catholics. Mr. Callahan is associate editor of COMMONWEAL, and the author or editor of seven books, including THE NEW CHURCH, recently published by Scribner's.

THE ecclesiastical condition of America is still in its infancy; the will of the Bishop is the only law." When a German-American Benedictine monk wrote these words to Ludwig I of Bavaria in 1852 he had good reason for his judgment. Within a few short decades after the founding of the American Catholic hierarchy in 1789, the control of the bishops was complete. They had quelled lay revolts, brought their priests to heel, and fixed the character of American Catholicism for many years to come. Speaking of his immigrant flock in the middle of the nineteenth century, Archbishop John Hughes of New York put the matter bluntly: "I had to knead them up into one dough, to be leavened by the spirit of Catholic faith and Catholic union."

Kneaded they were, and one dough they became. Not until the Second Vatican Council did a new yeast begin to take hold. By that time the immigrants were long dead, and their children's children were beginning to resist the firm fingers of their spiritual bakers. Some, in fact, now want to change the whole recipe: it is not the Catholic masses who require kneading, but the bishops themselves.

Ironically, it was the Council which broke the unquestioned grip of the American bishops. They went to Rome in 1962 as comparatively obscure figures on the stage of world Catholicism. They were known to come from the richest Catholic

Church in the world, and a few, like Cardinal Spellman of New York and Cardinal McIntyre of Los Angeles, had an international reputation for financial genius. Beyond that, no one knew much about the American bishops, especially where they stood on such crucial issues as religious liberty, ecumenism, and the place of Scripture in the Church. By the end of the Council in 1965, however, they had as a body made their mark. In one critical vote after another they came down overwhelmingly on the side of the progressive majority. That outcome proved they are capable of moving with a liberal tide. In the eyes of those Catholics eager for change in the Church, that was their glory. They showed they could move.

This is no small matter in the American Church today. Within his own diocese a bishop is close to being a sovereign lord. He bears ultimate responsibility for the teaching of Church doctrine, the allocation of funds, the construction of buildings and churches, the assignment of clerical personnel, and the spiritual well-being of his people. Short of the Pope himself, there is no one who can challenge him for leadership or power. The extent of this power can be gathered from a few elementary statistics. The 260 American bishops control an empire of nearly 14,000 schools, 600 seminaries, 18,000 parishes, 950 hospitals, and 260 orphanages.

Serving them are close to 36,000 diocesan priests, 23,000 priest members of religious orders, 12,000 brothers, 180,000 nuns, and thousands of lay employees. No one has been able to determine the financial assets of the American Church (a closely guarded secret), but a minimum reasonable estimate would exceed the \$10 billion mark. A major shift in the political or social stance of a bishop can have enormous Church and community impact. A decision by the bishops to close the parochial elementary schools and concentrate on secondary schools, for instance, would immediately have a profound effect on the public school system. A decision, already taken by many bishops, to insert nondiscrimination clauses into diocesan building contracts can exert significant leverage on a local construction industry. A decision to allow nuns to expand their activities beyond education to, say, poverty work (a move being pressed by many religious orders) could make a great difference in civic poverty programs. In short, quite apart from any moral or spiritual influence, the hard fact that the bishops control so much material wealth and so many priests, brothers, and nuns means that even the slightest shifting of priorities and viewpoint will send shock waves through both Church and community. It is hardly surprising in this light that the evidence of new directions in hierarchical thinking which emerged during the Council should have elicited such extraordinary interest, especially among Catholics themselves.

But if the bishops showed they could move, they also showed that they move much like the rest of mankind, by first looking cautiously about to see where the rest of the herd is going. And that was their undoing. The price they paid for their moment of fame at the Council was the destruction of a deeply ingrained myth: that the Catholic bishop is a wise, omnipotent, resplendent figure, inevitably learned, courageous, and visionary. Not quite. As a result of the intense public exposure they received, the bishops came out of the Council cut down to ordinary size. They would henceforth be judged by a relentless kind of human logic. Since they voted progressively at the Council, they would be expected to act progressively once they got back home. To their great distress, they discovered they would be openly criticized when they failed. "Put up or shut up" is the suitably descriptive phrase here; and that is of course an American, not a Roman, phrase.

SINCE the Council, the bishops have neither shut up nor quite put up. This might have been expected. The sheer size of the Church hinders rapid change, fruitful discussion, and meaningful experi-

mentation. The bishops must cope with many diocesan priests who resist change, who themselves have a vested interest in the old ways, with religious orders whose traditions and constitutions rule out rapid adaptations, with countless lay people easily shocked by a sudden departure from the kind of polity and piety they grew up with. As other administrators discovered long ago, power in itself is not sufficient to bring about quick change. Entrenched institutions and bureaucracies, within the Church as much as outside, have their own forms of passive resistance, often fully as effective as outright revolt. Then, too, the bureaucracy of the Church is by no means always an efficient bureaucracy. Few priest-administrators are given specialized administrative education; most remain only talented amateurs. At best, then, a bishop has at his disposal very crude instruments of change. Pope John XXIII's reported remark about life in the Vatican, "I'm in a bag here," could well be said by many bishops of their own dioceses.

At the same time, many bishops who might accept the idea of reform begin to balk when they see some of its implications unfold under their noses. They would have trouble enough if they had a single-minded zeal to change policies and practices. But few show such zeal; more often they are ambivalent, hesitant, and quick to panic, especially when they feel their authority is being threatened. Even during the last triumphal years of the Council, some telltale clues were there for all to see. In 1964 and 1965, for instance, the bishop of Mobile-Birmingham, Thomas J. Toolen, forbade priests and nuns to take part in the march on Selma (they marched anyway); Cardinal James McIntyre of Los Angeles silenced three of his priests for speaking on race problems from the pulpit; Father Daniel Berrigan was ousted from New York by his Jesuit superiors for his public opposition to the Vietnamese war (as rumor had it, because of the displeasure of some members of the New York hierarchy); Bishop Edward J. Maginn of Albany stepped on Father Bonaventure O'Brien, a Franciscan from Siena College, for complaining too loudly about Negro slums in Albany; Bishop Bernard J. Topel dressed down a group of Catholic journalists in 1965, calling the previous year "a year of shame." The "shame" was that some Catholic newspapers had dared to criticize the bishops. The prize instance of repressive silliness came shortly after the close of the Council. After receiving obscure complaints from obscure persons, Archbishop Karl J. Alter of Cincinnati ordered a local convent of nuns, the Glenmary Sisters, to get to bed by 10 P.M., to have their reading matter approved in advance, and to cease inviting lay people to eat with them.

Yet in the aftermath of the Council one diocese

after another has slowly set about establishing clerical senates to give priests a greater voice in diocesan affairs, laymen have been added to school boards, lay-clerical commissions have been established to foster better relationships with Protestants and Jews. If some bishops have silenced their priests for speaking out on social issues, others have defended the right of their priests to do so.

FOUR figures in particular symbolize the American bishops' ambivalence: Cardinal Joseph Ritter of St. Louis, Archbishop John P. Cody of Chicago, Archbishop Philip M. Hannan of New Orleans, and Cardinal Francis Spellman of New York. During the Council, Cardinal Ritter, by his vigorous speeches and interventions, almost became the darling of American progressives. Even before the last session ended he had set in motion ambitious, widely praised plans for a strong follow-up in his own archdiocese. Yet within the past eight months he has disciplined three of his priests, each identified with liberal causes in St. Louis. In Chicago, Archbishop Cody has won favor for retiring elderly, ineffective pastors, disfavor for his authoritarian administrative manner (retiring some of the pastors without prior notice or discussion), praise for allowing his priests to form a consultative organization, and blame for his ambiguous handling of the Chicago racial tensions. As Archbishop of New Orleans, Philip M. Hannan has gained the respect of local integrationists for his offer to help the public school system in the face of a growing segregationist private school system. The same man horrified many during the Council by his energetic efforts to induce the assembled fathers to endorse defensive nuclear warfare. The Cardinal Spellman who was a major obstacle to the nationalistically anti-Jewish bishops of the Middle East during the Council debate on the Jews is the same Cardinal Spellman who has said concerning the Vietnamese war, "My country right or wrong."

At first glance, it is difficult to see a pattern here. As a body, the American hierarchy does not lend itself to easy labeling as "liberal" or "conservative," "reactionary" or "progressive." Nor, for that matter, is it much easier to apply labels to most of the bishops individually. Only a handful have established any kind of public reputation for anything, either within or outside the Catholic Church. Cardinal Spellman has made a name for himself over the years by his many public controversies, his violent opposition to federal school bills which did not include parochial school aid, and by his well-publicized visits to American servicemen abroad. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen's florid style gained him a large following as a popular writer and TV

personality. Cardinal Cushing of Boston has a name as an engaging, sometimes baffling person. He is a lifetime member of the NAACP, active in Protestant-Catholic discussions, a close friend of the Kennedy family's. He is also the cardinal who once warmly commended the founder of the John Birch Society. When he later attacked the society, and later still retracted his attack, he only confirmed the guess of many that he acts more on impulse than on coherent policy.

Beyond a few celebrities like this, it is doubtful that most non-Catholics know much about the American bishops. There are probably few Catholics who know more. Though the bishops are the unchallenged spiritual leaders of some 46 million Roman Catholics, they turn out to be astonishingly inconspicuous as personalities. To their own people, they are neither special heroes nor notable villains, neither inspiring leaders nor feared tyrants. When they speak, which is rarely, it is usually in the language of undistinguished goodwill and fervent aspirations. The late Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans was cursed by Catholic segregationists when he began integrating the Catholic schools during the mid-fifties. More recently, Archbishop Cody was vilified by some of his anti-integration flock in suburban Chicago. When Fulton J. Sheen was installed as Bishop of Rochester, New York, late in 1966, he was met at the airport by nearly a thousand enthusiastic fans. Emotional displays of this kind, either pro or con, are exceedingly rare. On occasion, of course, the American bishops issue general statements, sometimes in strong language. In November of 1966, for instance, they sharply denounced the increasing federal participation in birth control programs. Their statement occasioned bitter protest among many non-Catholics and a heated denial by a number of federal agencies of the bishops' charge that these programs are or would be coercive. Yet hardly anyone seemed to notice the limp response among American Catholics to the words of their supposed religious guides. A few Catholics were outraged at the bishops' statement (pointing out the total lack of evidence to back up their charge of coercion), but most simply failed to respond in any way at all. The bishops might as well have been talking to themselves.

Possibly the only area in which they receive enthusiastic support is in their dedication to the parochial school system. This also happens, though, to be one of the few causes which they support with a full-fledged publicity drive and systematic organizational work (the same can hardly be said of their work for peace or the eradication of poverty). To judge by the obsequious attention lavished upon bishops during Catholic ceremonial occasions — the eager attempts to shake their hands or to kiss

their rings — or by the frequency with which their pictures appear in the diocesan newspapers, one might easily be led to imagine them as charismatic figures among their people. It doesn't happen to work out this way. The bishops' theological and symbolic role as wise, dominant shepherds is not matched by their actual power to shape opinion or command a special loyalty on issues going beyond the narrowest matters of Church law and ritual. The hierarchy has shouted against federal and state birth control programs; public opinion surveys show that nearly 60 percent of American Catholics favor such programs. None of the strong episcopal statements favoring racial justice have managed to make the slightest dent in the adamantly white ethnic Catholic neighborhoods of Cicero, Illinois. They have called (rather vaguely, it must be said) for peace in Vietnam, but recent polls show more support for Administration policy among Catholics than among any other religious group.

The curious thing is that the bishops don't really seem to care. They appear remarkably content to remain quiet, benign figureheads among those they are supposed to guide and inspire, saving their major energies for administrative work well away from the public eye. Only a handful of Catholics could say where their own bishop stood on most issues. They could probably guess he was against sin and in favor of goodness. But how does he feel about this housing bill, or that school integration busing scheme, or about napalming villages in South Vietnam, or about what percentage of the American tax dollar should go to foreign aid? There is hardly a diocese in the country where one could come up with answers to such practical, immediate, important questions as these. Many Catholics would count it progress if their bishops took even the most outlandish positions on specific issues; it would at least indicate signs of life. The few bishops who do speak to concrete issues on occasion — Archbishop Lucey in San Antonio supporting efforts to unionize migrant workers, Archbishop McGucken in San Francisco calling on Governor Brown in the last days of his term to commute death sentences, Bishop Mussio in Steubenville, Ohio, protesting against right-to-work laws — are often lionized out of all proportion to the significance of their stand. But when the normal course is to do nothing, even the smallest action becomes news.

IT HAS not always been this way. The first bishop, John Carroll of Baltimore, saw immediately that the Church in America would have to be different. Toward the end of the eighteenth century he wrote that "the Church as an institution-in-law in Europe had to become in the new nation merely another

private corporation. . . . In a sense, the whole history of the Church in the United States has been the gracious accepting of that change, a constant adaptation to that life in a new and secular environment." He did his part in making that adaptation possible, giving unusual freedom to both laity and clergy in order that the internal life of the Church could, so far as possible, reflect the American democratic temper. Others, like Bishops England in Charleston, Cheverus in Boston, Hughes in New York, Ireland in St. Paul, and Gibbons in Baltimore, brought some degree of distinction to the Church during the nineteenth century, the great century of immigrant growth.

Yet outstanding bishops like these have been few and far between. The system for appointing bishops is designed to ensure that only the safest possible priests have a chance to win the favor of Rome, which makes all the choices. Through an elaborate, secretive system of biennial recommendations, the names of potential bishops are forwarded to the papacy by those currently holding office. The present system, laid down by Rome in 1916, specifies the type of priest most suitable for recommendation: "The candidates should be mature, but not too old; of good judgment, tried in actual service; of learning, sound and above the ordinary; devoted to the Holy See; especially noted for rectitude and piety. Besides, attention should be paid to the candidate's executive ability, financial condition, character, and state of health. In a word, the question is whether he has all the qualities which are required in an excellent pastor, so that he may rule the people of God with success and edification." This is a perfect formula for what the bishops have by and large been: solid, respectable, pious citizens, accomplished administrators, good with figures, sound enough of mind and limb to withstand the rigors of an endless round of ceremonial occasions and bureaucratic routine (they live a long life; their average age is sixty-two). The fact that all recommendations are channeled to Rome through the apostolic delegate in Washington — at present a reactionary, Egidio Vagnozzi — hardly helps matters. His influence is thought to be heavily responsible for the conservative cast of those bishops appointed in recent years.

Inevitably, such a system ensures that few mavericks will slip through the tight-meshed ecclesiastical net. It is almost inconceivable that a priest who made a public name for himself as a picketer, as an imaginative innovator, as an opponent of corrupt politics, as a known advocate of "controversial" church or public policies would pass muster. The bishops might well support such a priest in all these things; they just wouldn't recommend him to Rome to be one of them. Not surprisingly, those elevated to the episcopacy are often unknown at the outset to

All of the arts,
poetry, music, ritual, the visible arts,
the theatre, must singly and together create
the most comprehensive art of all,
a humanized society,
and its masterpiece,
free man.

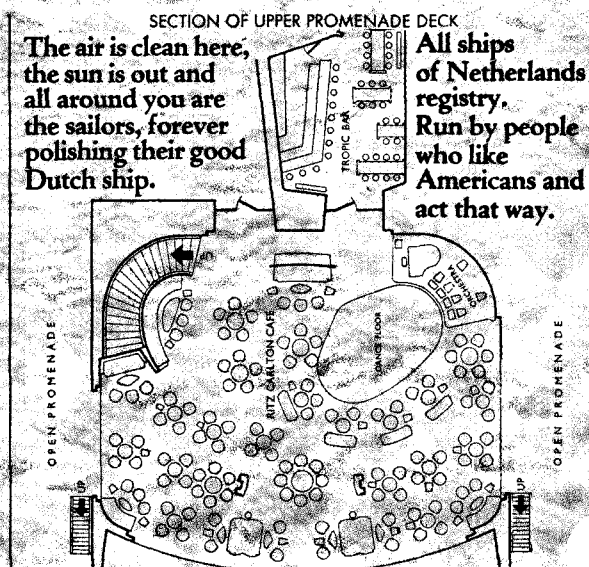
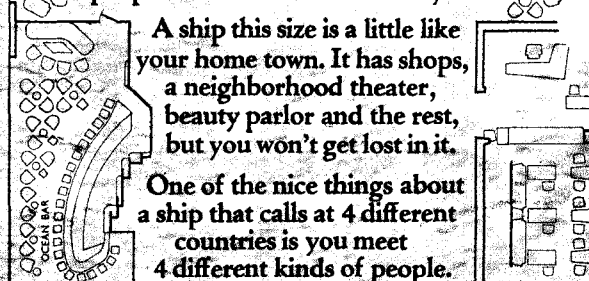
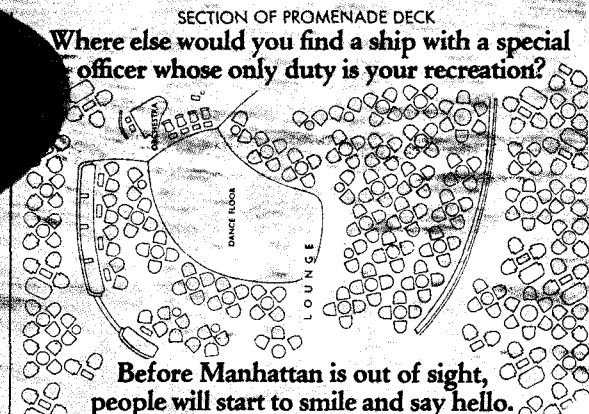
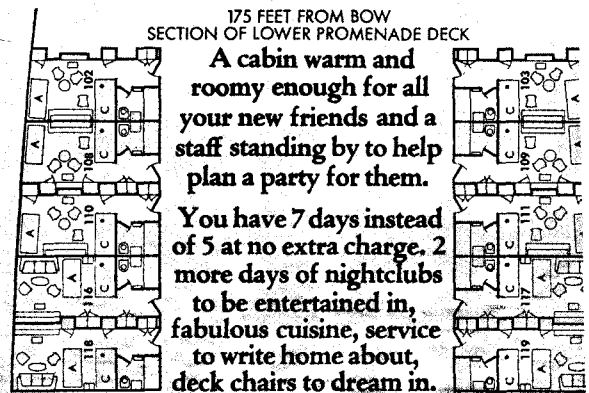


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the great mass of Catholics. They are, as a rule, drawn from deep within the administrative structure, many in fact having spent much of their priestly lives doing office rather than pastoral work. One needs little insight into the sociology of large institutions to guess the net result: those finally appointed as bishops are likely to be highly congenial to those already in office, domesticated to traditional priorities and routines, and out of touch with grass-roots opinion, especially lay opinion.

The rarity with which the bishops dispute each other publicly is a tribute to the homogenizing effectiveness of the recommendation and appointment procedure. Though the American people are divided on the Vietnamese war, not one bishop has opposed it. Not one has appeared on a picket line. Not one has ever been accused of heresy, or even more vaguely, of being a "radical" (whether of the right or left, whether politically or theologically). A few, like Bishops Wright in Pittsburgh, Primeau in Manchester, New Hampshire, Buswell in Pueblo, Colorado, Helmsing in Kansas City, Missouri, and Cardinal Ritter in St. Louis have come close, on occasion, to establishing themselves as heroes among the progressives. But not one has ever quite made it, primarily because of a sporadic and inconsistent record. On the right, Cardinals McIntyre and Spellman have come as close as any to heroic stature as reactionaries. But of late, even they have made some progressive gestures, just enough to disappoint their followers and confuse some of their liberal opponents.

THE composite picture which emerges here is actually a familiar one. It is a portrait of the managerial class in American business, with ecclesiastical overtones. Those who reach the top do so because they have proved their loyalty, their ability to stay securely within the bounds of the prevailing institutional wisdom, and their adeptness at surmounting one after another hurdle in the competitive apprentice system. Just as it is rare for an American company president to have an academic history, the same is equally true in the hierarchy. And it is just as unimaginable that an American bishop would have a background in radical politics or social reform as it is for a president of General Motors. With few exceptions, the present bishops were trained exclusively in Catholic schools, spent most of their working life exclusively in Catholic bureaucracies, and find their close friends in predominantly ecclesiastical circles. They are consummate models of the successful American organization man, bred by and for the hierarchical apparatus.

The first bishop, John Carroll, was elected by his

priests. Another early bishop, John England of Charleston, established a consultative senate of representative priests and laity. Bearing in mind the American business establishment, try to guess what became of these democratic innovations. Correct; they died, and almost overnight. Imagine what the response of the bishops was in the early days of the American Church when the laity claimed the right to have a say in ecclesiastical policies and finances. Right again; they set about stamping out such presumptuous demands. More recently, the slowness with which the American bishops have taken up the Council's demand for a greater lay voice in the Church, and the unwillingness of the bishops to consider open elections to choose their successors, can best be compared with the perennial reaction in the American business community toward proposals that workers have a share in the rights and responsibilities of management. In a word: no — a nicely put, flattering "no," to be sure, accompanied by token gestures of concern and respect. But no Catholic in his right mind could fail to see where the power lies, and where it will, with only the smallest modifications, continue to lie. A thousand gestures toward sharing have not added up to one important act of doing so. To paraphrase Lord Acton: all power perpetuates itself, and absolute power perpetuates itself absolutely.

Perhaps many of those who are not Catholics would prefer to think of the bishops in terms of the original form of Acton's phrase: absolute power corrupts absolutely. They may also wonder why there are not more movements afoot to "throw the rascals out." The answer is obvious enough: they are not rascals. They are mild men, soft-spoken, full of goodwill, conciliatory in their impulses. Their very lack of flamboyant personality, their resolutely middle-of-the-road piety and policy, and their inconspicuousness all tend to deflate even their sharpest critics. Beyond that, the fact remains that the overwhelming majority of Roman Catholics retain a consistently good image of their bishops. It is an image fostered by most of the Catholic press, by priests and teaching nuns (most of whom would never dare utter a public word of reproach or complaint), and by a Catholic theology which presents the bishop as a semi-deity.

Moreover, most American Catholics are American enough to have an excessive admiration for managerial accomplishments. The bishops have run a spectacularly successful church, one able to raise prodigious amounts of money, to build thousands of churches and schools, to command an organization of 59,000 priests and 180,000 nuns, and to bring their people from immigrant poverty to full political and social assimilation. The bishops hardly did all of these things alone, but

they got much of the credit for it. If something went wrong within the Church, it was rarely the bishops who were blamed.

When a former president of Fordham University wrote a biography of Cardinal Spellman a few years ago, he made unmistakably clear that the Cardinal had made it "to the top" because he had been shrewd in cultivating the patronage of popes, skilled in making the right connections in Rome, and adept in the cultivation of influential friends. It was a portrait of unadorned ecclesiastical ambition, a classical American Catholic "success story." Did Catholics consider this kind of biographical treatment unflattering? Not at all. The book was a best seller and the cardinal more praised than ever. How did the cardinal himself feel about the book? Fine. It was, after all, an authorized, official biography written by a close friend.

That an uninspiring group of bishops should elicit mild affection is not really odd. They are very little different from other Catholics. The charge frequently heard among Catholic intellectuals these days, that the bishops are out of touch with their own people, is only partially true. They are indeed badly out of touch with intellectuals, with young priests and laymen, and with most of the theologians. But they are consummately attuned to the great middle range of American Catholics, those whose main interest is in "getting ahead," enjoying the fruits of affluence, and living conventionally Catholic religious lives. Most bishops give these Catholics exactly what they want. They reassure them that the Council did not destroy that old-time Catholicism of the rosary, novenas, and indulgences (though it may have). They exhort them about civil rights and the need for world peace (just enough to bring to bear a gentle pressure, but not enough to hit any middle-class Catholic in the pocketbook or shake his patriotism). Above all, they present an image of the Church which exudes stability and wisdom in the face of a nation ravaged by LSD, pornography, teen-age sex parties, crime in the streets, and secularistic materialism. When a bishop departs from this script, the outrage of the people can be incredibly nasty.

IF THE American bishops have any genius then, it lies in their ability to keep the overwhelming majority of Catholics happy. They don't push their people beyond their most minimal moral, civic, and religious capacities, and the people thank them with money — and affectionate indifference. Were it not for the intellectuals and activists, an American bishop could live a fairly pleasant life these days. But the latter are de-

manding of the bishops a far higher standard of outspoken leadership, sensitivity to cultural and technological change, intellectual and moral guts, than the bishops seem able by temperament and training to reach or even aspire to. This pressure is being applied in a way the bishops find particularly bothersome, by public criticism and exposure. Naturally this kind of prodding irritates the bishops, very few of whom have taken the trouble to attempt even talking at any length to those they consider subverters of "legitimate authority." And naturally, too, when the bishops respond with suspicion and hostility, the charges against them are all the more stridently (and sometimes unfairly) delivered. The few bishops who do take the trouble to talk with the more agitated reformers find that it doesn't take much to calm their intellectual critics; just a modest show of interest and receptivity makes an immense difference.

Archbishop John F. Dearden of Detroit is unusually popular among Catholic intellectuals. This is not because he has been particularly dramatic in reforming his archdiocese (he hasn't); or because he is considered a maverick by the other bishops (he isn't: they just elected him president of the American Bishops' Conference); or because he is himself an intellectual (there is no special evidence to indicate it). His great virtue is that he has shown he will talk to everyone and listen to them, even if he doesn't do everything asked of him. As one of the first bishops to bring together groups of priests, laymen, and nuns for extended open discussions, he set a standard which few others have approached. That this is not the general rule among the bishops is unfortunate for everyone concerned, the bishops as much as the people. Yet so long as the majority of Catholics don't crave any dramatic reforms, or bishops different from what they are used to, the intellectuals and activists can probably be safely ignored in the daily round of church management. Since so many of the sharpest critics are laymen without money or a large popular following, the margin of safety for the bishops is all the greater.

They cannot so easily ignore the rising complaints of their own priests; nor can they long remain unresponsive to recent figures showing a significant decline in the number of candidates for the priesthood. The two trends are not unrelated. One result of the Council was to bring into the open the discontent of many priests with the law of celibacy, with their almost total lack of rights in relationship with their bishop, with the way their talents and desires are given short shrift in diocesan job assignments, and with their subservience to pastors who are too often elderly, paternalistic, and tyrannical. More than a few priests have now

begun to notice how limited their personal freedom is, and to complain about it. How could they have failed to notice this before? They had received a type of seminary training *designed* to make them overlook such things, and for that matter, to make them bless their lack of rights as an incomparable way to holiness.

The Council made them see otherwise, and the harsh treatment received by priests like Father William DuBay in Los Angeles and Father Daniel Berrigan in New York served only to dramatize their many grievances. A survey made in 1966 by an eminent Jesuit sociologist, Father Joseph Fichter, revealed some pertinent data: 62 percent of American curates believe that diocesan priests should have freedom of choice between marriage and celibacy; 90 percent want grievance committees to which they can bring complaints; over 50 percent feel there is little or no communication between them and their bishops, and some 60 percent judge that their bishop shows little personal interest in them; 31 percent would probably marry if permitted to do so; and while 94 percent favored a diocesan senate of priests, only 28 percent reported the existence of one in their diocese.

It would be a mistake to see in these figures any evidence that there will be a mass defection from the priesthood. But it is the kind of evidence which, as it becomes more generally known, effectively drives away a great number of potential priests, leads many seminarians to quit before ordination, and leaves many of those already priests a good deal less than enthusiastic about their work and role. Some bishops immediately complained about Father Fichter's survey, calling it misleading and those surveyed unrepresentative. Few priests challenged his data.

I once spent an evening talking with a group of priests about the question of celibacy. Almost all expressed their unhappiness with the rigidity of the law. The next day I met their bishop and mentioned my conversation with them. He refused to believe I had heard any such talk, and in that gentle, kindly way bishops have, delicately suggested that laymen like myself should stop stirring up trouble.

Not long from now, though, he may believe it — when he discovers one day he can't fill parish vacancies, does not have enough manpower to cover educational, social, or military chaplaincies, and finds on his desk a pile of requests from his priests asking that they be allowed to return to the lay state. If he is truly a child of the system which made him a bishop, he will doubtless be tempted to explain away the facts before his eyes as symptomatic of worldli-

ness creeping into the Church, as a sign of the corruption wrought by an unwise zeal for reform, as the final pernicious result of meddlesome laymen and disloyal priests venting their hostility toward authority. He well might, in other words, interpret his troubles only as a sign of the essential wisdom of his intransigence, and see his own God-given duty as that of holding on to the good and the true in the face of the anti-Christ. The attraction of this stance, with its flavor of holy martyrdom, should not be underestimated. It was a favorite among the conservative minority at the Council, as one vote after another went against them. It could well spread among the American bishops as their difficulties mount.

On the other hand, the bishops may decide the time has come to look, listen, and change. That they have gingerly but in so many ways taken some important steps toward change has to be underscored. The election in November of a liberal, Archbishop Dearden, as president of the American Bishops' Conference — itself a major move in the direction of greater episcopal unity and organization — was one of these steps. The man he defeated, Archbishop John J. Krol of Philadelphia, had been until that time one of the rising young conservative stars. The spreading establishment of priest and lay senates, permissiveness toward seminary reform, and growing ecumenical contacts are still other positive steps. Bishop Fulton J. Sheen, never known as a liberal during his many years as auxiliary bishop of New York, has astonished everyone by the boldness of his moves as the new bishop of Rochester; surprises are still possible.

If the bishops are not yet fully alive, neither are they quite dead. They know the pressure is now on them, and that it is growing. No man in a position of authority easily gives up those habits of company loyalty, defensiveness, and isolation which got him the authority in the first place. But that is precisely what the bishops are being called upon to outgrow. No doubt many see this demand as posing a terrible dilemma. Yet it is hardly any more terrible than that felt by their critics. For how does one tell sincere, hardworking, well-motivated men they may be wrong? That they must run risks? That gradual progress is not fast enough? It still remains extraordinarily difficult to say these things charitably and productively in the American Catholic Church. But they are being said, sometimes in audible whispers, sometimes in outraged screams. How the bishops finally decide to respond in the months to come will, more than anything else, determine the future of the Church in America. At the moment, the issue is in doubt.

AN ACT OF SELF-DEFENSE

A Story by JESSE HILL FORD

A new barn makes bad neighbors and leads to violence in this work by a familiar ATLANTIC author. The story will be included in FISHES, BIRDS AND SONS OF MEN, a collection to be published by Atlantic-Little, Brown in the fall.

You will have a friend sometimes, and then time will come when you will know that you never really liked the guy, and that's how it was with Blake when we came down to the argument about the barn — my barn I was building on my place. Blake wasn't for the location. He was a fine one to try to give me advice about my own business, such that I didn't look up, though I could see him coming a good distance down the way over the dead sedge of the mown hayfield.

Though I had first seen him when he crossed the road and stepped into my ground coming into the field where I was working on the barn, me all alone and him still two hundred yards away carrying the gun, I didn't look up. I thought it rash of him to set foot on my land carrying a gun. Beside him was another man, shorter than Blake and wearing a hat instead of a cap.

I kept glancing their way out of the corner of my eye, and I kept hammering, driving nails until Blake was close enough so I could see his glasses. Then I looked up.

"What you hunting?" I said.

"Hawk," I thought he said.

"Stealing your chickens?"

Blake looked strange. I went toward him still holding the hammer. He opened the bolt and unloaded his gun. It was his .22 rifle, a beat-up old single shot like you see at first Tuesday trade auctions. Blake always went to the auctions. Him and me used to go to auctions together. I got close enough to him to smell his bib overalls, the sour-milk smell that says a man will never be nothing else only what he is, something a little oily and unpleasant. There was also the burnt smell of tobacco on the both of them. Blake's cousin was showing broken front teeth — smiling. He wore gray pants and a cloth jacket. His work shirt was

open at the collar. He looked to be a cleaner man than Blake.

"Don't you know you ain't supposed to be a-doing this today?" Blake was saying. He meant working on Sunday.

"Well, you're hunting," I said.

"That old hog's out," Blake said. "I got to find her."

"Hog — ? I thought you said *hawk*," I said.

"Hog." He sounded hoarse.

Beside him Blake's cousin was still grinning.

"She's been rooting around over here," I said.

"By the sign of it. But I've not seen her today."

She was a big old sow with two rows of teats swinging when she walked. She had given several fine litters of pigs. Now Blake was hunting her with a gun, so he said.

"I might shoot her if I find her," he said.

He had his excuse to be on my land with the gun. There I stood with nothing but the hammer. They were both looking about to make sure I was alone, and right then I decided to go for him with the hammer if he moved to reload the rifle. After I had laid him out I could take care of his cousin. The cousin didn't look like much trouble, and his only reason to be here in the first place was to witness it, that Blake killed me in self-defense. That accounted for the little man's nervous, guilty grin. He looked to be about fifty and the sort you could make do anything in the world if you happened to be his kinsman. He was the kind you could say to him: *Look, I'm going to step over yonder where Humphreys is a-nailing on his barn. If he's all by hisself, I'll shoot him down, and you'll stand as my witness to just how it happened, that Humphreys come at me with a knife.*

It would suit a man like Blake's cousin just fine, simple as he surely was, a man sure to fall into any

kind of trap or danger that way just so long as the one he did it for was kin to him. Kin — that made it holy in his eyes — even on Sunday.

"Alone all by yourself?" the cousin asked.

"I didn't get your name?" I said right back, smoothly as I could.

"Byrum —"

"Oh, sure. Didn't recognize you, Mr. Byrum."

Pretending not to notice, I watched Blake's hand from the corner of my eye, waiting for him to reach back into his overalls for the cartridge, thinking that might be the very time to brain him, thinking: Let him reach for the shell, and then, by God, do it. Because it was coming to me that with the breech open, Blake might be quicker than I knew, even though I knew him well. Here was the gun he had always shot rabbits with, so of course he had to be quick with it, and me there standing alone against two of them, miles from nowhere and them both confronting me, one for a witness and the other holding a rifle in his hands. Blake's error was ever to unload in the first place. Of course, that was intended to put me off guard, but it hadn't worked.

"Old sow ought to be here someplace," Blake said, turning his head and pretending to squint at the thickets — honeysuckle rows and terraces grown up in sassafras, brown-carpeted where the leaves had fallen a month ago and the terraces dead-looking, the saplings bare and gray, and all about and beyond us the light-tan stretch of mown-hay stubble.

Beneath the stubble, vetch vines had already put out, but the green vetch was too young yet and too small to see, but I knew it was secretly sprouted and growing under the stubble, small vines a-curl like ferns. The day was warm for November, and here was I hoping to roof the barn before Christmas. I was working any day I could, never mind Sundays. Blake well knew it.

When his hand moved, drifting toward his pocket, I eased a step in toward him with the hammer held loose at my side, held ready to knock his brains out, and his hand dropped.

"Don't seem to see her noplac," he said. "Might look around for her."

"I'll go along with you," I said. Because it wouldn't do for Blake to get six paces off, for he would load then, and I'd stand helpless but to take the shot. I was figuring my chances if that happened. They came to zero. Quick as a wink Blake would lay one between my eyes at that distance, glasses, squint, and all, and he had his witness by him. Just give him five or six paces, and Blake would have it made.

"Why, it's no need of that," said Byrum, his cousin. "She might likely be laid out asleep in any one of them row thickets yonder. No need of an-

other man to quit what he's doing on *our* account."

"I don't mind," I said. "I was looking for an excuse to quit. This hammer's done got heavy on me. I'd a thousand times rather go help a man look for his old hog."

WHAT little advantage I had by reason of size and quickness was lost sure if they got off any distance from me. I knew Blake had to be kicking himself for ever unloading that single-shot rifle, but that was Blake. In anything he did he had to be close in and sure. Lonnie Blake was never a man given to take chances. He well knew if it should take two shots at my carcass, then his excuse to the grand jury was ruined. Two shots, and he might get two years for manslaughter.

"This here's the barn I was telling you about," Blake was saying.

"Nice barn," said his cousin uncertainly.

The little moment of danger went on by, and I could see Blake had figured I wouldn't crawl him with the hammer. Not with Blake's own witness here, not if I didn't have to do it; and besides, Blake couldn't be sure I was on to him. By the look of him he was still counting on it a little that I didn't really and truly suspect what he was up to, because he stepped on ahead of me where I could follow and watch his free hand. I followed while he and Byrum looked over the half-built barn, walking around the inside walls I had framed with rough cypress. I could hit Lonnie just under the edge of his cap where his head joined the neck, and he would go down dead before he hit the ground. He would drop like a calf, and it would be all over, and I could lay it on his cousin. I could swing around and give Byrum the same load of business and step over to my truck and go for the sheriff — but that wouldn't look good. I had to figure that the rifle would fall under Blake or beside him, and with the gun unloaded, it wouldn't look good for me. I might even have to fire it — maybe shoot and nick myself. The more I thought, the more it seemed the wrong and chancy thing to do, yet I couldn't help looking at Blake's neck, at that place just above his shirt collar. Meanwhile, they studied every joist and stud, with me close enough to breathe on them both, hugging along behind them almost tight as paper on the wall.

"We'd best go along and leave you to your work," the cousin said.

"I'm in no hurry," I said.

"That old sow's run loose all over the country. I said if I found her I might shoot her."

"I don't mind her running loose over here on me," I said. "Not so long as I don't have fences as yet. She don't hurt anything."

"I just don't like her ranging and tearing up on other folks," said Blake. "This damn old gun's got so it won't hardly shoot half the time no more."

"Hand it here and let's see it," I said.

"We'll just step yonder way and take a look for her," Blake said, making no move to hand me the gun. He pretended I hadn't asked him for it.

"I might want to buy that old gun," I said.

"This —? It ain't worth a nickel, but I wouldn't take nothing for it. No, I wouldn't set a price on it."

"But you just said it wouldn't hardly shoot."

"We might ought to go, Lon. Might ought to let Humphreys get on with his work," the cousin said nervously.

Blake paid him no mind. "Well," he said, "but when it's all the gun a man's got, I guess he *has* to keep and make do with it."

"I might swap you this little old pistol I carry here in my hind pants pocket. For that old gun," I said.

"What?" said Blake. "When did you start to tote a pistol? I never knew you to carry a pistol."

"It's just a little thing to fit the palm of your hand," I said.

"Lemme see it," he said.

"I never take it out, Lon. Like my daddy said. He said never take one out unless you intend to use it. I never take it out in fear it might go off in an accidental way and kill or hurt somebody. Because a little old automatic that way is not something everybody is accustomed to handle."

"Automatic? You really got a pistol?" said Blake's cousin.

"Lately I never go without it if I'm alone this way. Because a man never knows what he might meet with — out by himself," I said.

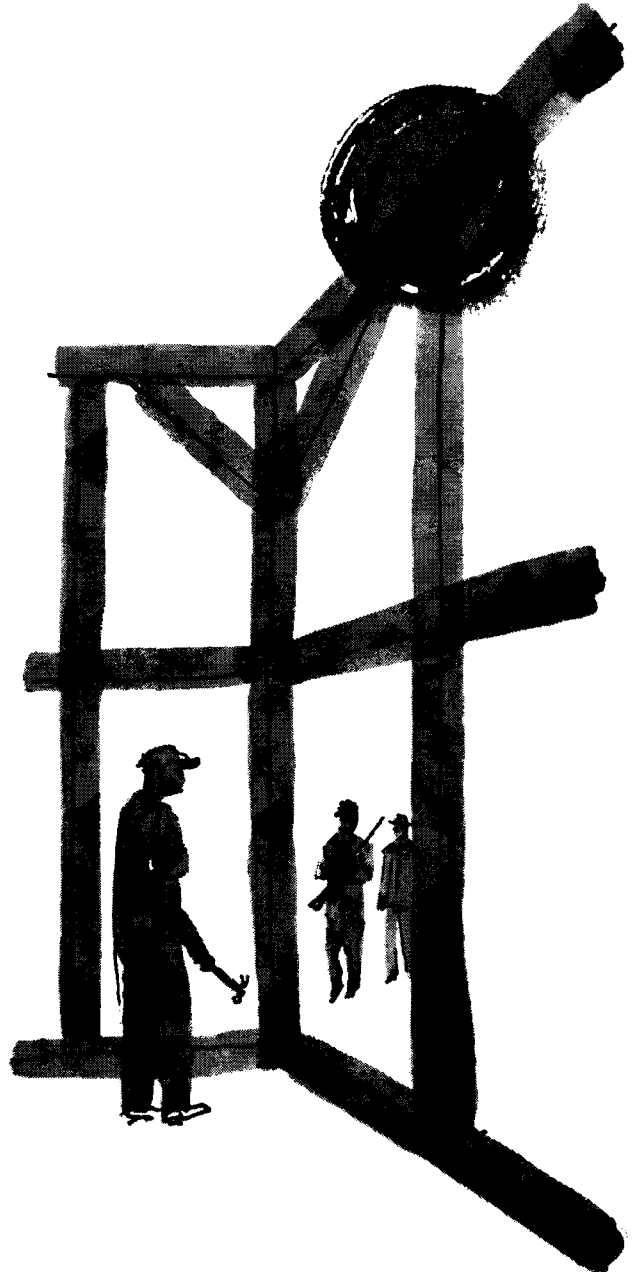
I knew they didn't quite believe me, but again, they couldn't quite be sure I was lying. It had to be now, if Blake was bound and determined to try me. I felt it, like a strange wind touching my back between the shoulder blades, I felt it.

Blake was easing his hand in toward his pocket as though hardly knowing what it was he did. He stood nearly facing me. I swapped hands with the hammer and hooked my free thumb in the edge of my rear pants pocket. Blake's hand paused, but right then he must have decided something because he reached all the way in his pocket and came out with a rifle shell. I went straight in on him left-handed, swinging the hammer, and missed his head. He had ducked. Anyway, I caught him a glancing blow on the shoulder, hardly enough to hurt him, and he danced back a few steps, trying to load. I followed close. I swapped hands with the hammer. That was enough. He got loaded, but I still thought I had him. A good one leveled straight at his temple, and sure enough it caught him, but not before he had pulled the trigger on me. I saw him

go down all at once in a reeling heap like a sack of loose cob corn. I turned then, looking for his cousin, and saw him — running. Byrum looked to be nearly forty yards gone, and he was still traveling. I caught hold to a wall stud with my left hand and dropped the hammer. I knew I was shot bad. I felt something starting to drain and hurt inside me. I thought, *I'm killed. Maybe I'm killed.*

"Hey!" I yelled. "Come back here!"

It was no use. Byrum hit the gravel road, still running. He reached the property line, tripped on the honeysuckles, fell flat, and scrambled up and crashed on and disappeared. I was so close to where Blake was fallen that I stepped on the rifle. It lay half under him. Blake was barely breathing. Something said in me like a voice over and over: *So this is how you kill a man.* My stomach started feeling



heavy, like something was burned and torn up and bleeding inside me there. I was starting to tremble and sweat. The water ran off me like raindrops. My teeth chattered, and if I didn't get help, I was going to die. I could probably make it to the truck if I went right on and didn't pass out — I could probably drive on in to the hospital, but it would mean leaving Blake lie where he was. I decided to take him with me. I knew it might look better for me to leave him lying right where he fell and not move anything, but he was breathing. He wasn't dead.

"You can't leave him lay there to die," I told myself out loud. Then again, Byrum might slip back anytime now with Blake's brother or somebody, and they might kill me before I could get gone.

THOUGHTS ran through my head like a storm thundering sixty miles an hour.

I knelt and tried, but I couldn't pick him up, so I got up and dragged him. His glasses drooped down and slid across his sagging face. They finally fell clean away. Blake seemed like he weighed a ton. I got halfway to the truck with him trailing his blood on chips and sawdust. I was that far and ready to faint before it came to me to go get in the truck and drive up as close to him as I could and load him that way. My head had started hurting. I walked bent over holding the place where I was shot. I got in the pickup. It started right quick, but when I reached to shift gears something seemed like it tore me inside. It was like I was shot the second time. It seemed like I wouldn't be able to drive. I waited. The pain seemed to slide away and flutter outside me like butterflies ready to come back and light in me again any instant. I eased off the clutch and drove across the field to where Blake was still bleeding in the dead grass. I thought, Blake will die sure if he loses more blood. I said it aloud. Talking to myself that way seemed to give me strength, like I was two people here and in trouble instead of only one by himself. "He will die sure if he loses any more blood."

Talking all the while, I got down out of the cab. "If you hadn't of lied to him about having a pistol maybe this wouldn't have happened." I answered myself. "Yes, but he might have killed you."

I tore his shirt. I split his sleeve and tore it away and wrapped the cloth around Blake's head for a bandage. Blood soaked right through. Blood came through like a stain of oil, but it seemed better to bandage him. I made my second try to lift him then, but it was no bet. I nearly passed out trying. My stomach had gotten like a weight, a lump of warm lead that kept trying to drag me to the ground. The pain came back, rasping across me

like the edge of an old file, like a quick blur coming up and rising like smoke. It was hovering again, back of my eyes this time.

Finally I got hold of his arm. I set my teeth, clenched them hard against my own pain, and dragged him. Once I had him started, I hauled him clean up into the cab behind me. He started to slide. He slid off onto the floorboards. I couldn't help it. I let myself out the passenger door on the right. Before I could slam it shut I had to stuff Blake's arm back inside. When I got the door shut, I went down on all fours like an animal and crawled around the truck. Blood coated the running board on the driver's side. I hauled myself up. I got in the truck and pushed Blake over and out of my way as best I could. Everything was slick, now everything I touched seemed slippery with blood. I started driving. Again and again I clenched my teeth and wondered why this had to be me, and I thought, if I can just live, if I can just live. By then I believed I was going to die, but I kept telling myself: "Live!" The pain got to be a nausea. If I threw up I knew it would be blood I'd vomit, and I thought: "God, don't let me die."

When we came off the gravel into the hard road the pain eased a little where the pavement got easier and smoother. Whereas I had never noticed the road before, now I felt every bump. The bumps seemed like they were tearing me to pieces. I stepped down hard on the accelerator, and never mind traffic lights or cars, I just busted on through, mashing the horn. I went left up the hospital road and turned in right at the emergency entrance. I pulled up to the door.

I was going to vomit. I cut the engine. I couldn't think of anything else, so I blew the horn. I kept blowing it. A nurse walked out and then another one behind her.

"I'm shot," I said. "And he's out cold."

They brought a rolling cot for him. They took Blake first. Then they got one on either side of me and helped me inside and around the corner into the emergency room. They had me on one table and Blake on another. I was laid out flat, with the lamp over me, a big gray lamp. It was not lighted. My pain eased, I got very still down inside me, and I knew I was going to live. They brought a steel pan, and I vomited blood. It came up dark and easy, but the pain came back and drew in like a nylon cord noosed around my vitals. I had to moan.

"What happened?" the nurse said.

"He shot me," I said. My voice drifted like a radio playing in another room. "So I hit him."

"Another fight," the nurse said. She sounded disgusted. She was talking to someone else.

"Will he die?" I said.

"I don't know. I'm not the doctor."

I vomited again. It was worse the second time. "They better hurry. This one's pretty bad," I heard one of them say.

The gray lamp went on about then, and I closed my eyes. "What's your name?"

I told her.

"I'm going to give this one oxygen," someone said. There was a hissing noise. They were giving it to him. I could see the light against my closed lids. I wanted to be still. I didn't want to move or say anything. I could hear them helping him.

"What was the fight about?" she asked. I didn't say anything. "What did you fight over?"

"Do you have Blue Cross, Blue Shield or similar insurance?"

"That one's out, he can't talk."

"How about this one?"

"He's still conscious, I think." She opened my eyelid to the light. I saw the shadow of her finger.

"You have hospital insurance?"

"Yes," I said. "In my wallet."

It was the first I knew they'd taken my pants and my shirt.

"I asked you what the fight was about," said the other one. "Why did you hit him?"

"Because he shot me," I said.

"In his wallet. Look in his wallet."

"I think this one's gone. Yes — he's gone. I don't get a blood pressure."

"Better wait for Doctor."

"He's gone, though."

I opened my eyes and turned my head. I looked over where Blake was lying. All I could see was a part of his head. The mask covered his face.

"Well, you fixed him," she said. "He might have shot you, but you fixed him."

I saw the doctor. He was taking off his coat. Then he came out of his shirt. They held up a smock for him, and he slipped it on. He put a green cloth cap on his head and tied it snugly behind. They held out gloves for him.

"This one is gone?" he said. "Since when?"

"Just a minute ago."

He listened to Blake's chest. Then he did the blood pressure thing.

"Adrenalin," he said.

They brought it. He drew some into a big needle. They had pulled the sheet away from Blake's chest. I could see the nest of dark hair. The doctor plunged in the needle, straight down. He listened again. Then he straightened up. "Gone," he said.

"That one's shot —"

"What with?" He pulled the sheet back.

"Twenty-two," I said.

"Let's have some blood," he said. They had it ready. They put a needle in my arm and started the blood.

"That one shot him, so he hit that other one. That's what he says," said a nurse.

"Well, I doubt if he could have shot him if he'd been hit first," said the doctor. "What did you hit him with?"

"A hammer," I said. I didn't want to talk.

"What was the fight all about?" he asked.

"We've got to run your gut and patch it up. You'll have to be put to sleep."

"All right," I said. "Will I live?"

"You'll live. I can almost guarantee you'll live. You're having more luck than he had."

"George Lonnie Blake, age thirty-seven, Route Four. Occupation farmer," the nurse was saying.

"What was the fight over? You don't mind telling, do you?" the doctor asked. "We need to know before we put you to sleep."

"Well," I said. "We were good friends just about all our lives. I bought that field next to him. I said my barn ought to be one place. He said another. Of course it was my right to build my own barn where I believed it ought to be. But he never liked the idea. We had cross words over it."

"You fell out over the location of your barn?" he said. "And you were friends — you knew each other well?"

"That was the start of it," I said.

"God help," said one of the nurses.

The doctor prepared to give me a shot. "Now I want you to count backwards. Start at ten, and count back," he said.

"Ten, nine, eight, seven . . ." That was all I knew. I woke up on a bed. By then it had all been ruled on as an act of self-defense. No charges were brought against me.

LAST WORDS

BY JAMES MERRILL

My life, your light green eyes
Have lit on me with joy.
There's nothing I don't know
Or shall not know again,
Over and over again.
It's noon. It's dawn. It's night.
I am the dog that dies
In the deep street of Troy.
Tomorrow. Long ago.
Part of me dims with pain,
Becomes the stinging flies,
The bent head of the boy.
Part looks into your light
And lives to tell you so.

viewpoint

How the United States Protects South Africa

by Joseph Lelyveld

A New York TIMES correspondent in South Africa in 1965 and 1966, Mr. Lelyveld now reports from India, Pakistan, and Ceylon.

"A diplomatic statement," muses the hero of Conrad's *Victory*, "is a statement of which everything is true but the sentiment which seems to prompt it." There is never any lack of examples to fit that definition. In the case of southern Africa, when the diplomat happens to be American or British, it is especially striking, for the issue of racialism and white minority rule has come to be debated in an almost exclusively diplomatic context. The American, British, and even the black African peoples are really not watching closely. Only the paranoid whites of South Africa and Rhodesia, the motley exile groups, and interested businessmen in a few commercial centers care intensely.

Yet the stakes continue to grow and the commitments to multiply, primarily because the United States and Britain find it impossible to articulate the aim of their policies, which is, quite simply, not to get caught in a racial crisis in southern Africa. The fact is that in stumbling retreat from the imagined crisis, the two powers seem to be moving inexorably toward all that they ardently want to avoid.

The false sentiment behind American and British diplomatic statements is not in the homiletics about

race rule, which is genuinely and bitterly deplored (though some of our diplomats do have a way of saying "We shall never compromise on apartheid" that seems to carry the silent proviso "no matter how sorely we're tempted"). What is false, and possibly dangerous, is their coy insinuation that this abhorrence may soon be translated into policy, and policy into action.

Thus Arthur Goldberg leads the United Nations General Assembly to believe that the United States favors active steps to pry loose South Africa's iron rule from the vast, rich territory of South-West Africa. The League of Nations mandate under which the territory is held, he says, is already legally dead. Thus Britain's George Brown asks the Security Council for the first set of mandatory sanctions it ever endorsed in order to bring down Ian Smith's durable regime in Rhodesia.

But what happens when the committee charged with a re-examination of the South-West Africa question makes its recommendations? What happens the next time Britain is forced to acknowledge Mr. Smith's strange failure to collapse? Theoretically, you might say, British planes could bomb the supply routes on which oil travels to Rhodesia from Portuguese Mozambique and South Africa. The United States could go further and drop a paratroop division on Windhoek or land some Marines at Walvis Bay. But that is very theoretical.

The hard fact — harder than any of the commitments made so far — was neatly put to me once by an astute American ambassador in Africa. "The time has not yet come," he said, "when white men will fight white men in Africa for the sake of

black men." It is not even clear that white men will help fight black men for the sake of black men anymore, unless the whites happen to be mercenaries. All that prevents a second secession of Katanga today is the fact that Moise Tshombe has become a Congolese nationalist. If he were to reverse himself suddenly, who would intervene to stop him?

That is what the black Africans suspect, which is why they are so frustrated and angry. That is also a belief the white Africans have long struggled to maintain, which is why they don't cave in before Harold Wilson's direst warnings or the steady flow of moral strictures from London, Washington, and New York. (And why they are reassured but not surprised to read that Mr. Wilson feared an R.A.F. mutiny if an attempt was made to intervene militarily in Rhodesia against the regime of former R.A.F. pilot Ian Smith.) That is the last thing our diplomats can say in the hallowed halls of a world organization.

Crisis postponed?

There are good reasons why critics of the southern African regimes are susceptible to our diplomats' half-hearted hints that we and the British may soon run out of patience with Africa's whites, perhaps after Britain's fifth final offer is rejected by the Rhodesians for the fifth time. The critics know that so long as the threat of Western military involvement in southern Africa is withheld, Pretoria and Salisbury can be sure that they will be able to hold out indefinitely in defiance of what is called world opinion and the silent resentment of the black majorities

that feel the weight of their rule.

Just a few years ago these critics of the Rhodesian and South African regimes looked ahead to a very different kind of prospect, described by Colin Legum, an expatriate South African, in a book he wrote in 1963 called *South Africa — Crisis for the West*. Legum foresaw, with at least a tinge of eagerness, the day when the military force of black Africa would press down on the out-manned white bastion in the south, with independent black states next door to it allowing themselves to be used as staging areas for guerrilla warfare. As for when that would happen, he ventured: "Perhaps two or three years before the collapse of Angola; another year for Mozambique and Southern Rhodesia — if they have survived that long. Thus one would fix the crisis point at between 1966-68." In other words, now.

That may have seemed barely plausible in 1963. But since then there has been the spectacle of Colonel Mike Hoare's 200 ill-trained South African mercenaries breaking a rebellion in the Congo that had the support of the so-called "militant" African states, and of the runaway rot in the Organization of African Unity, the fall of Ben Bella and of Nkrumah, and the tribal massacres of the Nigerian Army by the Nigerian Army. The result is that the crisis point now can probably be more accurately fixed a generation away, at least. Washington and London, therefore, become last hopes for a swift denouement.

The weight of the pound

Forlorn is certainly the word for such hopes. True, Harold Wilson denounced Dr. Verwoerd from Anti-Apartheid Movement platforms in his days as opposition leader. But the week of Dr. Verwoerd's assassination the British Prime Minister, in a television interview, sounded almost eulogistic as he described the slain man's efforts to bring reason and moderation to bear on Ian Smith, a retrospectively wishful and dubious interpretation of relations between Pretoria and Salisbury.

A cynical remark about that kind of performance provoked a protest from a Foreign Office man. "Don't

be misled," he said. "Our chaps would really love a fight with South Africa. We have to keep telling them they can't afford it. They find that very disappointing."

Mr. Wilson has other problems, of course. First among these is the pound — of which there are more than one billion tied up in South Africa. It is not improbable that sterling would be an early casualty of any conflict between London and Pretoria. Hence Britain's insistence that the Rhodesian crisis must not be allowed to widen into a South African crisis. But is Britain really obliged to suffer a pound-rattling economic crisis to shake free from the botched colonial heritage of southern Africa? Mr. Wilson doesn't think so any more than do his voters. He won't say so — it is just not his style to be candid about the basic calculation on which his policy rests.

The pound not only defines Britain's policy on southern Africa; it also circumscribes the policy of the United States. Think of what devaluation would mean to a British presence east of Suez, NATO, the state of international liquidity — not least of all, the dollar. Then think of racial injustice 10,000 miles away; the injustice is certainly cruel, but it is very distant.

It follows that the compelling interest of the United States in southern Africa is to stay out of trouble and not make a bad situation worse, since it has no serious intention or method of making it better. Before wading into that quagmire we might do well, as white South Africans so often taunt, to make more honest headway on our own racial problems, and to wind up our affair in Vietnam as well. It may even make sense to suggest that the problem of southern Africa should be solved by southern Africans; that it is fitting that the oppressed majorities should have to win their own struggle in their own time. It is not the fault of Harold Wilson or Lyndon Johnson that Salisbury's black majority did not riot on November 11, 1965, when Ian Smith declared his independent Rhodesia.

The difficulty is that we are in no position to say these things. The retorts would be too obvious, for we are part of the balance of power in South Africa, and our power is often on the wrong side. From the point of

view of the global interests of the United States, our interests in South Africa are small; the total capital investment of \$650 million there represents about one percent of American foreign investment.

American investments

But they matter in South Africa. Dr. Verwoerd used to like to tell political rallies that the great Western powers differed with his government "only on the racial issue," if there were some other issues in South Africa. It was an astute appeal. If the rally was in Pretoria the audience had only to think of the new \$35 million Chrysler assembly plant being built near there.

If it was in Port Elizabeth, they would think of Ford and General Motors, which have long dominated the city's economic life, never showing any distress over the low wages that are fixed by law for the "job classifications" in which they employ nonwhites. South Africans could also think of the three American satellite-tracking stations in the country or of the American assistance that helped them build their first nuclear reactor. Students of economics would know that the United States enjoys a favorable balance of trade with South Africa that was worth \$213 million in 1965. When you sat in South Africa and listened to Dr. Verwoerd, these things could sound more substantial than when Mr. Goldberg was saying in New York.

In New York, they may not be more important, except to some bankers and investors. But in South Africa, they are an essential part of the underpinning of that obdurate confidence in the safety of white rule that seems so dangerously misplaced if not neurotic, to most outside observers. They may not be tokens of our real intentions — do we, in fact, have any? — but that is how they are taken.

The euphoric mood in which no hard questions are asked of the status quo is not as unshakable as it looks. Only seven years ago, after the Sharpeville shootings and the first attempt on Dr. Verwoerd's life, the euphoria nearly collapsed. The cutoff of foreign capital made all

the white certainties look very flimsy. Confidence rebounded only when the capital started to flow back. It was not that the economy needed the investment, but that jittery white South Africans desperately needed the assurance that smart money was being placed on their future. On Hollard Street in Johannesburg's financial district, one turning point is usually cited. That was the organization by Dillon, Read & Company and Charles Engelhard of the American South African Investment Company, which puts money into South African securities, especially gold-mining shares, and is listed on the New York Stock Exchange.

A plausible case can be made for a move now to discourage further investment by Americans in South Africa, even to withdraw the investment already there. Withdrawal would not be grossly unfair to American corporations; with few exceptions, they have been living high off their profits for a long time in a country where the average American profit margin has been calculated at 26 percent. It would not be presented as a matter of business conscience — which hardly seems real or relevant — but of national policy. The government could say the United States does not like to see its businessmen forced to apply discriminatory standards, as in their operations in southern Africa.

The myth of "influence"

American retrenchment would not end white rule in southern Africa, obviously; it would just remove the American props. By reducing our interests we would gain the detachment that we now would like to claim but can't. Our diplomats, for instance, stall and express misgivings when the possibility of an oil embargo on South Africa is raised. They argue that it would probably fail. Their argument would be less sound but somewhat easier to make if Mobil, Caltex, Shell, and British Petroleum (in which the British government has a 56 percent controlling interest) had not been expanding South Africa's storage capacity at the government's behest in an urgent effort to withstand a possible embargo, or if American oil prospectors did not seem to be on

the verge of a major strike there. Of course, there is no conspiracy among the white South Africans, the oil companies, and the diplomats, as the frustrated Africans like to believe. But there might as well be.

Putting the State Department's case against scaling down American interests in South Africa, Dean Rusk said, "I am not myself persuaded that breaking ties is the way to exercise influence." He could not have meant that American influence was promoting anything resembling social justice in South Africa. After all, that influence was there all through the period when the apartheid restrictions were being multiplied and tightened. There is little evidence that we actively tried to decelerate the process; and no evidence that we ever succeeded.

Then what is our influence, and what is its use? Only that we can still go to South Africa and ask it not to make it more difficult for us to withstand the pressures to intervene against it. In other words, we can say, "You don't want trouble, and neither do we." That is a real common interest. But it puts us in the position of being South Africa's protector.

Hendrik Verwoerd had a keen appreciation of the difference between the use of power and of words, and that was how he saw it. He said in a speech after his election victory last April that he was counting on "the common sense and sane judgment" of the United States and Britain to "guarantee the safety of the whites in this country." The two nations, he said, were "the only countries whose attitudes or actions can be of importance to South Africa." Diplomats learned to appreciate the way Dr. Verwoerd played the game, and some actually came to view him as "a moderate." No doubt they will soon be saying the same thing of his adamantine successor, Balthazar Vorster.

Another argument against any idea of a reduction of American interests in South Africa takes the shape of a crude economic determinism. The thesis is that foreign investment carries a revolutionary potential for change, undermining apartheid by raising the black man's standard of living. If that were true — and the history of the past eighteen years is squarely

against it — then, obviously, all we would need to do is increase our investment as rapidly as possible. Somehow I doubt that the South African regime would take that as a setback. Whatever marginal gains the black majority may make, they do not keep pace with those of the white minority, nor are they reflected in political or social status; on the contrary, the blacks have to pay for their gains with their rights. Ford and General Motors discuss the working conditions of their non-white employees with white officials, not black trade unionists. It is an absurd rationalization to argue that the auto companies and the First National City Bank and Charles Engelhard presage a revolution. In the long run the whites may be doomed by the steady urbanization of the nonwhites. But so far, white power and black urbanization have grown together; the long run will be very long. To think otherwise is to underestimate naïvely the resources of a modern police state.

Who's on whose side?

Finally and inevitably, you come up against the argument that, whatever else they are, the whites of southern Africa are certainly anti-Communist. They are on "our side." Who knows, after all they suffered, what side the blacks would take? The conclusion of this argument is "Play it safe," for there is a real danger that we would regret any change that we encouraged.

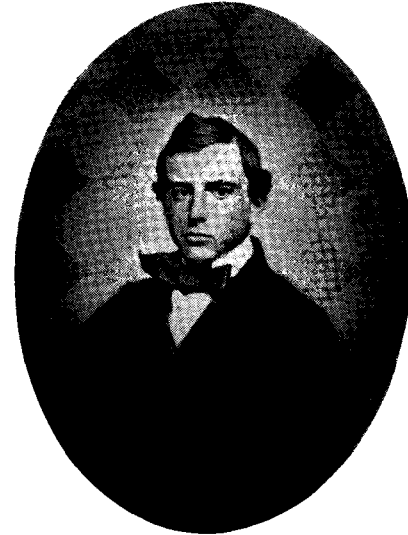
The white southern Africans eagerly carry the argument a step further. "Western civilization" and "white civilization," they say, are synonymous, and they are upholding it. The West may be slow in perceiving the trend (goes the argument), but the world is moving toward Armageddon, a global confrontation between whites and non-whites. When that day comes, the Americans and the English — and the Russians (they're white, aren't they?) — will be glad to find they have steadfast white friends in southern Africa.

The argument for retrenchment is that the greatest contribution we can make now to southern Africa is to relieve the whites of these delusions. Or are they delusions?

BOOKS and MEN *Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant "squints like an isosceles triangle but is not much more vulgar than some duchesses," wrote Henry Adams to a friend after a visit to the White House. Atlantic critic Louis Kronenberger here probes Adams' world "of merciless anecdote and mandarin innuendo."*

The Letters – and Life – of HENRY ADAMS

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER



HENRY ADAMS stands so decidedly in the forefront of American historians and autobiographers that it perhaps need be stressed that he stands decidedly first among American letter writers. Moreover, it is Adams the letter writer who most vividly reveals Henry Adams the man, the possessor of a particular temperament, the product of a particular society — a society that was in one sense to help create his values; in another, to help make them crumble. The *man* is fairly remote from us in the scholar and the historian, the man is posed very formally for us in the autobiographer and the man of thought; on the other hand, the man comes brilliantly alive in the letter writer, where he is constantly the man of the world. If, again, in his letters he makes us think of another man of the world who was also a great social letter writer — Horace Walpole — it is not least because Henry Adams thought so himself. Not only did Adams find Walpole and his eighteenth-century world congenial and absorbing enough to make a dinner companion of them when he dined alone, but as a young man, Adams could confess that without hoping to become a Walpole, he would like to think that in aftertimes his letters, too, might be read and quoted as “a memorial of manners and habits” — in his case, “of the time of the great Secession of 1860.” And “what surprises me most,”

Adams remarks of Walpole some ten years later, “is that he is so extremely like ourselves; he might be a letter writer of today . . . until,” Adams adds, “I trip over a sword!”

Now, clearly, what attracted Adams to Walpole was not the man himself, for in all sorts of ways they crucially differed — though more than we might imagine, they could be strangely alike, or allied. What attracted Adams is the world they both inhabit, and the worldly events they both chronicle, and the worldly tone they both display in their chronicling. “If we didn’t know these people,” Adams says in 1869 of Walpole’s cast of characters, “then we know some one for all the world like them! How little the world has changed in a century!”

The fact of the matter, of course, is that the world had changed tremendously in a century. Things are as far apart as *The Vicar of Wakefield* and Zola; as early Mozart and late Wagner; as the sedan chair and the transcontinental railroad; as the reign of the aristocracy and the rule of the middle class; as thirteen discontented colonies and some thirty-odd United States. The world, between 1769 and 1869, had passed through momentous revolutions — American and French, agrarian and industrial, mechanical and sociological. Malthus and Darwin had invaded the scene, medicine

and science had transformed it. Most people, looking back a century from 1870, would have an all too complacent sense of spectacular distance.

And yet one can quite understand how a Henry Adams might remark on "how little the world has changed in a century." For the great point involved is how little the two men's way of looking at things and what they looked at differed. At bottom Adams' comment is not one of fact but of attitude — of *nil admirari*, and of encountering nothing that really could surprise one. But in a far more literal sense, Adams could feel how little the world he encountered in Walpole's letters differed from the world he looked out on from his Washington window. For what each man means by "the world" is almost identical, is the world of politics, seen from the inside, and the world of society, lived at its very center; is a world of forms and punctilios that conceal much more than they show and that make, accordingly, for a great hive of gossip, for looking through keyholes and feeling for cracks; a world of bland treacheries and bizarre alliances and astounding coalitions, a world with moments of fairyland and more frequent moments of farce; a world, above all, of merciless anecdote and mandarin innuendo, its surface all gloss, its underside all grime.

IF I so extensively compare two men who lived an eon and an ocean apart, it is to make the essential point that in Adams' case they really didn't — that he was in temperament very much an eighteenth-century man, that he was most often in his sympathies both aristocratic and English. At least two very important qualities distinguish Adams from a social chronicler of genius like Walpole: Adams had a first-rate mind, where Walpole, by any significant standards, had no mind at all; and Adams had generally, what Walpole wholly lacked, a masculine outlook. But the very fact that Adams far surpassed Walpole is what lends particular interest to his so often resembling him. The magnificence of Adams' letters, *as* letters, as light thrown on a whole age and society, remains in the end their high and absolute merit. But they have an additional value, as an accumulative, unwitting self-portrait of someone not just a great letter writer, but of someone who might have been, and in his letters reveals why he failed to be, a great man.

However different the nineteenth century might otherwise seem, it still offered its letter writers decided eighteenth-century opportunities and rewards. If the eighteenth century's Walpole was the son of a tremendous Prime Minister, the nineteenth century's Adams was the grandson and great-

grandson of Presidents. When young, Adams, too, had his own form of the classic Grand Tour, to become thereafter a member of a well-born and well-connected circle, and to move very rarely outside it. Adams took an eighteenth-century pleasure in the company of clever women who possessed the attributes of great ladies; he took an eighteenth-century interest in the minor forms no less than the monuments of culture — in objets d'art no less than paintings, in country houses as well as cathedrals. Adams, too, within his own constricted social world, became the friend of party politicians as well as distinguished statesmen; and became, just so, as shruggingly cynical of what his friends were up to as any worldling under the Georges. In high Horatian eighteenth-century strain Adams professed to live apart from society; yet, with eighteenth-century finesse, he contrived to be intimately, indeed confidentially, in touch with it. All this helped imbue his letters with peculiar, particular, delightful eighteenth-century overtones and effects. He shared one thing further with that supreme era of social letter writers: however much he might disparage whom he was writing about, whomever he was writing to he made every effort to please.

Sometimes this was simply by being playful: he wishes, he says, that he could offer news

either that I was dead, or born again, or had lost my grandmother, or was left an orphan, or was elected King of Manchuria. On the contrary, nothing has happened. Almost every one *else* has died, as usual, or threatened to die, and whole batches of Kings have been *elected* in Manchuria; but I am sitting here in Washington just as you left me ten years ago.

Adams had that quality among great letter writers not only of making something of nothing but of almost wishing for nothing, to show what could be made of it. And he had always a certain sophisticated fancifulness, or whimsicality of phrase. He describes the great Temple of Aesculapius as a sort of "Greek Carlsbad." He writes from his summer home in Massachusetts that "the mosquitoes are so thick that on hot, sunny days they cast an agreeable flickering shade." He had also the gift of creating something wild and amusing out of what in itself might be grisly:

Old Levi P. Morton, who is hovering in or about his nineties, was in the Bernay R.R. accident the other day, and crawled out from the dead bodies through an upper window; got a cab nearby, drove two hours, caught another train, and got to Paris at 11 o'clock, while his daughters were turning over all the corpses on the field to find him.

And Adams adds by way of postscript:

The man knew better than to be killed and leave his daughters ten millions apiece. No King Lear about *him!*

In no very different style, Adams describes his fiancée to one of his closest English friends:

Imprimis, and to begin with, the young woman calls herself Marian Hooper and belongs to a sort of clan, as all Bostonians do. . . . She is 28 years old. She knows her own mind uncommon well. She does not talk *very* American. Her manners are quiet. She reads German — also Latin — also, I fear, a little Greek, but *very* little. She talks garrulously, but on the whole pretty sensibly. She is very open to instruction. *We* shall improve her. She dresses badly. She decidedly has humor and will appreciate *our* wit. She has enough money to be quite independent. She rules me as only American women rule men, and I cower before her.

A little more acidly, indeed with a touch of the snobbish dowager, Adams gives this description of his first White House call on President and Mrs. Grant:

At last Mrs. Grant strolled in. She squints like an isosceles triangle but is not much more vulgar than some duchesses. Her sense of dignity did not allow her to talk to me, but occasionally she condescended to throw me a constrained remark. . . . I flattered myself that it was I who showed them how they ought to behave. One feels such an irresistible desire . . . to tell this kind of individual to put themselves at their ease and talk just as though they were at home.

Twenty-five years pass, and Adams goes again to the White House, this time to dine with the socially far more acceptable Theodore Roosevelt: they, indeed, are his good friends.

We waited twenty minutes in the hideous red drawing room before Theodore and Edith came down, and we went into dinner immediately with as much chaff and informality as though Theodore were still a civil service commissioner. . . . Edith was very bright and gay, but as usual Theodore absorbed the conversation, and if he *tried* me ten years ago, he crushes me now. To say that I had enjoyed it would be, to you, a gratuitous piece of deceit. The dinner was indifferent, very badly served, and, for some reason, nothing to drink but a glass of sherry and some apollinaris.

It is almost possible to say of Adams, here, that whether or not he enjoyed the dinner party is beside the point. What is clear is that he immensely enjoyed *not* enjoying it. After all, to the social chronicler, the more gaffes and solecisms and contretemps on any occasion, the better; to a sort of drama critic of the social scene, the staging, the lighting, the performances of the actors make all the brighter copy for not being quite right in themselves.

On the public and political side also, even on the side of large events, Adams can be lightly mocking, can mingle froth with bile. Though himself keeping, with a certain insistent disdain, outside the arena, he is decidedly pleased with how well he knows all the gladiators, and no less pleased with

having a commanding view of the show, which he describes with a kind of cynical gusto.

Mr. J. P. Morgan gets practically the whole loan, and the small thieves are furious. My view . . . is always to encourage the big thieves and to force the pace. Let's get there quick! I'm for Morgan, McKinley and the Trusts. They will bring us to ruin quicker than we could do ourselves.

Like Horace Walpole again, Adams is very wishful of ruin — only to show considerable fright when anything real starts threatening him.

BUT it is time to move on from the eighteenth-century worldling in Adams to the nineteenth-century man of intellect, and the child of a far more complex age. The nature of the great world may have changed rather little in a century; but something disenchanting, and democratizing, had intervened. Where men a century before, with their modishly skeptical minds, were not too often confronted with taxing and vexing new forces and hypotheses, Adams, with his own inquiring nature, was now constantly *assaulted* by them. Where men a century before basked in that short sunny interregnum between the reign of superstition and the reign of smoke, Adams came to manhood in a century whose geology could be as menacing as its munitions, and whose new ways of writing history seemed almost as radical as its new ways of making it. There was also a side of Henry Adams that not just responded to this but went forth to meet it. The ambivalences, the contrarities, the ironies of life held and fascinated him; and where a mere accomplished worldling could see only the masks and false faces of politics and society, Adams saw into the true, or at any rate trenchant, forces behind them.

The lights of Adams' searching curiosity play all over the letters from the far parts of the world where he went to satisfy it, where, often with considerable discomfort, he went poking and rambling about, and looked into corners and questioned. To grasp their range, the letters from Japan or from Samoa must be read as a whole; short quotations can only garble general reactions.

Similarly, brief extracts from the letters of his earlier days cannot adequately convey the strong sense of political and social curiosity, of intellectual and moral inquiry he exhibited, and the student of the world at large he was, rather than the spectator of a world of capitals. To the austere, republican, crusading family strain the young Henry added a touch of what is good and enriching in Hamlet. And yet, as the letters — which are the truest index to the personal life — reveal, there

came as time passed, there came increasingly, a touch of what was bad and debilitating in Hamlet, and hardly anything at all of the old true Adams strain. There was in Henry Adams on his mother's side, as he was swift to point out at the very beginning of the *Education*, the Boston rich mercantile strain, what he called the State Street side. If the Adamsses had put at birth a sword, or a torch, or the tablets of the law in Henry's hands, the Brookses had put in his mouth a gold spoon. He spent much of his life pretending to gag on the spoon, as on so much else; but in truth he was not to suffer from gagging on it, he was to suffer from being unable to do without it. It was the golden apple, the apple of *inner* discord, in his life. In terms of intellectual distinction, in terms of Henry Adams the serious and great historian, the paternal strain was to prevail. But with the *man* it did not; with Henry Adams the man it was the State Street side, in the sensitive and cultivated forms it had the means to create, that would predominate.

The tragedy of Henry Adams' marriage — his wife's suicide when he was forty-seven and at the height of his intellectual career — helps account, perhaps, for the character of his later life, for what Paul Elmer More called his "sentimental nihilism"; for what we might call — while saying nothing much different — his half-rueful, half-malicious pleasure in watching the best-laid plans, or the world itself, go smash. The great austere Adams tradition, which he had at the outset cherished, partly because it was a fine tradition and partly because it was a family product, had lost its hold on the nation; but in any vital sense, it had also lost its hold on Henry himself. We have no right to demand a militant nature of someone with a speculative mind. Yet, however much Adams may have been deterred from the life of the arena by temperament, surely he was drawn *toward* it, for a time, by a consciousness of his Adams heritage and by an ambition all his own. But something — family pride of a sort, and the very background of family Presidents — made any rough-and-tumble seeking out of high office extremely repugnant. Clearly Adams tended to see himself as an heir-apparent; the possessor of the gold spoon expected his political career to be served up to him on a silver platter. But the rough-and-tumble political world was not so deferential or obliging; and denied the rewards of office, Henry Adams never, in any crusading sense, endured the rigors of opposition. His were, at first, privately acidulous avowals, and then disgruntled dissents, and eventually mere cynical rejections. The world's senates and the world's stock exchanges, Adams muttered, were dominated by rascals; and what could any gentleman, or any wise man, do but sit back and sniff and shudder? Despite the cultivated

voice of Boston and Henry Adams, we are rather close at times to the tone and temper of Baltimore and Henry Mencken. John and John Quincy Adams, surveying the triumph of vulgar materialistic democratic forces, would, in their way, have shuddered as did Henry Adams in his; but might they not have shuddered a little, too, at what Henry was doing, or not doing; and at what he winked as well as shuddered at?

IF Henry Adams was Hamlet in that he lacked the resolution to help avenge the murder of his grandfather's and his great-grandfather's dreams; if he was Hamlet in that he, in the *Education*, like the Prince of Denmark in his soliloquies, had a fine gift for dramatizing himself; if he was Hamlet in possessing a reflective and humorous nature, veined with sensibility and streaked with cruelty and disgust, and masculine in its thinking and feminine in its emotions — if he was Hamlet in all these things, he was Hamlet in one thing more: in relishing his privileged place in life. Adams might be the retired scholar, but on how high and high-handed a level of retirement: it was not merely as a scholar that he seldom went out in Washington but had everybody come to him; it was as a personage, almost a potentate. That he saw no one in Washington is of course a ridiculous myth: he saw whomever he wanted to, and on his own terms. And elsewhere, any such contention would come close to nonsense; year after year Henry Adams crossed to Europe on luxury liners and for months on end moved about Europe at least as much prince as Hamlet — in a succession of splendid hotels and restaurants and country houses, and in an atmosphere not always so conspicuous for seriousness of thought or loftiness of purpose as for sumptuousness of living and haughtiness of tone; an atmosphere, no doubt, of cultivation and elegance, but also of the great world as it had come to be, and of the often new worldlings who had come forth to be part of it.

There was a savor of the English gentry about it, a certain smack of established Boston, but these sureties of aristocratic or republican breeding went hand in hand with the high-mucky-mucks and panjandrums of the Republican Party in the age of Mark Hanna, with the enlightened tone of Pennsylvania's ruthless political boss, Senator Cameron. A great many of Adams' companions were very rich. Henry White was to marry a Vanderbilt; John Hay had married a fortune, and his daughter now married a Whitney; and Adams, thanks to his quite handsome inheritance, could always hold up his end. To be sure, even when in 1900 a million-dollar fortune yielded him more

than \$50,000 a year (perhaps \$150,000 in our money), Adams "humorously complained." He had, moreover, as Ernest Samuels tells us in his splendid biography, "an expert knowledge of stocks and bonds." On this head, all the sniffs at vulgar moneymaking from somebody whose money had been made *for* him, and not really very far back, turn a little tiresome. And in view of his annual London and Paris visits, there is something not just tiresome, but a little fraudulent, about his remarking — to quote just one of many examples — "Of all parts of the world I know, the rottenest are Paris and London."

It is not that, in all this, one would cut Adams off from the cosmopolitan life and the international scene that he was heir to; but that this cut *him* off from so much else. At his best Adams was a great individual, and in the letters there is something notably individualizing, too. But more and more in the letters, we begin to encounter, for all their sharp comments and vivid phrases, certain small prejudices and fixed postures; the *tones* of dissent that cloak the gestures of acquiescence, the air of criticism that would diminish the refusal to act. A distinguished intellectual is not to be summarily condemned because so many of his best friends are millionaire pillars of the Republican Party during one of its most dubious eras. But it can't help making us wonder how many real artists and intellectuals who lacked social credentials were part of Adams' circle, were the people he saw and not simply people he wrote to. It can't help making us ask how much the worldling Brahmin in him was stopped by surfaces and appearances from appreciating what had decided value and depth.

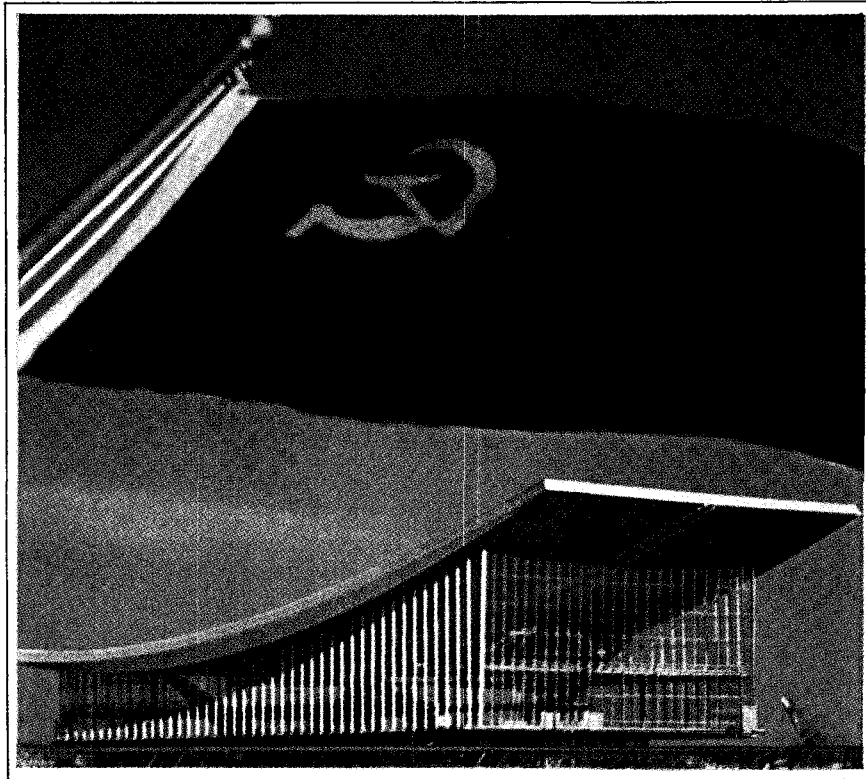
The two American writers whom Adams saw in later years are surely those we might have supposed he did: Henry James and Edith Wharton. This is unexceptionable; but what of other writers? His very first comment on Kipling has nothing to do with his merits as a writer or a man: "I imagine Kipling," Adams wrote to Mrs. Cameron, "to be rather a bohemian and wanderer of the second or third social order." His superbly described meetings with a Robert Louis Stevenson who looked, said Adams, "like an insane stork," acknowledge Stevenson's kindness, but they harp on the messiness of his Samoan menage, on what Adams calls its "dirt and discomfort." John Jay Chapman was for Adams only "the most ordinary, conventional, simple-minded of cranks": a comment that squares nicely with Adams' brother-in-law's assessing Chapman as "just his grandmother and nothing more." A further drawback to being part of a tight gilded circle is that, with something like the Dreyfus case, Adams becomes an anti-Dreyfusard. And when Dreyfus was sent back to France for retrial, Adams writes: "To my regret they have

brought Dreifuss [sic] home, and ceased to talk about him, which makes life dull. I hope they soon begin to bait somebody else, to make it lively again." Even accepted as banter, this sounds nasty. In terms, again, of literary taste, Mallarmé and Verlaine get short shrift; in terms of paintings, Adams could write in 1895, when the Impressionists were still fairly easy to come by, that the Paris dealers "offer no good pictures."

O BVIOUSLY, a man's personal merits and shortcomings are one thing, and his values as an artist or thinker another. Balzac was not the less truthful delineator of the great world because of his ardent royalism, nor Jane Austen less truthful for her personal provincial snobberies, nor Proust for a snobishness almost pathological. An insistence on telling the truth, a compulsive artistic probity, went into all such writers' work. But it seems to me that over the years something comparably vital went out of Henry Adams' responses to the life about him. The *History* remains a great monument; both the *Education* and the *Mont-Saint-Michel* have distinction and importance. But the truth is, and the letters are our guide to it, that Henry Adams failed in the end of a certain sense of contemporary responsibility. Consider his habit, in his letters, of disparaging the powers that be — the cynical tone, the *Schadenfreude* that discolors the criticism, the readiness to blame everything on democratic vulgarians or "Jew bankers" (the anti-Semitism was so intense and rabblelike that when stocks went down, Mr. Samuels tells us, Adams "eagerly gorged himself on the filth of the anti-Semite press"). Such disparagement comes to sound like a glib, mindless justification of his own passivity and withdrawal. Cynicism is always a moral evasion, an inward malaise. In terms of Adams' *personal* emotions, of lostness and perhaps inner deadness and unfulfillment, much that could be ascribed to his wife's death or his frustrating love for Mrs. Cameron can be by so much forgiven. But on that score there is no excusing the callous, irresponsible shoulder shrugs about the public life of the day, or the growls that are all too often whines. All this becomes habitual, mechanical — a fixed attitude in Adams, as John Hay described it to Henry Cabot Lodge, of "Whatever is, is wrong." And Hay wrote to Adams himself, in that jocular tone wherewith we maneuver to tell our friends the truth, that his chronic complaints were "the sentiments of a scholar and a gentleman who has had a better time all his life than he deserved, and now whines because it is over." This indeed, and only the more in coming from an intimate friend, is a summary judgment.

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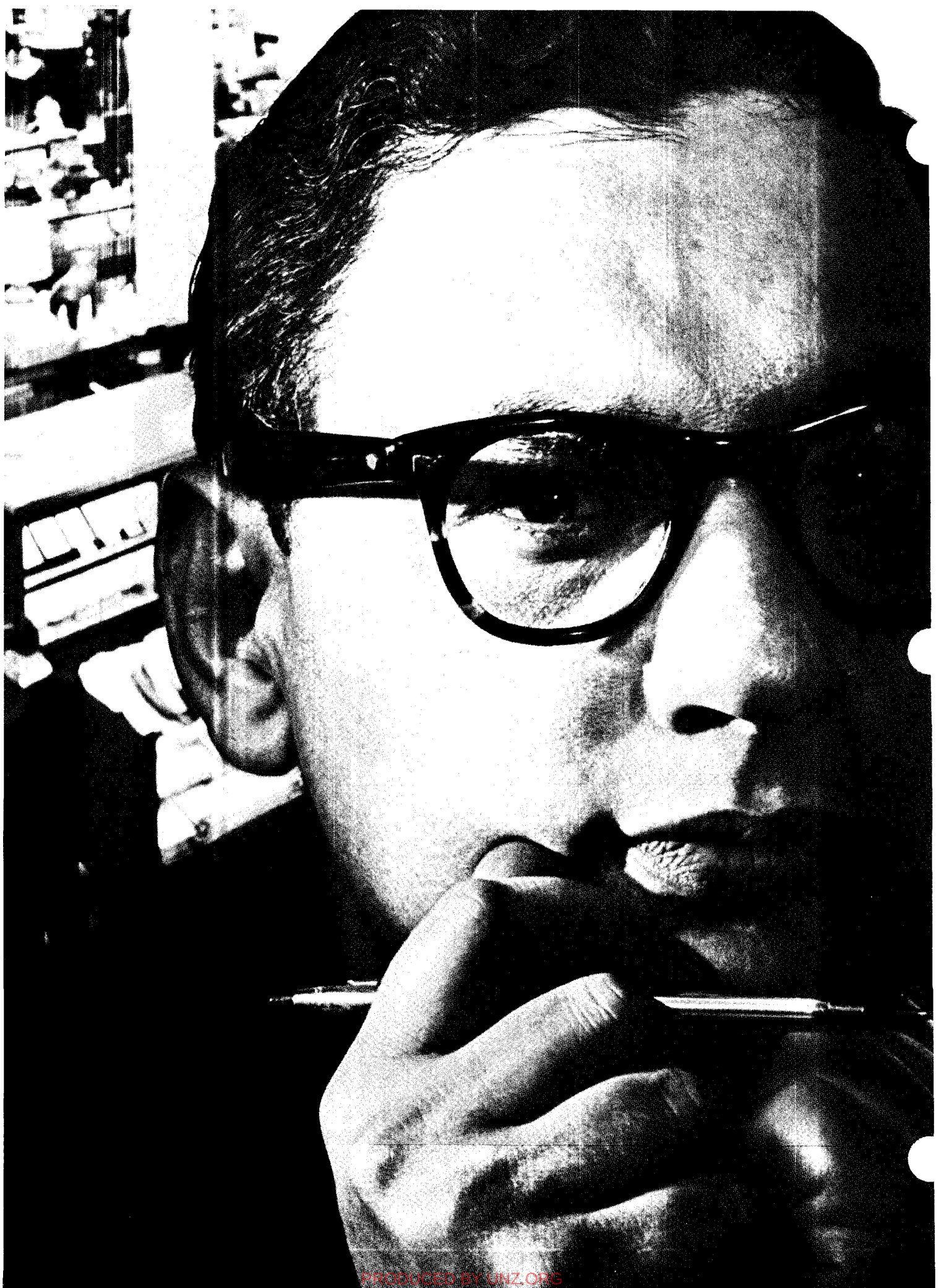
expo67 
MONTREAL, CANADA

The Universal and International Exhibition 1967
Montreal, Canada/APRIL 28-OCTOBER 27, 1967

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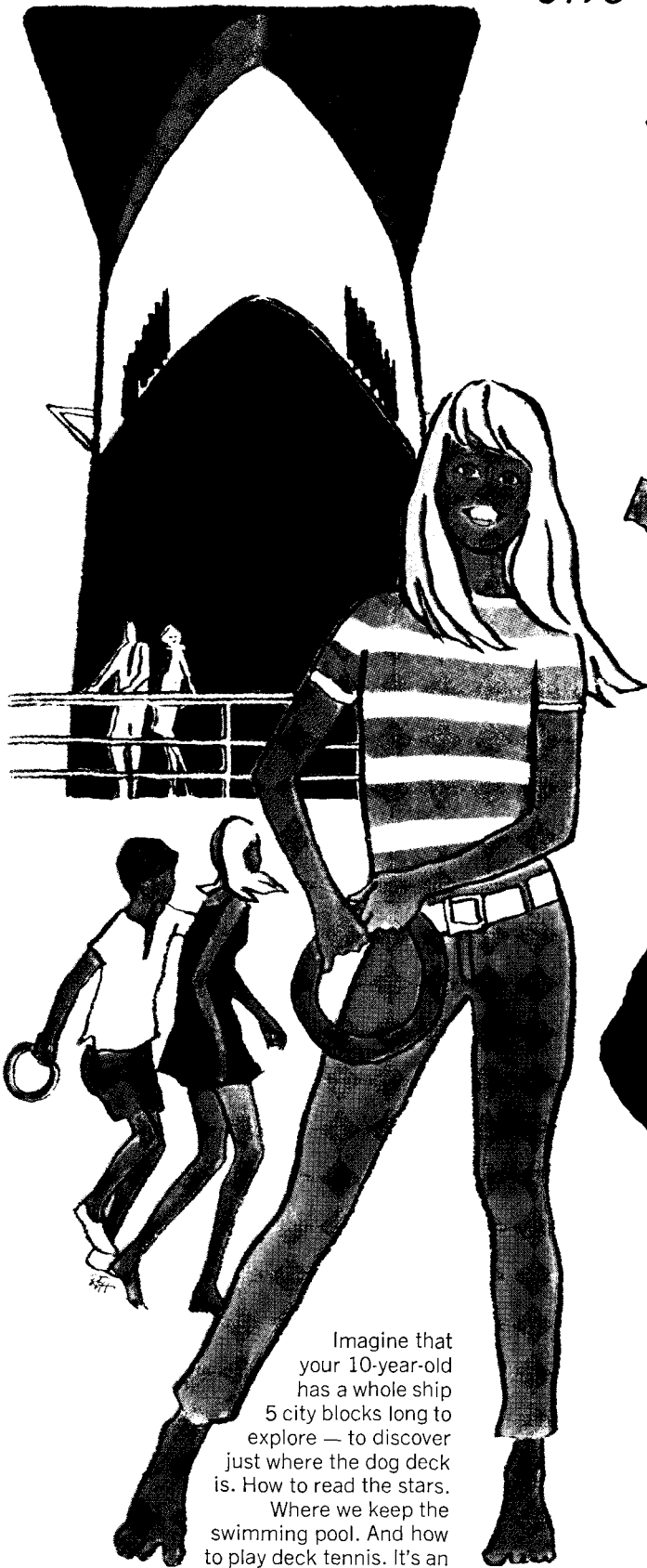
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The *Education*, unlike the letters, was pretty much a full-dress performance, a careful, skillful, resourceful, and in places rather artful, apologia; a document of disillusionment; a confession of failure. It remains an extremely impressive indictment of the more and more corrupt, and corrupting, forces in the public life in which Adams came to manhood and first sought and later refused to do battle. He had, I think, the right to refuse; but he fought hardly more with the pen than the sword. The mass of cynically disgruntled private letters is surely no offset to the fine public responses to current issues that simply never got written; while, as a kind of monumental abdication speech, the *Education* so laces the sense of futility with a sense of self-pity, so elevates Adams' failure as to suggest something sordid about success, that we may wonder whether he was abdicating the throne of duty from never having occupied the throne of power.

Yet beyond all their other merits, the letters of Henry Adams constitute an outstanding document of worldliness, revealing the defeat, by a too acute social sense and too rarefied sensibility, of a final human largeness of spirit. If all this, in the great letter writer as worldling, induces a final comparison with Horace Walpole, it is to make the point that Walpole found perfect fulfillment in the role. His particular era, his special niche, his temperament and talent — indeed, his decided limitations — blend into something single and whole, never at the expense of anything greater. Walpole was saved a thinker's perturbations; for him, the darker side of things stopped with Gothic dungeons and drawing-room disasters. In a different way, another eighteenth-century figure with whom Adams was at certain points allied — I mean Gibbon — perfectly fulfilled himself also. Gibbon's reputation, much like Adams', rests on a voluminous great work of history and on an autobiography. And Gibbon's autobiography is something of a full-dress performance too, and perhaps on one score more acceptable: for being as self-congratulatory about success as is Adams' for being so self-pitying — and, for that matter, self-congratulatory — about failure. What is more important, the scholar in Gibbon kept the upper hand of the worldling; whatever his dips and darts into society, Gibbon led a life of supremely unruffled retirement.

Adams, despite superb achievements, can hardly be thought to have fulfilled himself, or even to have altogether nobly failed. I think his failure was on more vulnerable grounds, and from less inevitable causes, and after less determined struggle, than he supposed. It represented a kind of moral valetudi-

narianism. In the end, what proved harmful to Adams was not despairingly drawing the blinds but so often peeping gleefully out the window at degrading sights, only to chuckle and turn away. Some of the trouble, too, must have sprung from his seignorial spurning of favor and acclaim, from his feeling he was beyond ambition and above contrivance, from such things as making a rather showy ritual of anonymity, with his books to begin with and then with his being buried "without an inscription" — while sharing the most famous cemetery memorial in the United States! About it all there persists a sense of being a kind of law unto oneself, a sacred cow at very luxuriant pasture.

For the whole man, the rightest comparison is perhaps with Matthew Arnold, who, moreover, was much concerned with the same cultural, social, political problems as Adams was. In moral inheritance, too, Dr. Arnold's son might boast something as sober as could the grandson of John Quincy Adams. And all his life Arnold, like Adams, moved in a world of society and politics, of scholars and public men. Nor did tragic death spare Arnold either, who saw son after son taken from him. But there was one vital difference between the two men: Arnold had always a living to make. With Arnold, indeed, a *lack* of leisure offers as good a reason for peevishness as any that Adams might put forth. But it was certainly not the pack on his back that made Arnold the finer man; it was that his nature was fed deeper and purer springs. In Arnold, as in Dr. Johnson, worldliness was always tributary to humanism.

Yet, if what is largely absent from Adams' other writings is all too dominant in his letters, it would be quite wrong to put a final emphasis on the letters for what they "reveal." Rather, it is in every way right to conclude with the greatness of the letters as a thing in itself, untouched by the faults in the letter writer. Furthermore, the man of the world is, even late in life, very often absent, replaced by the scholar, the traveler, the thinker, the affectionate uncle or friend. And if the man of the world is oftener present, or dancing in and out of the text, or very much its master of ceremonies, he carries us with marvelous verve from country house to country house, from capital to capital, even from crisis to crisis, serving up, with *sauce diable*, what will one day be history; portraying at every season, with its attendant colors and lights, the much-changing, never-changing way of the world. Doubtless what the letters reveal about Adams is part of the price paid for what they are; but what they are, as I said at the outset, is the best thing of their kind in American literature.

MAY DAY SERMON TO THE WOMEN OF GILMER COUNTY BY A LADY PREACHER LEAVING THE BAPTIST CHURCH

• James Dickey •

Each year at this time I shall be telling you of the Lord
— Fog, gamecock, snake, and neighbor — giving men all the help they need
To drag their daughters into barns. Children, I shall be showing you
The fox-hide stretched on the door like a flying-squirrel fly
Open to show you the dark where the one pole of light is paid out
In spring by the loft, and in it the croker sacks sprawling and shuttling
Themselves into place as it comes comes through spiders dead
Drunk on their threads the hogs' fat bristling the milk
Snake in the rafters unbending through gnats to touch the last place
Alive on the sun with his tongue I shall be flickering from my mouth
Oil grease-cans lard-cans nubbins cobs night
Coming floating each May with night coming I cannot help
Telling you how he hauls her to the centerpole how the tractor moves
Over as he sets his feet and hauls hauls ravel her arms and hair
In stump-chains: Telling: telling of Jehovah come and gone
Down on His belly descending creek-curving blowing His legs

Like candles, out putting North Georgia copper on His head
To crawl in under the door in dust red enough to breathe
The breath of Adam into: Children, be brought where she screams and begs
To the sacks of corn and coal to nails to the swelling ticks
On the near side of mules, for the Lord's own man has found the limp
Rubber that lies in the gulley the penis-skin like a serpent
Under the weaving willow.

Listen: often a girl in the country,
Mostly sweating mostly in spring, deep enough in the holy Bible
Belt, will feel her hair rise up arms rise, and this not any wish

Of hers, and clothes like lint shredding off her abominations
In the sight of the Lord: will hear the Book speak like a father
Gone mad: each year at this time will hear the utmost sound
Of herself, as her lungs cut, one after one, every long track
Spiders have coaxed from their guts stunned spiders fall
Into Pandemonium fall fall and begin to dance like a girl
On the red clay floor of Hell she screaming her father screaming

Scripture CHAPTER and verse beating it into her with a weeping
 Willow branch the animals stomping she prancing and climbing
 Her hair beasts shifting from foot to foot about the stormed
 Steel of the anvil the tractor gaslessly straining believing
 It must pull up a stump pull pull down the walls of the barn
 Like Dagon's temple set the Ark of the Lord in its place change all
 Things for good, by pain. Each year at this time you will be looking up
 Gnats in the air they boil recombine go mad with striving
 To form the face of her lover, as when he lay at Nickajack Creek
 With her by his motorcycle looming face trembling with exhaust
 Fumes humming insanely — each May you hear her father scream like God
 And King James as he flails cuds richen bulls chew themselves white-faced
 Deeper into their feed bags, and he cries something the Lord cries
 Words! Words! Ah, when they leap when they are let out of the Bible's
 Black box they whistle they grab the nearest girl and do her hair up
 For her lover in root-breaking chains and she knows she was born to hang
 In the middle of Gilmer County to dance, on May Day, with holy
 Words all around her with beasts with insects O children NOW
 In five bags of chicken-feed the torsos of prophets form writhe
 Die out as her freckled flesh as flesh and the Devil twist and turn
 Her body to love cram her mouth with defiance give her words
 To battle with the Bible's in the air: she shrieks sweet Jesus and God



I'm glad O my God-darling O lover O angel-stud dear heart
 Of life put it in me give you're killing KILLING: each
 Night each year at this time I shall be telling you of the snake-
 doctor drifting from the loft, a dragonfly, where she is wringing
 Out the tractor's muddy chains where her cotton socks prance,
 Where her shoes as though one ankle were broken, stand with night
 Coming and creatures drawn by the stars, out of their high holes
 By moon-hunger driven part the leaves crawl out of Grimes Nose
 And Brasstown Bald: on this night only I can tell how the weasel pauses
 Each year in the middle of the road looks up at the evening blue
 Star to hear her say again O again YOU CAN BEAT ME TO DEATH
 And I'll still be glad:

Sisters, it is time to show you rust

Smashing the lard-cans more in spring after spring bullbats
 Swifts barn swallows mule-bits clashing on walls mist turning
 Up white out of warm creeks: all over, fog taking the soul from the body
 Of water gaining rising up trees sifting up through smoking green
 Frenzied levels of gamecocks sleeping from the roots stream-curves
 Of mist: wherever on God's land is water, roads rise up the shape of rivers
 Of no return: O sisters, it is time you cannot sleep with Jehovah

Searching for what to be, on ground that has called Him from His Book:
 Shall He be the pain in the willow, or the copperhead's kingly riding
 In kudzu, growing with vines toward the cows or the wild face working over
 A virgin, swarming like gnats or the grass of the west field, bending
 East, to sweep into bags and turn brown or shall He rise, white on white,
 From Nickajack Creek as a road? The barn creaks like an Ark beasts
 Smell everywhere the streams drawn out by their souls the flood-
 sigh of grass in the spring they shall be saved they know as she screams
 Of sin as the weasel stares the hog strains toward the woods
 That hold its primeval powers:

Often a girl in the country will find herself

Dancing with God in a mule's eye, twilight drifting in straws from the dark
 Overhead of hay cows working their sprained jaws sideways at the hour
 Of night all things are called: when gnats in their own midst and fury
 Of swarming-time, crowd into the barn their sixty-year day consumed
 In this sunset die in a great face of light that swarms and screams
 Of love.

Each May you will crouch like a sawhorse to make yourself

More here you will be cow-chips chickens croaking for her hands
 That shook the corn over the ground bouncing kicked this way
 And that, by the many beaks and every last one of you will groan
 Like nails barely holding and your hair be full of the gray
 Glints of stump-chains. Children, each year at this time you will have
 Back-pain, but also heaven but also also this lovely other life-
 pain between the thighs: woman-child or woman in bed in Gilmer
 County smiling in sleep like blood-beast and Venus together
 Dancing the road as I speak, get up up in your socks and take
 The pain you were born for: that rose through her body straight
 Up from the earth like a plant, like the process that raised overhead
 The limbs of the uninjured willow.

Children, it is true

That the kudzu advances, its copperheads drunk and tremendous
 With hiding, toward the cows and wild fences cannot hold the string
 Beans as they overshoot their fields: that in May the weasel loves love
 As much as blood that in the dusk bottoms young deer stand half
 In existence, munching cornshucks true that when the wind blows
 Right Nickajack releases its mist the willow leaves stiffen once
 More altogether you can hear each year at this time you can hear
 No Now, no Now Yes Again More O O my God
 I love it love you don't leave don't don't stop O GLORY
 Be:

More dark more coming fox-fire crawls over the okra-
 patch as through it a real fox creeps to claim his father's fur
 Flying on doornails the quartermoon on the outhouse begins to shine
 With the quartermoonlight of this night as she falls and rises,
 Chained to a sapling like a tractor WHIPPED for the wind in the willow
 Tree WHIPPED for Bathsheba and David WHIPPED for the woman taken
 Anywhere anytime WHIPPED for the virgin sighing bleeding
 From her body for the sap and green of the year for her own good
 And evil:

Sisters, who is your lover? Has he done nothing but come
 And go? Has your father nailed his cast skin to the wall as evidence
 Of sin? Is it flying like a fox in the darkness dripping pure radiant venom
 Of manhood?

Yes, but *he* is unreeling in hills between his long legs
 The concrete of the highway his face in the moon beginning
 To burn twitch dance like an overhead swarm he feels a nail
 Beat through his loins far away he rises in pain and delight, as spirit
 Enters his sex sways forms rises with the forced, choked red
 Blood of her red-headed image, in the red-dust, Adam-colored clay
 Whirling and leaping creating calling: O on the dim, gray man-
 track of cement flowing into his mouth each year he turns the moon back
 Around on his handlebars her image going all over him like the wind
 Blasting up his sleeves. He turns off the highway, and

Ah, children,
 There is now something else to hear: there is now this madness of engine
 Noise in the bushes past reason ungodly squealing reverting
 Like a hog turned loose in the woods Yes, as he passes the first
 Trees of God's land game-hens overhead and the farm is ON
 Him everything is more *more* MORE as he enters the black
 Bible's white swirling ground O daughters his heartbeat great
 With trees some blue leaves coming NOW and right away fire
 In the right eye Lord more MORE O Glory land
 Of Glory: ground-branches hard to get through coops where fryers huddle
 To death, as the star-beast dances and scratches at their home-boards,
 His rubber stiffens on its nails: Sisters, understand about men and sheaths:

About nakedness: understand how butterflies, amazed, pass out
 Of their natal silks how the tight snake takes a great breath bursts
 Through himself and leaves himself behind how a man casts finally
 Off everything that shields him from another beholds his loins
 Shine with his children forever burn with the very juice
 Of resurrection: such shining is how the spring creek comes

Forth from its sunken rocks it is how the trout foams and turns on
Himself heads upstream, breathing mist like water, for the cold
Mountain of his birth flowing sliding in and through the ego-
maniacal sleep of gamecocks shooting past a man with one new blind
Side who feels his skinned penis rise like a fish through the dark
Woods, in a strange lifted-loving form a snake about to burst
Through itself on May Day and leave behind on the ground still
Still the shape of a fooled thing's body:

he comes on comes

Through the laurel, wiped out on his right by an eye-twigg now he
Is crossing the cow track his hat in his hand going on before
His face then up slowly over over like the Carolina moon
Coming into Georgia feels the farm close its Bible and ground-
fog over him his dark side blazing something whipping
By, beyond sight: each year at this time I shall be letting you

Know when she cannot stand when the chains fall back on
To the tractor when you should get up when neither she nor the pole
Has any more sap and her striped arms and red hair must keep her
From falling when she feels God's willow laid on her, at last,
With no more pressure than hay, and she has finished crying to her lover's
Shifting face and his hand when he gave it placed it, unconsumed,
In her young burning bush. Each year by dark she has learned

That home is to hang in home is where your father cuts the baby
Fat from your flanks for the Lord, as you scream for the viny foreskin
Of the motorcycle rider. Children, by dark by now, when he drops
The dying branch and lets her down when the red clay flats
Of her feet hit the earth all things have heard — fog, gamecock
Snake, and lover — and we listen: Listen children, for the fog to lift
The form of sluggish creeks into the air: each spring, each creek
On the Lord's land flows in two O sisters, lovers, flows in two
Places: where it was, and in the low branches of pines where chickens
Sleep in mist and that is where you will find roads floating free
Of the earth winding leading unbrokenly out of the farm of God
The father:

Each year at this time she is coming from the barn she
Falls once, hair hurting her back stumbles walking naked
With dignity walks with no help to the house lies face-down
In her room, burning tuning in hearing in the spun rust-
groan of bedsprings, his engine root and thunder like a pig,
Knowing who it is must be knowing that the face of gnats will wake,
In the woods, as a man: there is nothing else this time of night
But her dream of having wheels between her legs: tires, man,
Everything she can hold, pulsing together her father walking
Reading intoning calling his legs blown out by the ground-
fogging creeks of his land: Listen listen like females each year
In May O glory to the sound the sound of your man gone wild
With love in the woods let your nipples rise and leave your feet
To hear: This is when moths flutter in from the open, and Hell
Fire of the oil lamp shrivels them and it is said
To her: said like the Lord's voice trying to find a way

Outside the Bible O sisters O women and children who will be
 Women of Gilmer County you farm girls and Ellijay cotton mill
 Girls, get up each May Day up in your socks it is the father
 Sound going on about God making, a hundred feet down,
 The well beat its bucket like a gong: she goes to the kitchen,
 Stands with the inside grain of pinewood whirling on her like a cloud
 Of wire picks up a useful object two they are not themselves
 Tonight each hones itself as the moon does new by phases
 Of fog floating unchanged into the house coming atom
 By atom sheepswool different smokes breathed like the Word
 Of nothing, round her seated father. Often a girl in the country,
 Mostly in spring mostly bleeding deep enough in the holy Bible
 Belt will feel her arms rise up up and this not any wish
 Of hers will stand, waiting for word. O daughters, he is rambling
 In Obadiah the pride of thine heart hath deceived thee, thou
 That dwelleth in the clefts of the rock, whose habitation is high
 That saith in his heart O daughters who shall bring me down
 To the ground? And she comes down putting her back into
 The hatchet often often he is brought down laid out
 Lashing smoking sucking wind: Children, each year at this time
 A girl will tend to take an ice pick in both hands a lone pine
 Needle will hover hover: Children, each year at this time
 Things happen quickly and it is easy for a needle to pass
 Through the eye of a man bound for Heaven she leaves it naked goes
 Without further sin through the house floating in and out of all
 Four rooms comes onto the porch on cloud-feet steps down and out
 And around to the barn pain changing her old screams hanging
 By the hair around her: Children, in May, often a girl in the country
 Will find herself lifting wood her arms like hair rising up
 To undo locks raise latches set gates aside turn all things
 Loose shoo them out shove pull O hogs are leaping ten
 Million years back through fog cows walking worriedly passing out
 Of the Ark from stalls where God's voice cursed and mumbled
 At milking-time moving moving disappearing drifting
 In cloud cows in the alders already lowing far off no one
 Can find them each year: she comes back to the house and grabs double
 Handfuls of clothes

and her lover, with his one eye of amazing grace
 Of sight, sees her coming as she was born swirling developing
 Toward him she hears him grunt she hears him creaking
 His saddle dead-engined she conjures one foot whole from the ground-
 fog to climb him behind he stands up stomps catches roars
 Blasts the leaves from a blinding twig wheels they blaze up
 Together she breathing to match him her hands on his warm belly
 His hard blood renewing like a snake O now now as he twists
 His wrist, and takes off with their bodies:

each May you will hear it
 Said that the sun came as always the sun of next day burned
 Them off with the mist: that when the river fell back on its bed
 Of water they fell from life from limbs they went with it
 To Hell three-eyed in love, their legs around an engine, her arms
 Around him. But now, except for each year at this time, their sound

Has died: except when the creek-bed thicks its mist gives up
 The white of its flow to the air comes off lifts into the pine-poles
 Of May Day comes back as you come awake in your socks and crotch-hair
 On new-mooned nights of spring I speak you listen and the pines fill
 With motorcycle sound as they rise, stoned out of their minds on the white
 Lightning of fog singing the saddle bags full of her clothes
 Flying snagging shoes hurling away stockings grabbed-off
 Unwinding and furling on twigs: all we know all we could follow
 Them by was her underwear was stocking after stocking where it tore
 Away, and a long slip stretched on a thorn all these few gave
 Out. Children, you know it: that place was where they took
 Off into the air died disappeared entered my mouth your mind
 Each year each pale, curved breath each year as she holds him
 Closer wherever he hurtles taking her taking her she going forever
 Where he goes with the highways of rivers through one-eyed
 Twigs through clouds of chickens and grass with them bends
 Double the animals lift their heads peanuts and beans exchange
 Shells in joy joy like the speed of the body and rock-bottom
 Joy: joy by which the creek-bed appeared to bear them out of the Bible
 's farm through pine-clouds of gamecocks where no earthly track
 Is, but those risen out of warm currents streams born to hang
 In the pines of Nickajack Creek: tonight her hands are under
 His crackling jacket the pain in her back enough to go through
 Them both her buttocks blazing in the sheepskin saddle: tell those

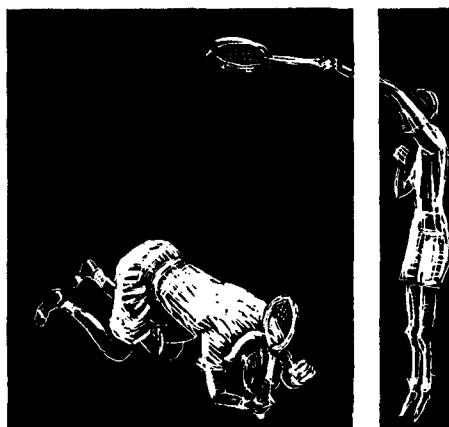
Who look for them who follow by rayon stockings who look on human
 Highways on tracks of cement and gravel black weeping roads
 Of tar: tell them that she and her rider have taken no dirt
 Nor any paved road no path for cattle no county trunk or trail
 Or any track upon earth, but have roared like a hog on May Day
 Through pines and willows: that when he met the insane vine
 Of the scuppernong he tilted his handlebars back and took
 The road that rises in the cold mountain spring from warm creeks:
 O women in your rayon from Lindale, I shall be telling you to go
 To Hell by cloud down where the chicken-walk is running
 To weeds and anyone can show you where the tire-marks gave out
 And her last stocking was cast and you stand as still as a weasel
 Under Venus before you dance dance yourself blue with blood-
 joy looking into the limbs looking up into where they rode
 Through cocks tightening roots with their sleep-claws. Children,
 They are gone: gone as the owl rises, when God takes the stone
 Blind sun off its eyes, and it sees sees hurtle in the utter dark
 Gold of its sight, a boy and a girl buried deep in the cloud
 Of their speed drunk, children drunk with pain and the throttle
 Wide open, in love with a mindless sound with her red hair
 In the wind streaming gladly for them both more than gladly
 As the barn settles under the weight of its pain the stalls fill once
 More with trampling like Exodus the snake-doctor gone the rats beginning
 On the last beans and all the chicks she fed, each year at this time
 Burst from their eggs as she passes:

Children, it is true that mice
 No longer bunch on the rafters, but wade the fields like the moon,

Shifting in patches ravenous the horse floats, smoking with flies,
To the water-trough coming back less often learning to make
Do with the flowing drink of deer the mountain standing cold
Flowing into his mouth grass underfoot dew horse or what
ever he is now moves back into trees where the bull walks
With a male light spread between his horns some say screams like a girl
And her father yelling together:

Ah, this night in the dark laurel
Green of the quartermoon I shall be telling you that the creek's last
Ascension is the same is made of water and air heat and cold
This year as before: telling you not to believe every scream you hear
Is the Bible's: it may be you or me it may be her sinful barn-
howling for the serpent, as her father whips her, using the tried
And true rhythms of the Lord. Sisters, an old man at times like this
Moon, is always being found yes found with an ice pick on his mind,
A willow limb in his hand. By now, the night-moths have come
Have taken his Bible and read it have flown, dissolved, having found
Nothing in it for them. I shall be telling you each moon each
Year at this time, Venus rises the weasel goes mad at the death
In the egg, of the chicks she fed for him by hand: mad in the middle
Of human space he dances blue-eyed dances with Venus rising
Like blood-lust over the road O tell your daughters tell them
That the creek's ghost can still O still can carry double
Weight of true lovers any time any night as the wild turkeys claw
Into the old pines of gamecocks, and with a cow's tongue, the Bible calls
For its own, and is not heard and even God's unsettled great white father
head with its ear to the ground, cannot hear know cannot pick
Up where they are where her red hair is streaming through the white
Hairs of His centerless breast: with the moon He cries with the cow all
Its life penned up with Noah in the barn talk of original
Sin as the milk spurts talk of women talk of judgment and flood
And the promised land:

Telling on May Day, children: telling
That the animals are saved without rain that they are long gone
From here gone with the sun gone with the woman taken
In speed gone with the one-eyed mechanic that the barn falls in
Like Jericho at the bull's voice at the weasel's dance at the hog's
Primeval squeal the uncut hay walks when the wind prophesies in the west
Pasture the animals move roam, with kudzu creating all the earth
East of the hayfield: Listen: each year at this time the county speaks
With its beasts and sinners with its blood the county speaks of nothing
Else each year at this time: speaks as beasts speak to themselves
Of holiness learned in the barn: Listen O daughters turn turn
In your sleep rise with your backs on fire in spring in your socks
Into the arms of your lovers: every last one of you, listen one-eyed
With your man in hiding in fog where the animals walk through
The white breast of the Lord muttering walk with nothing
To do but be in the spring laurel in the mist and self-sharpened
Moon walk through the resurrected creeks through the Lord
At their own pace the cow shuts its mouth and the Bible is still
Still open at anything we are gone the barn wanders over the earth.



THE MURDEROUS PLEASURES OF TENNIS

by Nat Hentoff

"Tough shot," your partner says, but he means, "Why did I have to get stuck with him?" The peculiar nomenclature of tennis and other aspects of the increasingly popular sport are covered in this dissertation by the accomplished journalist (OUR CHILDREN ARE DYING) and novelist (CALL THE KEEPER).

WE TENNIS zealots are growing in numbers. At last count, there were eight and a half million of us in the United States. Indoor courts are increasing at a rapid rate. In more and more summer communities, tennis schedules, especially on weekends, are so tightly packed that a newcomer finds himself scheduled either at a time that gets him up before his children or so late in the day that he needs the sharpness of eye of an Indian scout.

Why has slamming a ball with a racket become so obsessive a pleasure for so many of us? One reason, I suppose, is the rising proselytization for exercise. But aside from improving one's circulation and otherwise dueling with the aging process, it seems clear to me that a primary attraction of the sport is the opportunity it gives to release aggression physically without being arrested for felonious assault.

Consider the tensions and frustrations increasingly endemic to our tautly rationalized society. And then consider the entirely legal stance of mayhem permissible on a tennis court. As Dr. Roy M. Whitman, associate professor of psychiatry at the University of Cincinnati, has pointed out,

there is an element of homicide, although unconscious, in the game. There are, to be sure, the exemplary manners. ("Thank you, Court 3," you call, your ball whizzing into Court 3 just as one of its players is about to serve. And Court 3 nods benignly and returns the ball.) But alongside the exemplary manners, the doctor notes, is the brutal volleying climax.

Hyperbole? Look at the faces of lawyers, accountants, admen, psychiatrists, housewives, and poets immersed in a set. Particularly during a doubles match, look at the faces of the guardians of the net. Nancy Richey, a top-seeded American player, has observed, with some awe at her capacity for ferociousness, "When I see a picture of myself playing, even I'm frightened."

There are few more satisfying experiences, I find, than putting a ball away with all one's force. Even more satisfying is a duel at the net, each of us flailing away like a medieval knight with mace or broadsword. And invariably, of course, the loser of a particular exchange pulls himself back into civilization with a "Good shot!" or "Well played!" or, more honestly, "Too good!"

It is hardly any wonder, then, that tennis is booming in as aggressive, and aggressively competitive, a society as ours. But, alas, with some players, as in life outside the courts, the competitiveness often constricts and distorts the gloriously full release of aggression. From the first years of school on, we are taught, on the one hand, that competitiveness is both a virtue and a necessity. How else can we move up to consume all those delectable goods? How else can we win and maintain the respect of our wives and children?

But on the other hand, there are manners to be observed, styles of behavior, tones of voice. One should not be too "pushy," too "cocky," too "loud." In short, too overtly aggressive. The cool, poised, soft-spoken expert at lethal competitiveness is a figure of respect by contrast with the noisy tie salesman on the street corner.

And so, on the tennis courts, there are those who are so acutely conscious of their need to WIN that they tighten up in fear that they will not win as gentlemen. They find it painfully difficult to sustain the savage drive which winning requires, and if they're in a doubles match, they then feel they have let down their partner. He, after all, also wants fiercely to WIN. Therefore, there is the grim shaking of the head, the turning to the partner after you have muffed an easy point, the mournful "I'm sorry!", the jaw-set determination to make up for the error. And the partner, smiling, is reassuring: "No, that was a tough shot." Or, "The wind took it." Thinking, meanwhile, "Why did I have to get stuck with him?"

A few players are so obsessed with winning, and so ambivalent about the drive it takes to win, that tennis is a torture for them. One such masochist arrives on the court with a sheaf of excuses. A bad elbow. A distractingly complicated business day. A sudden discovery that he needs a lighter racket. He girds himself to overcome these obstacles and fulfill his responsibility to his partner; and by the end of an hour, he is quivering, drenched in the chill sweat of failure.

OCCASIONALLY, there is a further dimension of competitive urgency in tennis. For many years, the sport was largely a game for white Protestants. Gradually, more and more Jews of the middle class took it up. I play most often, for example, with Jewish professionals in their thirties and forties to whose fathers the game of tennis was as exotic as croquet.

Most of the time, we hardly think of the game's social and class origins. But for a few days in the summer we do. Our community on Fire Island is called Seaview. It began as a restricted Protestant enclave, and while it is now mostly Jewish, still among us is that patriarchal first Jew who dared buy property in Seaview. Two communities away is Point O' Woods, which still does not admit Jews, let alone Negroes. For the past few summers, there has been a home-and-home series between Seaview and Point O' Woods. Our Maccabees venture forth for a day through the Point O' Woods gate, and some weeks later, a contingent of doughty WASP's come unto us.

One of our very best players refuses to compete

in these ecumenical engagements. His contention, which I respect, is that so long as he is unable to lease property in Point O' Woods because he is Jewish, any other contact between the two communities is hypocritical and demeaning. Most of our players, however, act like old-time Negroes, feeling that sport and social contact will eventually convince the elders of Point O' Woods to remove their gate. At least figuratively.

The gate remains, and the series goes on. We lose more often than we win, and one of the reasons appears to be that some of our champions go on the court burdened by history. Watching them, I think of how Joe Louis must have felt.

Last summer, the Point O' Woods team came to Seaview in the middle of a community debate about whether we would accede to Point O' Woods' request to share our new garbage incinerator with them. Seaview was virulently divided on the issue, but nonetheless a cross section of the residents came to watch the joust. Curiosity is a major factor in drawing even non-tennis-players to the event. For many of us, our ghettos are much more comfortable than those of the parents, but ghettos they are. Accordingly, we do not often see Protestants at play. The summer before, for instance, my son and I were taken by an expletive frequently used by one of the more elderly Point O' Woods players. When he drove the ball into the net or served a double fault, he did not, as we Seaviewers do, growl "Damn!" or "Jesus Christ!" He would release a fierce "Golly Ned!" But how fierce can "Golly Ned!" be? And for a few months, my five-year-old, at times of extreme irritation, would also bellow "Golly Ned!" But the cross-culturation didn't take.

In any case, as our players warmed up, waiting for the WASP's, our intense captain, a very successful podiatrist, looked coldly at our most aggressive player, a short redhead on whom we placed most of our hopes for the day. "Say, Mel," the captain muttered, "Tuck your shirt in." At that moment, I knew we were lost. We were still of the *shnell*, and sabras we would never be.

Soon after the match started, we quickly fell behind. Some of our players tried to keep up their spirits, and ours, with ghetto wit. "If they win," Mel whispered to me during a break, "they get to use our incinerator for three days — on us."

The playing on our side was pitiful, for the most part. Men whose grace, control, and stamina I had long envied played as if millions of Jews were watching them, at first hopefully and then with accusatory contempt. And Mel, our most reckless, our most self-confident player, who always made impossible recoveries, played with such caution, such defensiveness, that he and his partner were defeated by an older and quite ordinary team.

It was a dun Saturday. But perhaps, an on-looker ventured, we had been overwhelmed *because* we were playing on Saturday. Mel brightened a bit. "Yeah, next year we'll play on *their* Sabbath, and then we'll see what happens."

A week later, Mel was considerably more cheerful. His law practice had taken him to Washington, where he had watched a number of young Negro players on that city's public courts. "You ought to see them," he marveled. "It's a new game to them, but they're going to change it. WASP power in tennis is on the way out!"

Once in a very great while, a Negro plays on the Seaview courts. Seaview is not exclusionary, and a Negro family lives there, but word hasn't gotten out yet to black communities that those among them who can afford a summer at Seaview will find no gate. Of course, no one from Seaview has been actively spreading the word. Anyway, I remember one Negro visitor who came on court in an impeccable tennis outfit. His manners, moreover, would have made the Point O' Woods players appear a bit coarse by comparison. He played strongly but rather stiffly until he lost three points in a row by smashing easy shots into the net. At the third, he glared at the net, barked "You mother!", and seemed to have a more relaxed time for the rest of the hour. He turned out to be quite skillful, and thinking of what Mel had said, I daydreamed a decade ahead to a decidedly integrated Seaview team in tournament with Point O' Woods.

But where is the joy of tennis in this kaleidoscope of ferocity in the thin clothing of good manners?

The joy begins with the first serve. Except for such rare confrontations as that of Seaview and Point O' Woods, the external divisions of the world outside do disappear once the game is under way.

But you cannot escape bringing yourself, as you have been shaped in and by the world, into the game, and those who suffer themselves badly in their offices or homes are not newly remade once the ball is in the air. But except for the masochists and the compulsives and the entirely too gentlemanly, most of even the hung-up can unwind to some extent on a court. And those who are the least fearful of detonating and enjoying their aggressions have an extraordinarily buoyant time indeed, so euphoric that as their skills become more refined, they keep returning to the courts through their fifties and sixties, and in the case of Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black, into their eighties. I know one such man, close to seventy. He no longer speeds about, to be sure, but by now a master of timing, he waits for the moment and can still smash a winning point across with fierce satisfaction.

I have not yet focused on another durable and deepening pleasure in a game that can be played in middle age and beyond. Most of us do not come to regard our bodies as instruments of grace. Some might have in their dancing years, and others as teen-age shortstops; but as the body thickens and is less in motion, except as mechanical routines dictate, the pride one takes in the plasticity and capacity of the body usually becomes decidedly attenuated.

At least mine did. I had played baseball and a little tennis until my late teens. And then no sport until I was thirty-four. By that time my muscles had all the tone of those of a bear in deepest winter. I had become a lump. It wasn't so much a matter of weight as the habit of stasis. I lumbered rather than walked, sat heavily and sat long. I was the *moyen* American burgher.

Resuming tennis after some sixteen years, I did not soon become a lithe teen-ager again. But there were aches of awakening, and gradually less of a conviction that physical languor had become my chronic condition. And most miraculous of all, there came again the ability to develop and control physical skills. Learning how to stroke a ball has given me as much pleasure in its way as learning how to construct a novel. Being able to jump high — and effectively — at the net after all these earthbound years is like discovering a submerged continent. Perfecting the high-speed placement of a serve became even more enticing and absorbing last summer than finishing that novel. And intensifying this delight at unexpected self-discovery is the expectation at forty-one of at least a couple decades more of experiencing my body as, if not an instrument of grace, at least an instrument with more than half an octave.

There is, to be sure, as psychiatrist Roy Whitman declares, more than a touch of homicide in tennis, but there is also a quickening of life in the pursuit and pleasure of the game. Certainly more kinetic life than I had thought myself still capable of. I'm too old for LSD, and I wonder what would have become of me had it not been for tennis. Tim Leary has his religion, and now I have mine. Tennis Power! Better health through murder. And the corpses can so easily be replaced in cans of three.

Soon my sons will be old enough to start to learn. A Hentoff at Forest Hills! At Wimbledon! Vicarious Tennis Power! But, Dr. Whitman warns, those tennis players who are taught by their fathers achieve a sense of murderous satisfaction by decisively defeating the old boys once they have surpassed their fathers' ability. This will come as no surprise to me. I have read *The Golden Bough*. But grant me life at least until my sons play Point O' Woods.

Maybe Later It Will Come Back To My Mind

An Atlantic "First" by Shirley Faessler

Thirty years. Summer love. Myer Layevsky's business: A dollar down and a dollar when you catch me. Sunset in the old people's home. All this and more come warmly together in this first published story by Miss Faessler of Toronto, Canada. Besides writing, she presides over a rooming house for actors.

LADY! Lady!" An old man in a wheelchair at the far end of the corridor was beckoning me. I was standing at the elevator preoccupied with thoughts of my father, whom I was visiting at the Jewish Home for the Aged, and had not noticed the old man before. I took my finger from the Up button and went to him.

"Good morning," he said, adjusting his yarmulka. "You got somebody here?"

"My father," I said.

"Where is he?"

"On the fifth floor."

"That's in the hospital part, no?"

"Yes. He's recovering from an operation. And I've only got time for a short visit with him," I added warily. I had been trapped so often before. I had been prevailed on to make calls to delinquent sons, daughters, grandchildren; I had made trips to the kitchen with complaints about the menu; I had been asked to rustle up a doctor for somebody, a nurse, an orderly — and I was bound this morning not to become involved as I had only a short time to spend with my father.

The elevator came to the floor. "Excuse me," I said. "My father's waiting for me."

"So he'll wait a little minute," he said. "I want you should do me a little favor first."

"If I can, and providing it doesn't take too long."

Instead of saying what he wanted of me, he kept me waiting — quite deliberately, I could tell. He kept me waiting while he searched his pockets, brought out a match, struck it on his chair, and held the flame to his stump of a cigar. Even after he got it going, he sat puffing away and slapping at the ashes on his vest.

A second elevator came to the floor. I was disposed to leave him, and took a few steps toward it.

"Wait a minute," he said. "What are you in such

a hurry? Your father wouldn't run away. All I want is you shall take me out in the garden." He cocked an eye at me. "Easy, no?"

I looked at the old man, taking him into account for the first time. During visits to my father I had encountered dozens of old men in wheelchairs, also old ladies in wheelchairs. I had spent the time of day with them in hallways, in sitting rooms, and had done errands for many of them. I had been thanked, excessively so, for a trifling service like addressing an envelope. For making a telephone call I had been blessed. But this man — there was something odd about him. I had never been addressed with such peremptoriness, such lack of regard for my own affairs. There was something about him that took me back. Where had I seen him? I looked at the old man, studying him. Broad face, heavy-lidded eyes, hooked nose, thick torso, and short legs, his feet barely reaching the footrest of his chair.

"What are you looking?" he said, bringing me up short. "You never saw an old man before? Go behind better, and give me a little push," he said in Yiddish. "The Messiah will come first before I'll come out in the garden."

Ah, now I had it! Now I knew who he was!

"Is your name Layevsky? Myer Layevsky?"

He closed an eye at me. "How did you know?"

"I used to work for you. A long time ago, about thirty years ago. I was your office lady; my name was Miss Rotstein. I worked for you nine months, and you fired me. Do you remember me?"

He wagged his big head. "From this I shall remember you? God willing I shall have so many years left how many girls I fired. So I fired you. On this account you wouldn't take me out in the garden?"

"Oh, don't be —" I was about to say don't be

silly. Fancy saying don't be silly to Myer Layevsky.

I wheeled him to the lobby, and once outside the glass portals, carefully down the ramp.

"How's your son?" I asked.

He turned full face to me. "My Israel? A very important man," he said, giving equal emphasis to each word. "A very big doctor in the States."

"And Mrs. Layevsky, how's she?"

He turned, facing front. "Dead. A healthy woman crippled by arthritis. Ten years younger than me. I always had in my mind the *Molochamovis* will come for me first, but it turned out different. Take me over there by the big tree."

I settled him by the big tree. "And you don't remember me? I was only sixteen, and now I'm a married woman with two grown children, so I must have changed a lot. But you should remember me. You gave me a week's holiday; I took an extra few days, and when I came back, you had another girl in my place. Now do you remember?"

"Ask me riddles," he said, again in Yiddish. "Do me a favor and go to your father," he said, using the familiar thou instead of the formal you, with which he had first addressed me. "Maybe later it will come back to my mind."

My father was in the armchair beside his bed, reading a newspaper. "Pa! You'll never guess who I saw downstairs. Remember Myer Layevsky, the man I used to work for?"

My father removed his eyeglasses. "I remember him very well. And also how you hid under the bed from him when he came to find out why you didn't come in to work one morning. Correct?"

My father had it wrong. He was confusing Myer Layevsky with Mr. Teitlbaum, the comforter manufacturer, from whom I *had* hidden under the bed.

"You've got it wrong, Pa," I said. "You're thinking of Teitlbaum, the comforter manufacturer. But how did you know I hid under the bed? Ma swore she wouldn't tell you."

"Maybe a little bird told me," he said. "Now I remember. It seems to me you got another job that summer. Correct?"

"That's right. For a toy factory, remember? Three days after I quit Imperial Comforters I went to work for a toy factory, in the Kewpie Doll section. I wanted to stay on, but you wouldn't let me. You made me go back to commercial school. But I went only six weeks of my second term, and you let me quit. *Then* I went to work for Layevsky, the man I saw downstairs —"

"I let you quit Commercial? This I don't remember, but if you say so, maybe you remember better." He sighed reminiscently. "You always had your own way with me. Whatever you wanted you accomplished."

Like fun I'd always had my own way with him.

For one thing, I never wanted to go to Commercial. My plan, after being passed out of Grade VIII, King Edward School, was to go with my best girlfriend, Lizzie Stitsky, to Harbord Collegiate, but my father wouldn't cough up the money for books. So I had to go instead to commercial school, where the books were free and the course took only two years. I loathed the sight of that dismal building, the dreary classroom, the drabs I was thrown in with, and went every morning five days a week with a resentful, heavy heart, and my lunch in a paper bag.

Sure, he let me quit Commercial after only six weeks of my second term, but not through any understanding on his part, or sympathy: I swung him around through a trick, a bit of chicanery.

EVERYTHING had gone wrong for me that Monday of my seventh week. I had gone to bed the night before with a bag of hot salt pressed against my cheek to ease a toothache, and Monday morning after a troubled night's sleep my cheek was inflamed. When the noon bell rang, I was as miserable as I had ever been in my life. When I tried to get at my lunch, my desk drawer was jammed. Propping my feet against the legs of the desk, I gave the drawer a terrific yank. It shot out suddenly, knocking me back and landing overturned in my lap. Everything spilled to the floor, pencils, pads, erasers, books. I scrambled around collecting my things, and returning them to the drawer, noticed a man's handkerchief, dirty, clotted, and stuck in the right-hand corner. I had never got the drawer more than partially open before, so it must have been there all these weeks side by side with my lunch. My tooth began to ache again. I fled the room, and that night at supper, screwed up enough courage to tell my father I would not be returning to Commercial.

He reared. "Why?" he wanted to know.

"Because I found something in my desk."

"What did you find?"

I made no answer; I knew under cross-examination my case would be lost. He insisted on knowing; he kept badgering me. "A dead mouse?"

"Worse."

"What worse?" he persisted, getting angry.

"Don't ask me, Pa." And on the inspiration of the moment, I turned my inflamed cheek to him and said, "I'm ashamed to talk about it."

And my father, sensing that the object had something to do with sex, stopped questioning me. I had won. I knew he'd never let me quit on account of a dirty hankie in my desk.

A week later, through an ad in the paper reading Girl Wanted, Easy Work, Easy Hours, Good Pay,

I went to work for Myer Layevsky. Myer Layevsky was sitting in a swivel chair at a cluttered rolltop desk in his two-by-four office when I came to be interviewed for the job. His hat was on the back of his head, and in his mouth a dead cigar. He swiveled around, and closing one eye, inspected me with the open one.

"You're a Jewish girl, no?"

"Yes."

"I had already a few people looking for the job, but I didn't made up my mind yet." He pointed to a beat-up typewriter. "You know how to typewrite?"

"Yes."

"So if I'll give you a letter, you'll be able to take down?" He rooted around the desk and came up with several lots of file cards, each bound with a rubber band. "Customers," he said. "I sell goods on time. You heard about that joke a dollar down and a dollar when you ketch me? This is my business."

He extracted one lot of cards and put them aside. "Deadbeats," he said, screwing both eyes shut and shaking his head. "Deadbeats. From this bunch nobody comes in to pay. I have to collect myself. Sometimes I even have to go and pull back the goods, so this bunch you can forget about." He went on to the other cards. "This bunch is something difference," he said fondly. "Good customers, honest people which they come in regular with a payment. So this is what you shall do. A customer comes in the office with a payment? First you'll take the money. Next you'll find out the name. Then you'll make a receipt, mark down on the card the payment, and keep up to date the balance." He struck a match on the desk and put it to his cigar. "Easy, no?"

"Another thing which I didn't mention it yet," he said. "Sometimes it happens a cash customer falls in the office for a pair sheets, a pair towels, a little rug, a lace panel, something — so come in the back, I'll show you my stockroom."

I was taken by surprise when he stood up, to see how short he was. Sitting, he looked like a giant of a man. But the bulk of him was all in his torso; his legs were short and bowed, and he stood barely over five feet, and loping in baggy pants to the stockroom, he looked like a comic mimicking someone's walk.

Except for a conglomeration of stuff piled in a corner of the stockroom, everything was in order, price-tagged, and easy to get at.

"This mishmush," he said, indicating the heaped-up pile, "is pulled goods from deadbeats which they didn't pay. So if a poor woman comes in the office with cash money for a pair secondhand sheets, a pair secondhand towels, a lace panel, something, let her pick out and give her for lest than regular

price. Give her for half. A really poor woman, give her for a little lest than half."

Right away I panicked. "How will I know a real poor woman from only a poor one?"

"You got a pair eyes, no?" He snapped off the overhead light. "So that's all. You'll come in tomorrow half past eight."

"An office job," said Ma when I gave her my news. "Wait till Pa hears."

When Pa heard, the first thing he said was, "How much a week?"

"I forgot to ask, Pa."

"Very smart. The first thing you do," he lectured me, "is to ask how much. If he mentions a figure not satisfactory, you ask for more. The way you handled, you'll have to take whatever he gives. But it's not too late yet. You didn't sign no contract, so tomorrow before you'll even sit down or take off your coat, you'll ask him."

You'd think, to hear my father, that he was the cagey one, the astute bargainer. All his years a loyal slavey he had worked his heart out for peanuts, protecting the boss's interest, saving him a dollar. Only the year before, my father had been out of work, and things were so desperate in the house with no money for food or rent that he went finally (and at the cost of his pride) to Iscovitz, one of his rich Rumanian connections who owned a tobacco factory. Iscovitz had nothing to offer my father except a job as night watchman.

"I've got a man already, an old *cukker* half blind, half deaf. I'll let him go, Avrom Mendl, and give you the job."

My father refused; he wouldn't take another man's job; but Iscovitz argued he needed a younger man, would have to let the old man go eventually — so my father came in as second night watchman. The old man ducked for cover when the heist took place, but not my father. Unarmed, he stood up to the thugs, and was cracked over the head for it.

He lay in bed three weeks with a bandaged head and fractured shoulder.

A few days after the foiled stickup a basket of fruit came to the house with a card from Iscovitz, and one night the millionaire Iscovitz himself came to visit. "Take your time, Avrom Mendl, and don't worry. I don't want to see you in my place till you're better," he admonished my father, then came to the kitchen seeking my mother.

"He's a wonderful man," he said in Yiddish, and slipped her an envelope with a month's pay in it.

When I came to work, Myer Layevsky was out front loading his car. He blinked an eye at me, and I passed through to the office. Doing my father's bidding, I stood without removing my coat or sitting down. It took him a while to complete loading, and lugging goods through the office to the car he passed me several times, never

once looking at me. This made me very nervous. Finally the car was loaded, and Layevsky came back. He straightened his hat and put a match to his cigar. "So I'll go now. You didn't brought a lunch?"

"I thought I'd go home," I said. "I live only ten minutes from here."

"Next time bring something to eat. I don't like the office shall be left alone. A customer comes in to pay and they find a closed office, they have an excuse to put off. Even a good customer will take advantage. Take off your coat and come in the back; I'll show you a hanger."

He was back at the door, and I hadn't got up nerve to ask about my pay. "Mr. Layevsky? I forgot to ask you yesterday. We haven't settled yet —"

"I had in my mind to pay ten," he said, "but I need a Jewish girl in my business, so you I'll give twelve."

It was late in October when I came to work for Layevsky, and during the winter months I had to keep my coat on, it was so cold in the office. There was a hot-air register behind the door at the entrance to the stockroom, with hardly any heat coming through, and I used to stand on it stamping my feet, which were icy by midday.

"I'll tell a few words to the janitor," Layevsky kept promising, and one morning before the day's peddling, he did go down to the basement. There was a great rumbling below, and in a few minutes a rush of smoke came shooting through the register. Layevsky came back and stood over the register, rubbing his hands.

"You wouldn't be so cold no more," he said. "Comes up a little bit heat now, no?"

"You mean smoke," I said.

He blinked an eye at me. "So she *has* a little sense," he said in Yiddish.

THERE wasn't enough work to keep me busy, and in the beginning I sat banging away at the old typewriter, getting up speed against the day he'd give me dictation. But I soon got bored with that, and one morning came to work with a book.

Layevsky spotted it immediately. "No, no, no," he said, wagging his head. "Don't bring no more a book to the office. It's not nice a customer comes in and the girl sits with a book."

"But there isn't enough work here to keep me busy," I protested.

"Who said? In an office you can always find something to do. Check over the cards; it wouldn't hurt." I took my coat to the stockroom, smoldering.

"Come here, my book lady," he called.

Hunched over the desk with knees bent and arms locked behind his back, he was peering at some

cards he had fanned out, his nose almost touching, ashes dropping all over the place.

"Pick out Mrs. Oxenberg's card," he said.

I pointed to it.

"Pick it up, it wouldn't bite you. Now take a look."

I knew the cards were in order, but to satisfy him I glimpsed it briefly and returned it to the desk. "There's nothing wrong with this card."

"Look again," he said, thrusting it under my nose.

I resisted an impulse to slap it out of his hand, and turned my head away instead.

"Mrs. Oxenberg," he mused, "a good customer. I only wish I had more customers like that." Suddenly he slapped the card down, and with his nicotine finger, pointed to the last entry on it. "When did she made the last payment?"

"October twelfth," I said, "but that's before I was here."

"And today is already middle November, no? You can't see from the card that up till now she came in regular every week with a payment, and now it's a whole month she didn't come in? This you didn't notice? Maybe she's sick. Maybe she died, God forbid. Pick up the phone, find out. Attend better to my business, and you wouldn't find time to read a book in the office."

The first three weeks I worked for Layevsky he used to come back from the day's peddling before five. I would vacate the swivel chair, and he would sit down to check the day's take. No matter how much the amount varied, "That's all you took in today?" he'd ask. I took it as a joke at first, a pleasantry between us, but when I got to dislike the man, I resented it. "As if I were a salesgirl," I muttered once. "Or even a thief."

"What did you said?"

"Nothing." I had a feeling as I went to the door that he was laughing at me, but I did not look back to see.

After I'd been there a month he started coming back later each day; it was seldom before six now when he returned, and I'd stand peering through the office window looking for the car.

One night he didn't get back till seven, nor had he telephoned. Cold and hungry, I was standing on the register, and through the half-open stockroom door, saw him as he came in. He took a one-eyed look around. Lights on, no one in the office. He came loping to the stockroom.

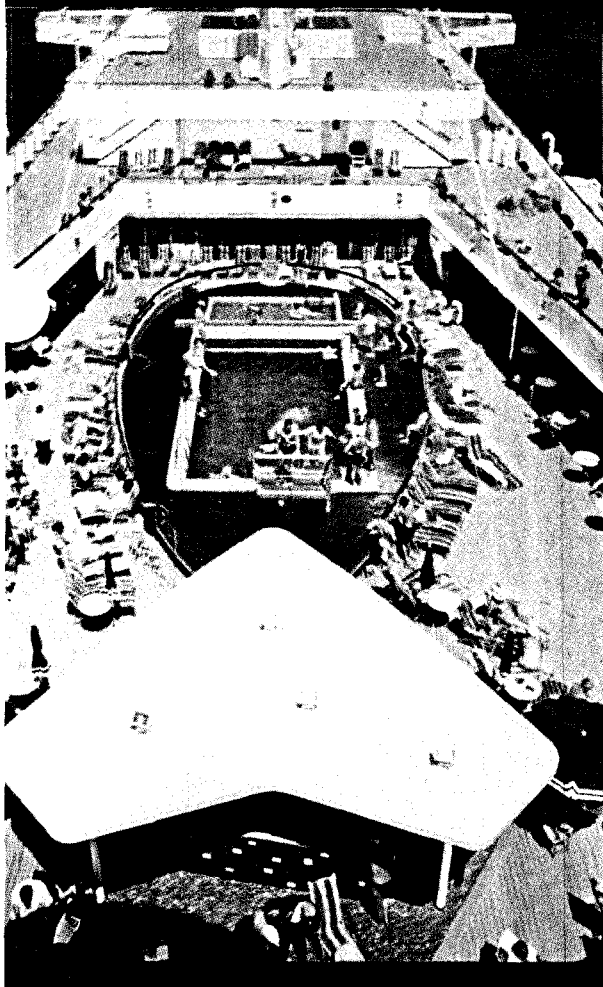
"You're still here?"

I was incensed, indignant to the point of tears. "You speak as if I'm a guest who's overstayed her welcome." I swept by him; he followed me to the office.

"I speak like a what?"

I took my handbag from the desk. He followed me to the door.

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"No, earnest," he said in Yiddish. "I speak like a *what?* Tell me." His manner was concerned, solicitous even, but I felt he was mocking me.

"Never mind," I said. This time I did look back, and saw him laughing at me.

One day a month was given over to repossessing merchandise from deadbeats. "Today I am pulling," he would say grimly; "give me the deadbeats." Deadbeat — the word was anathema to him. He couldn't say it without screwing both eyes shut. He would return at day's end, and through the office window I'd see him yanking piece by piece from the car, loading his shoulders. Draped like an Eastern merchant escaped from a bazaar holocaust, he loped from office to stockroom, muttering. "Deadbeat. You can't afford? Don't buy. I don't go in with a gun to nobody. *Chutzpah*. When it comes to take advantage, everybody knows where to find Myer Layevsky."

One day he was muttering, mulling this over, the injustice of it, the grievance to himself, when the telephone rang. I took the phone. It was Mrs. Greenberg, a good customer, an honest woman. Where's that tablecloth? she wanted to know, the one she ordered three days ago.

"It's Mrs. Greenberg," I said, my hand over the mouthpiece. "About that tablecloth, style 902 with the lace border? I told you about it —" He took the receiver from me. "Hello. Who? Oh, Mrs. Greenberg, what can I do for the lady? What tablecloth, when tablecloth? Who did you gave the message? Oh, my office lady," he said, swiveling around so that his back was to me. "You'll have to excuse. She's a young girl, she thinks about boys. Next time if you need something in a hurry, better speak to me."

I wanted to knock his hat off, grab the cigar from his mouth, and jump on it.

Despite having been forbidden to bring books to the office, I kept sneaking them in under my coat, and one morning, caught up in *Of Human Bondage*, I didn't hear the door. I jumped as if I'd been surprised in a criminal act; I put the book out of sight as if it were a bottle. Standing before me was a blond young man, tall, thin, with a pointed nose and white eyelashes. An albino.

"Is my dad here?" he asked. "I'm Israel Layevsky, Mr. Layevsky's son."

I told him his father would not be back before five, and loping like his old man, he went to the door. "Tell my dad I was here. And also that I came first in my class."

"Your son was here," I reported to Layevsky. "He asked me to tell you he came first in his class."

A smile came over Layevsky's face, breaking it wide open. All of a sudden he jumped up, clicked his heels together, and in baggy pants began a little dance in the office, clapping his hands. For a

minute I thought he was going to ask me to partner him. He left off as suddenly as he began, and sank to the swivel chair puffing, fanning himself with his hat. "Twenty years old and going through for a doctor already since seventeen. So better don't make eyes on him," he said, wagging a roguish finger at me, "because it wouldn't help you nothing. I'm looking for a rich daughter-in-law."

ONE Friday the second week in July Myer Layevsky said, "How long do you work here now, nine months, no?"

About that, I said.

He blinked an eye at me. "You feel you're entitled to a holiday?" He handed me a roll of single dollar bills. "Count over, you'll find two weeks' pay. You don't work so hard in my place you need a holiday, but I close up anyway the office a week in July to take my missus to the country."

A holiday! The idea was thrilling. Except for day excursions to Hanlan's Point or Center Island with Lizzie Stitsky, I had never been anywhere.

"So where will you go?" my father asked when I told him about the holiday.

"I don't know, Pa. I'll look in the paper under Summer Resorts."

"Don't look in the paper because I wouldn't let you go just anyplace, a young girl, and fall in the wrong hands."

I began boo-hooing, the disappointment was so keen, and ran to the room I shared with my sister, Gertie, slamming the door shut. I heard him in the kitchen talking it over with Ma, but as to what was being said, nothing. I heard him go to the telephone in the hall, but he spoke into the mouthpiece, keeping his voice down. He then came to the door. "Come out, my prima donna, and we'll talk about the holiday."

"Don't bother," I said, "I'm not interested anymore."

"So what did I spend money on a long distance call to Mrs. Rycus?"

Mrs. Rycus, another one of my father's Rumanian connections, was a widow who had a small hotel in Huntsville and took lodgers during the summer months, mostly Rumanians.

"Poor woman," Pa said anytime he spoke of her. "Lived like a duchess in Focsani; now it's all she can do to keep a head over water."

My sister, Gertie, came home from work. She went to the kitchen, then came to the room we shared. "Pa says you're going to Huntsville? Mrs. Rycus says she can take you, but you'll have to share a room with the cook and maybe help out in the kitchen."

"That's great," I said.

"Why, what's wrong with that?" my sister said. "At least you'll be out in the country, and that's something, isn't it?"

"Have you got a bathing suit?" my father asked me at supper. "Mrs. Rycus said you'll need one."

"You mean an apron," I said, and my father flared up.

"Don't be so smart. I can still phone Mrs. Rycus and cancel."

My mother winked at me to keep quiet and not ruin my chance of a holiday.

First thing Saturday morning I went to Eaton's, and in the bargain basement equipped myself with a few assorted summer items, including a bathing suit, and Monday morning my father put me on the train for Huntsville. He fussed about securing me a window seat, then fussed again about whether it would be best to put my case on the rack or at my feet. The conductor called *All Aboard*, and my father unexpectedly leaned down to kiss me. His kiss, embarrassing both of us, landed on my ear. Through the window I saw him on the platform.

"Don't forget what I told you," he was saying.

I was to be met by Mrs. Rycus' truck driver, Bill Thompson. "You'll wait till a man approaches you. Don't you mention the name first," my father had warned me. "If he says Bill Thompson, you'll get in the truck with him. Have a good time," my father called, and as we pulled out, he raised his hat to me!

The station emptied quickly at Huntsville. I waited ten minutes, and the only living soul to show up was a good-looking boy, about twenty, who positioned himself inside the door, giving me the once-over. Could this be Bill Thompson? I was expecting an old man. Forgetting my father's warning, I jumped from the bench. "Is your name Bill Thompson?" "That's right," he said, and I got in the truck with him. We drove four miles to the hotel, the truck driver all the while stealing flirtatious glances at me as I sat puffing away on the cigarette he had given me. My father, fearful I might fall into wrong hands under Summer Resorts, should have seen this!

MRS. RYCUS, a lot shorter and grayer than I remembered, was on the hotel veranda to greet me. "Sura Rivka." She smiled, giving me my Jewish name, and stubbing out her cigarette, came slowly forward on swollen legs to embrace me. "Come, we'll go in the garden for tea," she said in an accent as thick as my father's. "Bill, take her suitcase up to Mrs. Schwartz's room," and the truck driver, picking it up, gave me a wink.

Sitting at café tables in the garden were about

a dozen ladies, all in brightly colored dresses, some with straw hats on their heads, others with kerchiefs.

Mrs. Rycus clapped for attention. "I have a surprise for you," she said, putting her arm around my waist. "This lovely girl is Avrom Mendl's daughter."

A fluster and flurry ensued at all tables. There were cries of *No!* I don't believe it! So big!

Mrs. Rycus whispered, "Don't be shy, darling. These are all Daddy's friends." Piloted by Mrs. Rycus, I was taken from table to table, each lady in turn kissing and complimenting me. I had never been called *darling*, or kissed so much in my life. One lady, a Mrs. Ionescu, wouldn't let go of me. "Sit by me, darling," she coaxed, as the tea trolley was wheeled in by a maid. The trolley contained such a variety of things, I couldn't take them all in at a glance. Sandwiches, small sausages, black olives, fruit, iced cakes, cream buns. I pointed to a cream bun, and the maid put it on my plate.

"Tea or coffee?" she asked.

"Tea, please."

"Milk or lemon?"

"Milk, please."

Wasn't this thrilling! I was with real quality now, classier by far than anything I had read about in books. I wondered if I should have said *please* to the maid. I had said it twice — maybe even once was *infra dig*?

"What grade are you in school?" I was asked by a Mrs. Kayserling.

"I'm not in school anymore. I'm working."

"Clever girl," she said. "What kind of work?"

I had got over my initial shyness and felt at ease now, on top of everything. Incurable showoff, I rattled away like one o'clock. "Oh, at a sort of bookkeeping job. I work for a Myer Layevsky, a very funny man. He sells goods on time."

"Goods?" another lady asked.

"Yes. Sheets, towels, blankets, Axminster rugs, and lace panels. He calls it goods."

"On time?" another lady asked.

"Yes. To poor people," I said, offhandedly dismissing the poor as if my only connection with them were through my job. "It's a dollar down and a dollar when you ketch me." I loped across the lawn imitating Myer Layevsky. I blinked an eye at the assembled company. "That's all the money you took in today?" And they fell about.

After tea the ladies retired for a siesta, and I went up to the cook's room to unpack. Dinner was not till eight, and it was now only six — was I expected to help? I went downstairs and located the kitchen. Mrs. Rycus was at the stove beside a fat lady in an apron, a waitress was putting *hors d'oeuvres* on a tray, and Bill, in a far corner of the kitchen, was emptying a garbage container.

"Mrs. Schwartz, this is Sura Rivka, the daughter

of a very dear friend, and for the next week your room companion," said Mrs. Rycus, introducing me to the fat lady in an apron. She then introduced me to Leona, the waitress.

"What can I do?" I asked Mrs. Rycus. "My father said I was to give you a hand in the kitchen —"

"Certainly not," she said. "That was Daddy's suggestion, not mine." Nothing was expected of me except I come to the kitchen in the morning and get my own breakfast. "The dining room does not open till one," she said. "The ladies don't come down to breakfast; they take a cup of hot chocolate and a biscuit or something like that in their rooms. I'm short a waitress, so if you don't mind to give Leona a hand with the trays, I would appreciate it. But only if you like, darling; otherwise, Leona can manage herself. Meantime, go for a little walk to the beach, it's very pretty there. Bill, take the garbage to the incinerator, then show her where the beach is."

It was a fifteen-minute walk to the beach, Bill flirting with me all the way, and by the time we got there I was in love with the good-looking truck driver, head over heels.

At dinner that night I was seated with Mrs. Kayserling and her husband, Aaron, who had come for a few days in the country. I came to the dining room hungry as a bear, but when I saw the array of silver at my place I was dismayed, appalled, my appetite left me. "When I was your age I could eat an ox," Mrs. Kayserling chided me. I made out that I had a very small appetite, so small it caused my father worry sometimes. After dinner we went to the lounge for coffee, and I sat listening to nostalgic talk of Rumania. Wonderful stories, and told for my benefit, I expect, as my father was featured in most of them. Tales of escapades, derring-do. My father? Fabulous stories, fascinating to listen to — but in the end had the effect of sending me to bed unhappy, depressed. In Focsani my father had been on easy terms with these people, on equal footing with them. What a contrast now between their way of living and ours. He, so far as I knew, was the only failure of the Focsani émigrés, the only pauper.

But I was up early next morning, happy again, restored. What was the matter with me? I was holidaying in the country, *and* in love. After breakfast I helped Leona with the trays, then went to the beach in my new bathing suit. I had not been there ten minutes when Bill Thompson arrived. "Mrs. Rycus sent me. I'm supposed to keep an eye on you," he said, ogling me. On the way back I let him kiss me, and remembering my first kiss, could not for the rest of the day fix my attention on anything.

Wednesday morning at trays Leona was not at

all friendly. Was she in love with Bill too? Later in the day I went to market with Bill and the cook, and sat between them in the cab, thrilled at the truck driver's proximity. Thursday morning Bill told me he and Leona were going to town that night for a movie. "See if Mrs. Rycus will let you come too," he said.

"Go, darling," Mrs. Rycus said, "there is nothing here for you to do."

Bill sat between us, and in the dark of the cinema, held my hand all through *Catherine the Great* with Elizabeth Bergner.

What a wonderful week. The excitement of being in love, the secrecy, the preoccupation, the thrall-dom of it. The ruses I contrived to meet my love at the incinerator for a few minutes before dinner, and again after dinner for walks along the country road . . . But the inevitable Sunday arrived. The holiday was over. I was to leave by the six o'clock train. I took my things from the cook's closet, snuffling over my open case. To go back to my dreary home, my miserable job, and never again to see Bill. He had said something about getting work in Toronto, but I knew for sure I'd lose him to Leona, who was prettier than me, and older.

Mrs. Rycus came to the room. "I shall miss you, darling. It's such a pity you have to go back to the hot city. Wait," she said, "I have an idea. Leave everything. Go down and phone your Mr. Layevsky. Ask him to let you stay another week. It won't cost him anything; you'll stay as my guest."

I was so nervous when Layevsky's voice came over the long distance wire I had to make my request a second time before he understood me.

"It won't cost you anything, Mr. Layevsky. I don't expect to get paid."

"So what can I complain? Stay long as you like," he said, and hung up. That worried me, I didn't like the sound of it — but surely that was only Layevsky's way? He would have ordered me back if he didn't want me to stay.

I managed to get word to Bill. I told him at the incinerator I was staying another week, and again that night after dinner I excused myself from the lounge on the pretense of going up to bed, then sneaked down the back staircase to meet him.

MONDAY morning Leona handed me Mrs. Rycus' tray. "She wants you to bring it," she said.

I knocked, Mrs. Rycus called "Come," and I brought the tray to her.

"Sit down a minute, Sura Rivka," Mrs. Rycus said, and I took the chair beside her bed. She put her cigarette in a holder, smiled at me, and began. "You're a big girl, a young lady now, and I would not presume to lecture you, but as I am such a

close friend to Daddy you won't take offense? Bill is a nice boy, but just a boy from the village. Common. He is not for you, darling, and I don't like for you to be so much with him. You understand what I mean?"

I wanted the floor to open up. I wanted to drop out of sight never again to be seen by Mrs. Rycus. I reached forward almost toppling the hot chocolate in her lap.

"Yes, of course I understand. You don't want me to go to the market with him anymore —"

"To the market is all right, and to the pictures if Leona goes too is all right. But at night alone with him for a walk? No, darling, this worries me."

So she had known all along. I could die for shame. Talking so cleverly in front of the ladies, then sneaking down the back staircase for hugs and kisses with the truck driver.

I went to the cook's room and stayed there, ignoring the one o'clock signal for lunch. Mrs. Rycus came up to fetch me.

"I want to go home," I bawled.

"Darling," she said, embracing me. "I could bite my tongue. You must excuse an old lady. Come down to lunch. Please, for my sake."

Next morning at her usual time she came to the kitchen with instructions for the cook. "Sura Rivka," she said, handing me a list. "If you don't mind to do me a favor, go with Bill to town. I need a few things from the drugstore, and he will not be able to attend to everything."

Bill, instead of continuing on the main road, turned sharply off onto a side road. "How come you stood me up last night? Are you playing hard to get?" He made a grab for me, and tried some fancy stuff. I slapped his hand. He lit a cigarette and backed the truck onto the main road again. "You Jewish girls are all alike," he said. "There's only one thing you're after, that wedding band."

Through the corner of my eye I studied his face as he drove sullenly to town. His head had assumed peculiar contours; it looked flat on top, something I had not noticed before. I was out of love. Leona was welcome to him. I had a longing suddenly to go home. To see my father, who had raised his hat to me in the station, to see my mother, and even my sister, Gertie. After lunch I sought out Mrs. Rycus. "Please, I want to go home on the six o'clock train. Not because of anything you said yesterday, honestly. It's just that I'm homesick."

"Darling," she said, "I understand what it is to be homesick."

Oh, I was glad to be on my way. I wouldn't have to think up funny stories to amuse the ladies at teatime. At home I didn't have to sing for my supper; I could be as glum as I pleased. My father might call me *prima donna*, my mother might ask if I'd got up on the wrong side of the bed.

Pa was at the station to meet me. "You had enough of the country?" he said, and we boarded a streetcar.

Next morning, apprehensive of my encounter with Layevsky, I put off going to work till nine o'clock. By nine he'd be on his way for the day's drumming, and I could let myself in with the office key. I arrived ten past nine and through the office window saw a girl sitting at the desk. She swiveled around as I entered. She was blond, with buck-teeth and eyeglasses. Definitely not a Jewish girl. I stammered, "Are you — is this —"

"This is Supreme Housefurnishings," she said briskly. "Did you want to see some merchandise?"

"No, no," I said, collecting my wits. "I used to work here, but I've got another job now." I put the key on the desk. "I always meant to return this, but with one thing and another —"

"Thank you," she said, and turned to the cards, dismissing me.

Deposed! Supplanted! It hit me like a stone.

My father had dozed off again. I roused him. "Pa!"

He excused himself again. "I had some pills this morning, it makes me very sleepy. We were talking about something — that man you saw downstairs."

"That's right. Myer Layevsky. He's the one that gave me a week's holiday, and I went to Mrs. Rycus in Huntsville, remember?"

"Oh, yes," said my father. "She was a wonderful woman, Mrs. Rycus. You know we grew up together in Focsani? In Rumania she lived like a duchess, but here she had a hard time to keep a head over water."

"I'll go now, Pa, and see you tomorrow."

My father held his hand out, and as was our custom except for the time he kissed me on the train, we shook hands on leave-taking.

Myer Layevsky was still under the big tree where I had settled him. He beckoned me, and I cut across the lawn.

"Didn't I told you maybe later it will come back to my mind?"

"Then you *do* remember," I said, exhilarated beyond all reason.

"I gave you a week off, but that wasn't enough for you. You made me a long distance call, no?"

"That's right. You know why I didn't want to come back? I fell in love that summer. With a *shaygitz*," I added mischievously.

That stopped him. He cocked an eye at me. "Did you married him?"

"No, I married a nice Jewish boy."

"Better," he said, nodding his head and chewing his dead cigar. "Better."

I had, in fact, married a nice gentile boy — but there was no need for Myer Layevsky to know that.



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Hoarseness or cough. 6. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing. 7. Change in a wart or mole.

If a signal lasts longer than two weeks, see your doctor without delay.

It makes sense to know the seven warning signals of cancer.

It makes sense to give to the American Cancer Society.



THE END OF THE MAHARAJAS

by Faye Levine

When India became a nation in 1947, its 600 maharajas lost their royal grandeur and position. Now, twenty years later, Miss Levine tells us how they and their families have fared, from serving in the Parliament to clerking in a Calcutta hotel.

THE maharajas are the forgotten men of India. For thousands of years they were the kings of the world, wielding the original despotic power from their peacock thrones, sitting in cloth of gold to watch their dancing girls, hunting tiger with elephant. But 1947, when the new India was born, was their *Götterdämmerung*. At a stroke of the pen, about 600 maharajas became obsolete, out of work, ordinary citizens in a democratic state.

Some fled to Europe or America to enjoy their wealth in an up-to-date manner. But most stayed. And the government of India did its best to keep everyone happy by offering a generous — some say exorbitant — financial compensation. The ex-rajas were granted an annual income equal to what they were getting when they were in power — many millions of dollars. Their sons were guaranteed half of this income, and their grandsons a quarter. So the maharajas are as rich as ever. Their palaces, their art treasures, and their animals are still intact. They have lost only their authority. Until twenty years ago they were absolute monarchs, reigning over islands of sovereignty within British India that ranged from territories the size of a few square blocks to Kashmir, which is twice as big as England. Now they reign nowhere, but have to depend on the democratic process for any office they want; their sons have to think of new ways to make a living. And if perhaps they are a little grateful when friends still call them Your Highness, it is because a psychological reorientation of this sort is not so easy.

Gwalior was the third richest princely state, powerful even though it was only a smallish kingdom, population about half a million. It was called “many-gunned,” a designation shared only with the princely states of Kashmir, Hyderabad, Mysore, and Baroda, and entitling its maharaja to full 21-gun salutes.

During the nationwide Army Rebellion of 1857, Gwalior’s king, Jivaji, made the decision — unlike the other important maharajas — to throw in his weight (100 elephants and 500 horses) on the side of the British. Had he not done so, it is possible that this first native uprising would have been successful, and independence would have come almost a century earlier. The British were grateful; in appreciation they helped him build a \$3 million home in the image of Buckingham Palace. With forced labor and true Oriental splendor, Jivaji put in a foundation that went down 40 feet, a solid gold roof strength-tested by his elephants, and the largest red chandelier and most expensive model train in the world.

Like most of India’s maharajas, Jivaji and his family, the Scindias, were Hindus of the warrior caste. They had swept up from the south in the eighteenth century, capturing Gwalior’s highly coveted 1000-year-old fortress, perched on a high plateau in the middle of wide plains and an insuperable military asset. In 1947 the dynasty was still well entrenched and powerful, with glorious memories of military victories.

The citizenry had pleasant memories as well. Grandparents in Gwalior could look back at the time when Queen Victoria, just crowned Empress of India, visited the city. And parents could dream of the wonderful triple wedding in the Summer Palace when, hardly ten years earlier, the reigning maharani had married into the family and two of her cousins had wed Scindia noblemen. The scandal stirred up by the fact that she was a Nepali and he a Maharashtrian, a frowned-upon intercommunity match and hence for love rather than convenience, had added to the magic of the

month of nuptial celebration: parades, fireworks, painted elephants, blazing costumes, gold, and jewels of the great court had spilled out into the town, which was sharing, briefly, its wealth and jubilation.

But independence meant the end of such things. Gwalior, like 600 other kingdoms, found itself suddenly part of a bureaucratic and secular state. Now it is quiet, an ordinary city of 400,000 people on the arid northern plains of India, 200 miles south of the capital. There hasn't been a parade since independence, only a few marching strikes by the workers in the textile factory. The sumptuous royal guesthouse has been converted into a national girl scout training center. Procession Avenue is deserted, and the palace is a public museum, admission thirty cents. The Summer Palace, where the triple wedding was held, has been made into a government girls' college, and the huge assembly rooms, once used for the rani's parties, are now hollow lecture halls. The other palaces have become movie theaters, office buildings, high schools.

But statues of the maharajas — Jivaji, Mahadur, another Jivaji, another Mahadur (one bearing the inscription "Ay, every inch a king!") — still stand in the main squares and inspire nostalgic chauvinism in the citizens of the town. For many the post-independence period is the time when prices quadrupled and life became more difficult in every way; when unjust personal rule and royal patronage were replaced by unjust impersonal rule and Congress Party patronage. The old glamour of Gwalior has faded, and people miss it. Some of Gwalior's intellectuals, a head of a college, a bookstore owner, feel that the man on the street is a secret royalist, that if he had the chance he would vote to reinstate the maharaja and secede from the government of India.

In the meantime, the people of Gwalior have overwhelmingly elected the Maharani, now a fifty-year-old widow, to the lower house of India's national legislature, making her one of about a dozen royal members of Parliament.

Most of Gwalior's townspeople feel themselves at an enormous distance from their Maharani socially, and they are eager to gape at her when she makes one of her occasional public appearances, such as at the temple on the god Krishna's birthday. But there are others who, though commoners, consider themselves a part of the old coterie. One is Mrs. Uma Kunzru, a friend of the Maharani's from their college days in Benares, and now a genial social butterfly who teaches girls Sanskrit for an hour a day. The Maharani is accessible to her old friends, up to a point, and so

in the company of Mrs. Kunzru I was granted an audience with Her Highness.

We went to the Small Palace, the only one of the Gwalior structures ever used these days by the Scindias; and even this stands empty most of the year while the Rani serves in Parliament in New Delhi or vacations in Bombay, Calcutta, or Benares. It was evening, and the turreted pink stucco castle looked like a Disney fantasy in the moonlight; the upper story and balconies were all carved into lacy grillwork.

Inside we climbed a huge and slippery marble stairway past lifesize dancing Sivas in gold, past jeweled peacocks, past enormous stuffed tigers rearing on their hind legs and snarling. Full wall mirrors followed us all the way up, and an army of butlers greeted us at the top. By the time I was seated in the Rani's drawing room sipping essence of rose and nibbling on cashews, I had decided that the Small Palace was not beautiful after all. Mixed in with the superb Rajput miniature paintings of maidens in gardens were china knickknacks — birds, animals, and cherubs of amusement park caliber; collections of seashells and rocks were scattered around, perhaps the work of a not-too-inspired royal child; and the decorative staples were stiff and unattractive group photographs and prints of sentimental Western paintings.

The Maharani's face and neck were fat, but her body was small and thin, and her bearing was awkward. She spoke in a rapid, high voice, racing on compulsively without waiting for questions or tolerating a moment's interruption. All the time she was speaking to us she fiddled with the end of her delicate white lace sari, pulling it up over her head in the Indian gesture of female modesty, and then pushing it off again.

Although she had been in Parliament for five years, the Maharani's political ideas were vague. She thought that the best way to solve India's urgent food problem was to cut down on government controls and give the entrepreneurs more freedom, counting on their "good sense and goodwill" to eliminate hoarding and black marketeering. She was opposed to India's having an atom bomb, but was vehement about the need for military defense. She favored neutralism and nonalignment, but with the proviso that America would protect India from an invasion by the Chinese (whom she described playfully as "ants").

She didn't really like Parliament, she said, for they were too "mechanical," always worrying about things like finance, corruption, and Kashmir, which basically didn't interest her; always "getting things done" instead of "thinking about the human element." And so, by her own report, she spent a good amount of time escaping parliamentary

politics with little naps in the Parliament ladies' room.

Maharani Vijaya Raje Scindia most enjoyed talking about the days before independence. She recalled the time "we found a tiger near the guesthouse." A servant telephoned the Main Palace to report it, and, the Maharaja being away from home at the time, the Maharani answered and at first did not believe the servant. Not until he became incoherent with fright did the Rani order her men out for the kill. They got an elephant from the stables and trapped the beast in the traditional manner. "We had ten or twelve elephants then, and another five or six down in Dubra pushing the freight cars on the sugar plantation. Now we have only four."

Two of the Gwalior elephants were currently pushing sugar cars, she explained, under the management of an old British overseer who hated the filthy beasts. The two others were for her son, who enjoyed a little tiger hunting at home on his vacations from Oxford. "The young Maharaja," as he was called, bagged his first tiger when he was fifteen, and in the years since then had caught a half dozen more. His proudest trophy, though, was a rhinoceros, an animal his father had never brought down.

"Oh, but the old days were good," began the Maharani suddenly. "We had so much to do then! It was wonderful, remember?" And she turned to her friend Mrs. Kunzru, who had been paying scant attention to the political talk but at this point perked up.

"All the women were in purdah," the Rani said happily, referring to the Indian custom of secluding women from men and the public. "We all stayed together," she said, pulling her sari energetically over her head and forehead, "and the men got so jealous! We used to come back home two, three, even four o'clock at night! Remember?" Mrs. Kunzru broke out into a flurry of giggles, nodding enthusiastic agreement. "Oh, yes, yes! It was wonderful!"

"It was a women's club we had then, a lovely women's club," the Maharani explained to me. "Starting right after I was married. We did so many things together; we had such a good time. Parties and picnics, and if one lady knew how to cook something, like Bengali *ras gullah*, she would write her name on a board and other ladies would ask her to teach them. There were classes for so many different things: cooking, embroidery. For maybe five or six ladies at a time, not everybody. All together in the women's club were, oh, maybe one hundred women. Not everyone came every day, of course, but many did. There was a bus that brought them.

"And once we actually went out hunting, just like

the men! Not really to shoot, of course, but we took two big guns just for show. And dramatics too. Two plays a year, one big one and one small one . . . No, I never acted in them myself, other women did that . . . No, no music, that was the only thing we didn't have, I don't know why. But so many dinners and parties! And so much fun! Nowadays when my daughter comes to Gwalior she always says there's nothing to do, there's nobody here."

By this time Mrs. Kunzru was ecstatic, making little joyful noises and rocking back and forth. "Yes! Yes!"

I asked how long the women's club had gone on.

The Maharani stopped speaking and fell into a short reverie. "Uh . . . let me see . . . uh, from my marriage, I guess that was in 1941, until, uh, yes . . . 1947."

"Oh, 1947. Why did it stop then?"

Silence. Mrs. Kunzru also silent. No more rocking.

"I mean, it wasn't necessary that it stop then, was it?"

The Maharani made a strange face, pained. Another pause. When she spoke again her voice was slower and soberer. "No, it wasn't necessary that it stop then. But it did. The ladies just stopped coming. I guess it was my little dream. I thought they were coming because they wanted to, I thought they were having a good time, but it was the power . . . They were all coming just to please me . . . I guess it was all my little dream . . . People . . . just . . . stopped . . . coming."

The Maharani showed us the giant stuffed tiger and the rhinoceros head and begged our leave to go to a dinner party. On the way out, Mrs. Kunzru very quickly, lightly, so smoothly that I almost thought I imagined it, bent to the floor and kissed the Maharani's feet.

NOT all the ex-maharajas can translate their traditional role into modern terms as well as the Maharani of Gwalior can. Her son seems to be following her example, and hopes, like her, to go into politics on behalf of the people who would have been his subjects.

A few other royal families have succeeded in the political arena. The central government appointed the rajas of Kashmir and Mysore to be governors of their former domains. The Maharaja of Jaipur (ruler of a kingdom of pink palaces that has been called the second most beautiful city in the world) is now India's ambassador to Spain, and his wife, a lovely member of India's jet set, is an MP and an unofficial leader of the Swatantra Party.

But many former monarchs are finding them-

Nancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

About a mile outside the Ku Am village of Ku Am there are a dozen young, still-tender mulberry trees growing on a small hill. Someday these trees and their succulent leaves will be the heart of a village industry—a silk raising business. That day is still many months away, but it doesn't stop the villagers from making daily inspections up the steep hill, just in case something miraculous happened since yesterday. After all, it wouldn't be the first miracle to happen in Ku Am. Everyone in the village knows the story of Chang Sook, the daughter of the widow.

Ten years ago Chang Sook's chances of survival were as slim as hers was. Her father had disappeared during the family's flight from North Korea. Her mother, a seamstress, worked a backbreaking day most of the evening to earn barely enough to keep them from starving.

But today that's all changed because an American couple named Nancy and John Seletti are sharing a little of their good fortune with a girl to whom a little means everything. Nancy, 40, and five-year-old Alexandra Seletti are New Yorkers. They're not particularly wealthy as the villagers of Ku Am believe. But, they're not poor either. *Comfortable* probably describes them best. They have everything they really need, but if you give them ten minutes and they'll come up with ten things they want that \$15 a month would buy. Luckily, they thought of Chang Sook first. Through Save the Children Federation, the Selettis' \$15 a month is doing a remarkable number of things. First, Chang Sook's immediate needs and future school expenses are being taken care of. The family is getting help, too: Enough to enable Chang Sook's mother to start a small knit shop.

And with all this, there is still money left over. This money, rather than money from other sources, was borrowed by the village to start its precious mulberry business. Someday silk raising will mean a permanent increase in the village's income—and permanently



end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

Sponsors are desperately needed for children in Korea, Vietnam, Latin America, Africa and Greece. You can select the child's nationality. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress and, if you wish, a chance to correspond.

Chang Sook writes to the Selettis. She also sends small homemade gifts to Alexandra. And she tells them of her dreams of becoming a nurse. She'll probably make it. If she

does, the Selettis' investment in one girl will be repaid a thousand-fold.

The Selettis know they can't save the whole world for \$15 a month. Just a small corner of it. But, maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like the Selettis. How about you?

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PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFFREY M. HARRIS
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selves in less comfortable situations. One polo-playing maharaja, a millionaire investor in coal and tires and president of the most exclusive Calcutta social club, is involved at the moment in a legal scandal. His son is being tried for the murder of the maharaja's chauffeur, the latter admittedly the recipient of huge gifts of royal property and allegedly the maharaja's homosexual consort. Recently, one maharaja was shot by his own people in a riot. Another was arrested for the theft of a gold scepter from his own palace.

Since the Muslim rulers had large harems, and the Hindus usually two or three wives at least, numerous royal offspring are spread around the country. Many are educated in fancy private schools where classes are taught in English, and often they are familiar with the latest American songs and dances. Consequently, these sons and grandsons of maharajas are prone to seek out the company of Westerners for prestige and mutual utility. Many Peace Corps Volunteers have discovered that if they play baseball and drink Cokes with royalty, they have easy access to India's luxury and vacation world. This sort of young maharaja is likely to use his ancestry to impress girls at parties.

A different sort of royal child, however, considers his background a curse. Asoka is a nineteen-year-old Bengali living in Calcutta, whose grandfather was maharaja of a small territory now in Pakistan. Asoka works as a clerk in a Calcutta hotel and rarely has enough money for a movie. He has been in and out of the best men's college in the city, quitting when he found he simply couldn't get up in the morning in time for classes. Then he did a stint in the Indian Air Force, quitting that when military life became too oppressive.

Since the royal fortune is completely gone, Asoka and his family live in a modest middle-class home in downtown Calcutta. His grandfather had the misfortune of being deposed by the people a little before independence, just missing the government doles that were to come later. What was left of the family money after a hurried departure from Pakistan has since been squandered by the maharaja's sons and nephews in lawsuits directed against one another.

Asoka's uncles and aunts like to reminisce about the old days, and his parents are trying to instill in him respect for the old values: Hindu religion and culture, the life of gentlemanly leisure. His father, who has never been employed, is supported by Asoka's uncles. But like a third-generation American, this teen-ager is in violent rebellion against all that: the old days, his elders, and their values fill him with disgust. "You just liked it," he shouts at an uncle in one of the frequent family

scenes, "because you had plenty of dough and nothing to do."

Asoka is plagued with guilt about his own laziness, his own inability to stick to one job. He is afraid he will "never amount to anything," and blames this on his idle progenitors. His parents cannot understand what is troubling him. Nor can they understand why, at the age of sixteen, he had himself baptized and became a Christian.

His parents would like to pick a wife for him, a nice, modest Hindu girl. Asoka cannot contain his scorn for this plan, or for nice Hindu girls in general. Instead he dates girls his parents consider "fast," and spends a lot of time at coffeehouses — behavior which would be normal in America, but which is still daring in India. He reads Kafka, Sartre, Moravia, Henry Miller, though a quirk of anti-Hinduism in his literary judgment leads him to reject the *Kama Sutra* as "obscene." And he is willing to stand in line all night for a ticket to *L'Avventura* or *Breathless* when such a film makes its infrequent appearance in the city.

Asoka's friends, all commoners, spontaneously accord him the homage his ancestors claimed as a right. They gaze with admiration at his lean, graceful body, at his stylish Continental clothes; they dote on his casual wit. They carry his money for him on a double date or a group outing because, they say fondly, "he always loses it." And when he dines at their houses, as he often does because he doesn't like to go home and rarely has enough money for a restaurant, they are careful not to give him spices that are too strong or sodas that are too gassy, because they know how sensitive his stomach is. All this he accepts as his due; and despite his personal anxieties, he exudes a certain grace, half-way between suavity and blessedness.

In Asoka's home, only one piece of furniture gives away the family's origin. Hanging over the fireplace is an enormous clock, at least six feet in diameter, which used to hang on the bedroom wall of his maharaja grandfather's palace. It is a startling sight in the ordinary apartment.

Asoka dimly remembers living in a thirty-three-room mansion once, of which all but four rooms were locked. But he cannot look at the enormous clock without frowning. "He was such a lazy bastard," says the boy, "he didn't want to have to even turn his head when he was in bed to find out the time."

Asoka walks out of the living room. From his own bedroom window he can see a slum community huddled behind the walls of the bigger houses. A teen-age boy down there is teasing the girls, reading comic books ostentatiously, dancing around in random twist steps. Asoka stands and watches for a long time.

Don't throw the baby out with the bathwater.

There's a funny thing about the American economy. Ask any two economists what makes it tick and you've started a debate.

Because, the simple, ingenuous truth of the matter is this: nobody really knows or agrees on all the influences that combine to give it muscle. Or, where all its weaknesses may lie.

All you'll get agreement on is that it seems to work. It has produced the broadest and most abundant prosperity in all the histories of man . . . the highest standard of living for the greatest number of people.

The heart of this restless, surging, vital economy is and always has been: free competition. That's what has distinguished it from the managed economies of the Old World . . . economies managed either by government or by cartel.

Competition has been the sharp spur that has produced the incredible variety of products and services we have today. It has produced the endless innovations that have made life easier to live. More enjoyable. More rewarding.

It has encouraged manufacturers to build more things . . . and build them better . . . and at lower prices. They have to build more and better . . . and the prices have to be right . . . or the consumer stops buying. Because, the other side of free

competition is your free choice in the marketplace.

This is the astonishing power of the American consumer. He can make or break the largest businesses with a nod or a shake of the head. He has the choice. He has the ballot of the dollar.

That's why it is disturbing to find people of influence in America today who would like to make both free competition and free choice a little less free.

They may concede that the system has produced some great results but they'd like to "fix it a little."

There are too many kinds of olives, they say. Let's standardize.

Company "A" spends more on advertising than Company "B", and that's unfair competition, they plead. Let's regulate.

Yet, our system was built on exactly the opposite kind of thinking. Regulation doesn't stimulate competition. It tends to make all products the same.

How much can you interfere with the competitive economy, which has brought us so many benefits, without damaging it?

The truth is, nobody knows.

The "Little" fixes may someday add up to quite a lot.

Of course, any economy needs some regulation—
but let's be sure that we don't
throw out the baby with the bath water.

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It's a Living

by Charles W. Morton

The morning paper story combined a progress report and a look ahead from one of the far-right organizations on its campaign to impeach Earl Warren. The campaign began back in 1961, but apparently a lot still remains to be done, for the organization's spokesman estimated that congressional opinion today is still "either 2 to 1 or 3 to 1" against it. In consequence, the organization is putting its "national field staff of 80 full-time coordinators" into the crusade.

Full of optimism and energy, the news story had the flavor of the typical business roundups often seen in the forepart of the year, telling of the demand for finished machine tools (up sharply), improvements among the chemicals, freshening markets for optical goods, and so on. There are, in this vast and diverse land, many ways of making a living, and it becomes apparent that sufficient reiteration of the slogan "Impeach Earl Warren!" is one of them.

As a livelihood the campaign against Warren calls to mind the "Buy American!" program, which came, briefly, and went in the early days of the Depression. Business was of course terrible, and there was in the simple exhortation itself the comforting implication of assigning the blame and providing the corrective: those pesky foreigners; all we had to do was to stop buying from them, and prosperity would return overnight. We were not in fact buying much from the pesky foreigners or even from each other, but it was a catchy idea.

The "Buy American!" crusade raised its money by house-to-house solicitation, the standard doorbell-ringing method, up one side of the street and down the other. Any movement thus financed, so the argument went, was right from the grass roots, which meant that it was necessarily a fine thing, and the householder was flattered rather than offended by so homely a term.

What became of the money collected by the house-to-house solicitors is immaterial, but in return for a donation, the householder received a red-white-and-blue "Buy American!" sticker to be affixed to a front window.

In competition with so many other panaceas on the advent of the New Deal, the "Buy American!" drive quickly lost its steam, although its window stickers might have some

value today among collectors of quaint broadsides. The anti-Warren crusade, by contrast, is a hardy perennial — stable, smooth-running, and about to enable many a breadwinner to support his family in a respectable neighborhood.

"What does your dad do?"

"He's the regional director of 'Impeach Earl Warren!' for all the territory between Nirvana, Ohio, and the Mississippi."

"Gee!"

It's not all work, of course. The men can have their bowling league and a weekly get-together of informal impeachment talk, and the Ladies' Auxiliary will no doubt provide morning coffees and occasional luncheon meetings for its members.

One envisions the faithful employee presented with a gold watch and joining the Old Timers' Club after twenty years of conscientious impeachment work, and eventually receiving the traveling bag and settling down among the shuffle-board players in St. Pete.

"Impeach Earl Warren!" is not a listed stock, but it need not surprise us to see it turn up any day now in the Over-the-Counter quotations. Even so, and without wishing to hurry a success that might throw some of the impeachment crusaders into the ranks of the unemployed, we can't help wondering about a due date.

Super-Veep

by Dick Compton

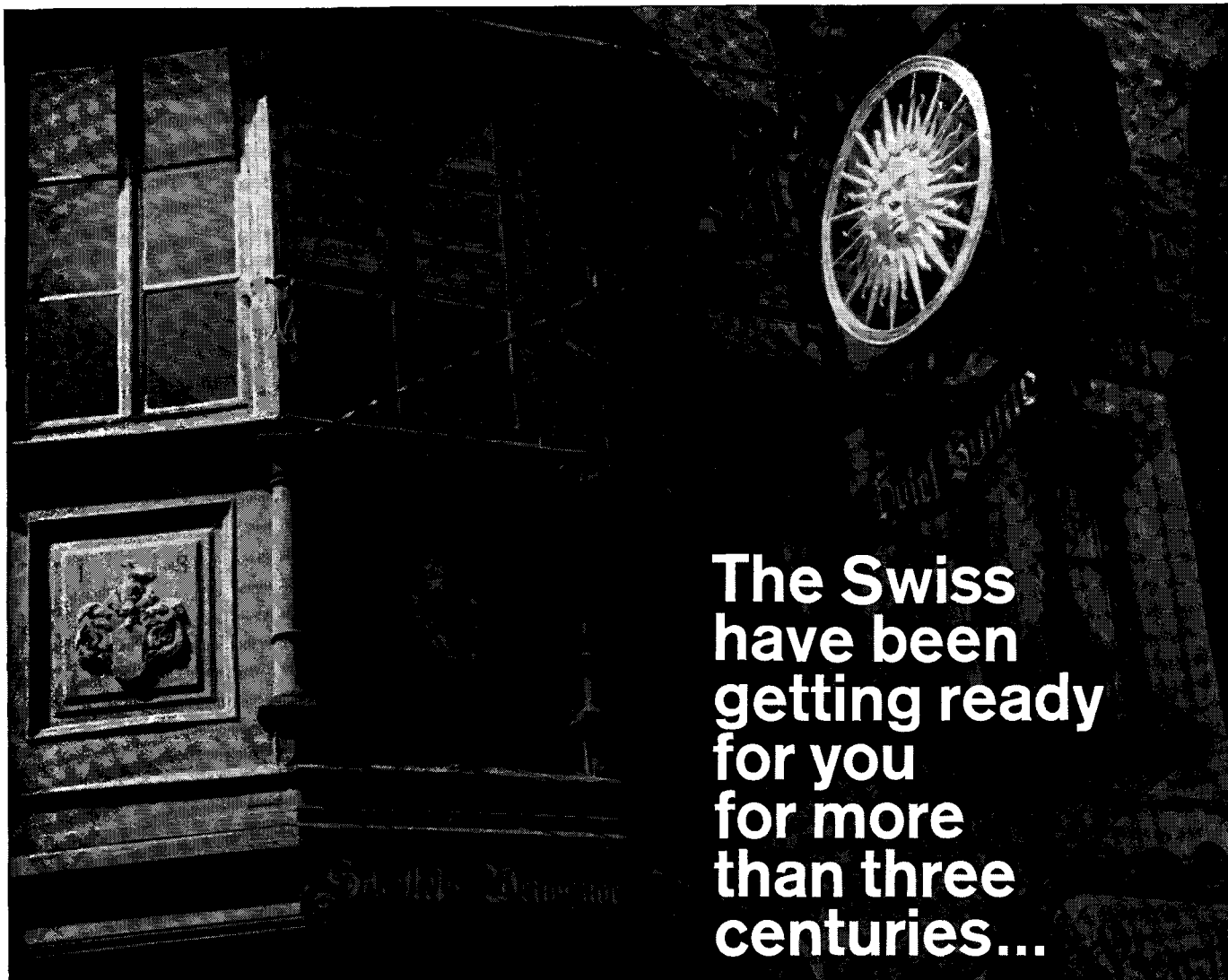
A graduate of the University of Minnesota, Dick Compton is a radio-television newsman in Columbus, Ohio.

Now that Batman and the Green Hornet have zapped and zizzed their way into the nation's living rooms, the geniuses who brought them to television should next concentrate on filling a serious gap in TV programming. Crime fighters are becoming a surplus commodity; what we really need is a political hero.

I know what the pooh-bahs at the networks are going to say. "Tried it once. Didn't work at all. Had a show called *Slattery's People*, all about a young state legislator: handsome, patriotic, real friend of the oppressed and downtrodden. He didn't attract enough viewers to make a quorum."

True enough, *Slattery's People* was not a notable success. But the point





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is the networks had the wrong approach. Slattery was a normal run-of-the-mill hero, and people don't go for them anymore. They want superheroes, the kind of guys who can do anything and who never lose. It gives viewers a sense of security. Now, what I have in mind is a show that will combine politics and a superhuman hero. I call it *Super-Veep*, and here's how it shapes up.

By day, Harley Quidmore is the mild-mannered Vice President of the United States. As I see the character, Quidmore is the familiar stereotype of the Vice President, a nice, inoffensive guy, but sort of a nothing. He's always late for appearances, fumbles with his glasses a lot, and the President never remembers his name. A good-natured bumbler, he's the kind of Vice President who prompts people to pray for the continued good health of the President.

By night, however, it's a different story. Then, when danger threatens the republic, docile Harley Quidmore becomes Super-Veep, defender of justice, protector of the people, and strong right arm of the President of the United States. Clad in shimmering white, with a red and blue mask to conceal his identity, he leaps into the night, ready to strike down the enemies of the flag, free enterprise, and good government.

The President knows about Super-Veep, of course, although he doesn't for a moment suspect that the nation's great champion is in reality Vice President Quidmore. When he wants to get hold of Super-Veep, he calls him on the ballophone, a top-secret telephone in an anteroom off the President's office.

At the other end of the line, in a similar anteroom, Quidmore answers. He takes the message, and alert to the danger, goes into action. Moving quickly, the mild-mannered Vice President steps into the Super-Veep voting booth. He pulls the lever, and the curtain closes. Moments later, a firm hand reverses the lever, the curtain opens, and Super-Veep emerges, resplendent in dazzling white tights. Then, a quick flight to the White House, a dramatic landing on the President's desk, and America's pre-eminent hero is ready for his next assignment.

The plot possibilities are endless. In Average City, U.S.A., the mayor and his henchmen, from the other party of course, are trying to take over an antipoverty program to pro-

Doctors Report That Spiders Spin Slower After a Morphine Dose

by Stuart Hemsley

Will you walk into my parlor? (said the spider to the fly);
'Tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did contemplate.
Actually, the whole place is a shambles — an arachnidean mess —
But nowadays, Fly, I care about housekeeping less and less and less.
Anyway, come into the garden, Maud,
for the black bat, night, has come back again.
And that's the way I like it, Maud,
half-light and half-truths.
Me for the drowsy numbness, for inky visions floating off
to a nebulous infinity on foggy and uncertain clouds.
Stomp your feet as you come, Maud,
and try to shake loose some of those inevitable dewdrops;
for when jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty whatnots,
those pearly blobs give off prismatic reflections
that are damnably hard on the eyeballs.
Time was, Maud, when I would have rolled
you up into an anticipatory pie —
a silken, gift-wrapped, postprandial tidbit.
But not anymore.
Peace on Earth and Goodwill to all Flies is my motto.
Maud, I have some Stuff here
which, taken at the flood, leads on to all sorts of things.
But, first, a word from our sponsor.
Observe this giddy habitation, this dubious domicile, unstuck
from a mooring far, far away up in the top left-hand corner.
And a stitch in time saves the whole caboodle,
as Mother used to say, interminably.
Darest thou, Maud, now leap with me into this unholy mess
and swim to yonder point, and there with gossamer thread
knit up the ravell'd sleeve of something or other?
But on second thought maybe you should do this thing alone,
for this anthropomorphine person isn't what he used to be.
Here, my buzzing beauty, my pygmy vivand air conditioner,
take this thread and fan yourself with afterburners
to the site of the circumferential mishap.
And, Maud, I shall ready a Little Something against your return.
For I know a bank whereon the wild time flies,
and there, running repairs made, heavy-lidded and recumbent,
we shall grow our hair long, sleep in our clothes,
whisper measured obscenities to the passing proletariat,
and sniff our way down the soft, silent river of oblivion.

vide jobs for a bunch of city hall hacks. Political considerations prevent the President from acting, but Super-Veep can. He zooms in, a few *ka-powies* send the mayor and his cronies scurrying, and the poverty program is saved from a fate worse than death.

Here's another: On Capitol Hill, bilious old Senator Sourwine, an archreactionary, is blocking the President's farsighted slum clearance program. Super-Veep zips in on him one night and hauls him off to see the worst slum in the nation, arriving just in time to save 3000 people from a burning tenement. The senator is so shaken by this and

so awed by Super-Veep that he has a complete change of heart and comes back to lead the fight for the President's program.

I could go on, but I'm sure the network men get the point. Washington would provide them with hundreds of ready-made plots, enough to keep the show on the air for years. All they need to do is dress them up a little, incorporate Super-Veep, add a few regular villains (like the Senate Minority Leader), and they've got a winner, particularly if they can get endorsements from people like Dick Nixon and Hubert Humphrey to use in the advance promotion.



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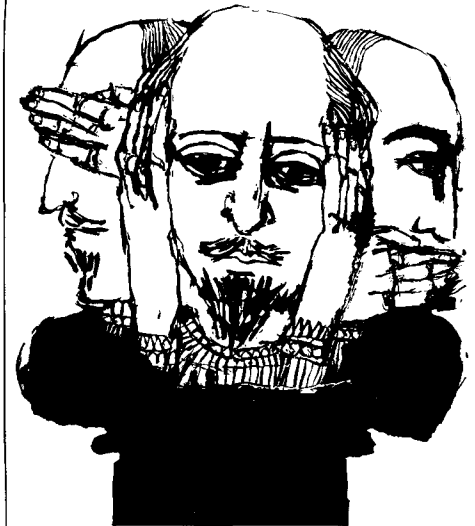


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The Devil Will Shake

by R. P. Lister

R. P. Lister is a free-lance writer living in London. He is widely known for his light verse. For another scholarly dissertation on the transcendental will, readers are referred to page 62.



The plays of William Shakespeare were not written by William Shakespeare, but by another person of the same name.

I claim no originality for this hypothesis, which has long been current in literary circles. It is only surprising that it is not more widely accepted. Perhaps the difficulty has been in the lack of supporting evidence; but the evidence is there, if we care to look for it.

As Shakespeare says himself: *Our shows are more than Will* (*Twelfth Night*, II, iv).

As early as the third play he is found railing against the supposed author: *The devil Will Shake* (*Comedy of Errors*, IV, iii).

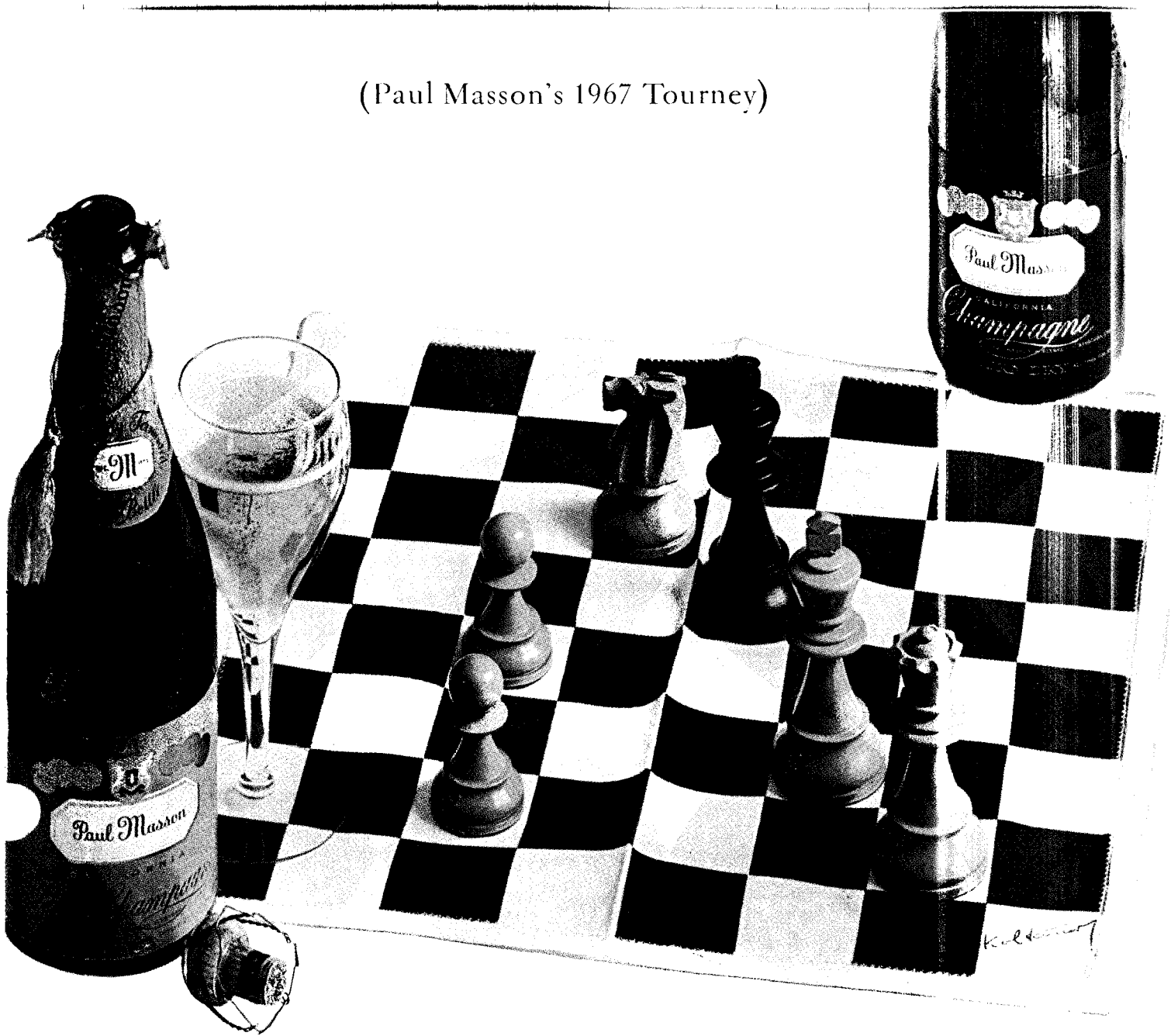
This note is found over and over again in the early plays: *A Will! a wicked Will!* (*King John*, II, i); *What's your Will? Nothing good* (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV, i).

It is in this last quoted play that we encounter the first clue to the identity of the true author: *I will overbear your Will* (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, IV, i). At first sight this looks like merely another typical piece of anti-Shakespearean bad feeling. Suppose, though, we look at it more closely. Surely the writer's meaning is: *I, Will, overbear your Will*.

Clearly the person writing is called Will; nobody called Francis could have written this.

The Baconian hypothesis must have been current even in the au-

(Paul Masson's 1967 Tourney)



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Dear Paul Masson Chess Expert, Dept. A-1, Saratoga, California:

My key move to the problem is _____. I understand that you must draw the line someplace, so "winner" means one of the first 100 correct answers and "loser" one of the first 100 incorrect answers checked after July 4, 1967; and that, odd as it sounds, answers postmarked after that date can neither win nor lose.

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Equally important, more and more women now have their babies in hospitals where so many safeguards surround mother and child.

New and better medicines have also helped bring about today's happy outlook for mothers and babies. Many of these medicines were developed by Parke-Davis through years of research in the fields of nutrition, hormones and pain relief.

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thor's time. He pauses now and then to take a swipe at it: *Bacon-fed knaves!* (*Henry IV, Part I, II, ii*); *Hang hog is Latin for Bacon* (*Merry Wives of Windsor, IV, i*).

The true struggle, though, is against the pretensions of the claimant Shakespeare, what the author calls the *War twixt Will and Will* (*Measure for Measure, II, ii*).

Who was the true Shakespeare, though, and why did he allow his namesake to have all the honor and glory? It may be that he preferred not to expose himself to the jealousy of rivals, the ill will that beset the supposed author: *Thou madest thine enemies, Shake* (*Coriolanus, I, iv*).

As for who he was, the author gives a hint of this in *Macbeth: Our Will became the servant* (*II, i*).

He reveals himself with complete unambiguity toward the end of his career. It is surprising that this passage has escaped attention, since it removes all doubt: *As I am son and servant to your Will* (*Pericles, I, i*).

Here we have the answer; it clears up the puzzling point that the true author bears the same name as the false one. Will Shakespeare was the son of Will Shakespeare, most probably an illegitimate one, brought up among the company of players, performing menial tasks and scorned by all. We see hints in the early plays of his tribulations: *Will, thou shalt have my hammer* (*Henry VI, Part II, II, iii*).

We can readily imagine the scene to which this refers. His father has demanded a hammer, probably his son's only possession. The son, hesitating for a moment whether to hit him with it, hands it to him and goes off sadly to his stool in the drafty flies, to finish the second part of *Henry VI*. Yet for some reason — a strong sense of filial duty, or terror of his father — he has already decided on his lifelong course of action, as he makes clear two plays later: *Oppose not myself against their Will* (*Richard II, III, iii*).

"I, Will," as he calls himself in the passage quoted earlier, never did "overbear your Will." It was probably a wise decision. As he says, it *would derive me ill, Will to speak of* (*All's Well That Ends Well, V, iii*).

What became of the true William Shakespeare after the retirement of his father we can hardly hope to discover. For some reason he stopped writing. It may be that the plays had become so firmly associated with

his father's name in the public mind that he feared, at this late date, to disclose himself. There is a mysterious passage, though, in one of the last plays that suggests new problems: *Will is most malignant* (*Henry VIII, I, ii*).

But the play *Henry VIII* was completed, presumably by his son, only after the elder William Shakespeare's retirement. Why at this late date should the malignancy of his father have been of any further concern to him?

It is just possible that the writer of this passage was referring not to the first Will but to the second. Could there have been yet a third Will in the background, slipping the plays surreptitiously to his front man, the boy on his stool in the flies, and inserting this last despairing cry at the shabby treatment he received?

We approach the possibility of a further hypothesis, which I like to call the Theory of the Treble Bill: *The plays of William Shakespeare were not written by William Shakespeare, but by a third person of the same name, not in any way related to the other two.*

A Treatment — Super-market Style

by Lorris B. Smith

Lorris B. Smith is a former Nebraskan who is now living in Albuquerque. This is her first appearance in the ATLANTIC.

"Hello. How are you today?" wafted across my consciousness for the sixth time at least, and this time, like the others, the question was barely audible above the lulling background music. The sincerity that accompanied each inquiry promptly fluffed my ego and spirited my



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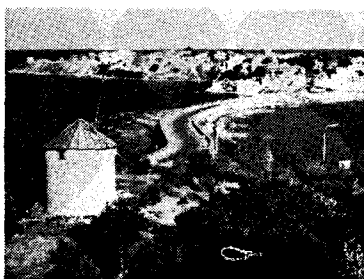
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thoughts upward. Optimistically, I responded to each clean-aproned interrogator with a blithe, "Fine. Thank you." At this, he'd smile benignly and drift away.

In a tranquil haze I plucked cans and boxes, bottles and bags from the well-stocked shelves while these disguised psyche manipulators of the supermarket circuit cudgeled, "Eureka! Plan A, 'The Therapeutic Treatment of the Grocery Shopper Under Simple Hypnosis,' works . . ." again and again and again.

This time "Hello. How are you today?" came from a round, doll-like face topped with short blond hair. Its youthful freshness, wide, engaging smile, and big blue eyes were undoubtedly capable of mollifying any difficult, stubborn attitude. And it all belonged to Arlene. The neatly printed pin attached to her blouse not only told me her name but also that she was happy to serve me.

Graciously Arlene asked, "Did you find everything all right?"

Influenced by Plan A, I murmured, "Oh, yes. No trouble, no trouble at all. Thank you."

Nodding and grinning, she adjusted her manicured, soft right hand to the cash register keys and her left hand to the myriad-sized items she pulled toward her, one after the other. In less than two minutes this feminine paragon of efficiency had established the fact that I could give her \$23.91. The money transaction was the briefest encounter with reality, which overall made it quite painless.

Arlene proceeded with Plan B as she gurgled, "Here are your stamps. Since today is double-stamp day, you've collected quite a few."

"Yes. It seems so. Do you think they'll fill half a book?"

"Nooo," Arlene dawdled, but quickly offered, "but, maybe a fourth of a book."

These small, sticky bits of solid gold were being tucked into my purse when I discovered the coupon, nearly forgotten, which entitled me to some brown stoneware free if my purchase was over \$7. I held the tattered paper out to Arlene, and she bubbled, "Oh, good. You have your coupon. This week we have the stoneware cups, and you can get three of them because your groceries totaled a little more than \$21. And remember, next week the saucers will be available. One saucer will be given free with each purchase total-

ing \$7. And, they match the cups."

"How wonderful."

"This," continued Arlene, handing me a sealed white envelope, "is one half a check. Each time you buy something here you'll be given a check, a make-believe one, that's been torn in half. If you get two halves that fit perfectly, that match exactly, you may win a one year's supply of groceries, absolutely free."

Spellbound, I reached for the white square she held out to me and placed it securely next to my wallet.

"Do you know about our special drawing?" Arlene exhaled with mysterious overtones. "Just select one of these cards," held with the air of a novice poker player, "and you might win up to \$100. Ah, there you go. Take that home and rub away the black spot with a little butter on a paper towel — that way you won't get your hands dirty — and the amount you win will appear. I hope you have better luck than to pick one that says 'Nothing This Time.'"

"Are there many of those?" I ventured, a little shaken.

"Not that I've seen." Arlene reassured me before asking, "How about your Bonus Card? Did you bring it to be punched?"

Feeling like an eight-year-old who is habitually asked if he's brushed his teeth, I answered in kind, "No, I didn't. I forgot."

"No bother. I'll just initial your receipt tape, and the card can be punched from this the next time you're in the store."

"Thank you. I really would like to win that home freezer, so I'll hurry back with my card."

"Yes, do that. Don't lose that tape, though, because when you get enough to total \$125 you're given a very nice folding card table. This offer is kind of limited, so don't wait too long to gather your tapes."

"How much longer will this be available, do you know?"

"Uhhmm" — Arlene concentrated — "just about six more weeks. Do you think you'll make it?"

"Oh, I've just got to. There must be something more I should buy."

"When these groceries are unpacked, you might discover several items you forgot to get, and that will help."

My watery eyes held this angelic girl in their adoring grasp. "Yes. Oh, yes. You're sure to be right."

Smiles, music, prizes, gifts, Yours for Only . . . Choose Any One . . . absolutely free . . . double stamps . . . I had to get back; I couldn't stay away. Arlene knew the signs, and she was well aware of my inevitable return. Even so, she closed this encounter with a soothing, "Thank you for shopping Gimmick Stores, and do come see us again."

North of Scarsdale

by Lionel Wiggam

A hot-eyed Hunter girl, intense and swarthy,
Ruth was the terror of the PTA.
Cut down to size like sitting ducks, we'd say
She could have drawn the blood of Mary McCarthy.
We'd hoped to cope by being tactful, gentle,
But proved less alien corn than all-out corny:
Bristling with bangs and brows, Cassandrish, thorny,
She slashed to bits the smug or sentimental.

Undone by zeal, at her Billie's birthday party,
She greeted the small fry unconditionally nude.
We knew, at last, she wasn't just odd, or lewd,
Or hard-core liberal, or crafty-arty;
And sure enough, she fevered, sickened, died. . .
We ache with sympathy for her boys and Larry.
He is a different substance: dreamy-eyed,
A Harvard graduate, not especially hairy.

She baffled him, too . . . we coax him back to life.
We gather him up like a clucking community hen.
We're vowed to find him a sensitive, suitable wife,
And the PTA is on its feet again.

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Fortnight in Guatemala

by James Egan



Most visitors to Guatemala settle for brisk three-day canned tours from the capital, scarcely enough to sample this country's surprising variety. A fortnight is more like it for a circuit of Guatemala's roller-coaster central highlands, Italianate lakes, colonial towns, Indian villages — not to mention the lowland jungles of Tikal, where the greatest city of the Maya lies in strangled grandeur. Even at that, one is likely to miss a few of the 265 different styles of Indian blouses or a carved Maya stela or two, though the whole country is no larger than Tennessee.

Central America's northernmost republic, just below Mexico, Guatemala is two and a half hours from Miami, three hours from New Orleans, four hours from Houston, and four and a half hours from Los Angeles by jet. Early last winter when we skimmed in at night over the mountains ringing Guatemala City, the stars crackled above an offstage volcano, and the air was dry and crisp. Guatemala knows only two seasons: dry, from October to April, called summer; rainy, from April to October, called, by the same logic, winter. During our Northern winters, Guatemala provides a pleasant getaway, for the days are warm and sunny in the highlands, not too hot in the lowlands.

After an overnight stay at the Palace, an old but comfortable hotel in the heart of Guatemala City, we made off for a swing around the mountain country, arranged by Hayter Travel, one of two principal local tour bureaus. Our driver-guide was a tall, grave man in his forties, son of an American engineer and, he said, a Guatemalan of pure Spanish descent. His features showed a strong Indian cast. The car was a big 1958 Chrysler — "one of the best years," according to its driver, who, after more than two decades in the business, had developed a proprietary attitude toward his mechanical and human charges.

Less than twenty miles southwest of the city lies Lake Amatitlán, a small blue jewel tucked between peaks covered with jacaranda and pine, and a popular weekend resort for well-heeled Guatemalans. Just beyond is the Indian village of Palín, whose inhabitants are reputed to eat lizards as a cancer cure. Our driver explained soothingly that they eat only the legs, deep-fried, like frog's legs, and that besides, the dish is

actually a specific for high blood pressure. Over Palín's market square a giant kapok tree spreads 180 feet. In its shade the Indian women sit on the bare earth arranging and rearranging vegetables and grains in neat patterns, while a tax collector ambles around collecting a penny or two from each vendor.

On the flank of a volcano called Agua, we paused in the curious village of Santa María de Jesús, in which the fences and houses are built of cornstalks, renewed every four years. The village church is more durable; its baroque plaster facade is some three hundred years old; over the door stand carved wood saints in niches, one in the garb of a Spanish soldier of the seventeenth century.

We made our first overnight stop at colonial Antigua, which rests, if that's the word, in the shadow of three volcanoes. Once called "The Very Noble and Very Loyal City of St. James of the Knights of Guatemala," Antigua was the capital of all Spain's Central American provinces until a series of eruptions and earthquakes, the decisive one in 1773, drove out the rulers. Now the town is a national monument of flowering ruins and restored colonial buildings. The Hotel Antigua, a group of bungalows in the California-Spanish style, serves as a good base for exploring. In its tropical gardens a team of Indian women work at handlooms, turning out serapes in brilliant geometric designs. When visitors become hypnotized by their motions, they can revive in an oval swimming pool.

Antigua claims more than ninety ruins, easy to cover on a walking tour, among them the vast shell of the church and monastery of San Francisco, open to the sky. In a vault beneath the altar is a wooden Christ, spared by the earthquakes; Indians still come here from the volcano slopes to burn candles, and they leave red hand prints on the wall, as in the ancient Maya tombs. The old University of San Carlos Borromeo, founded in 1678, is now a museum of colonial art. One case displays an unusual seated Ecce Homo, squat, gaunt, the bearded head, too big for the body, sun between the shoulders, and the face composed in Indian sadness.

Like other picturesque towns south of the border, Antigua has a small permanent American colony, dean

of which is Dr. Wilson Popenoe, a specialist in tropical horticulture who first came here in 1916. He lives in a restored seventeenth-century Spanish villa, authentic even with unglazed windows, and opens the house for an hour twice a day so tourists can troop through. He has also had long-term visitors; Louis Adamic wrote *A House in Antigua* there. "He worked in a high antique bed," says Dr. Popenoe, "and threw his discarded manuscript on the floor."

Mrs. Mildred Powers, an imposing white-haired lady with strongly marked black eyebrows, owns another colonial house, La Casa de las Campanas. "When I restored this place I decided Mildred Powers was going to live here — not the old Spaniards," she says. And indeed, the master bathroom and closets are models of sophisticated engineering. Mrs. Powers' salon serves as a shop for textiles, pottery, and the like. She sails around it with the majesty of a Saks Fifth Avenue department head. "This would look very well on you," she told my wife, fetching out a matching jacket, bag, and hat made of her own design of handwoven Guatemalan cotton. "And every piece of fabric is laundered before I use it."

At the evening *paseo* in the plaza, one sees the mixture of Spanish Colonial and Indian that gives Antigua its special flavor: on one side the eighteenth-century arcaded Palace of the Captains General; here a stroller with a hawk profile borrowed from a Maya carving; there a solemn marimba band playing "Kitten on the Keys"; and over all, the royal palms and feathery pepper trees lit by the moon.

The road northwest from Antigua to Chichicastenango picks up the excellent Pan American Highway and climbs over the 10,000-foot Chichoy Pass. Indian names are simple and specific: *chichoy* means top. The peaks reach above the clouds, which themselves pile up like cotton mountains. We turned straight north on a dusty road, winding up and up, and passed Indians loaded with bundles of wood, rope nets of charcoal, stacks of pottery — all heading for Chichi, as Chichicastenango is familiarly called.

The latest census population, says a sign on the outskirts, is 36,084, but that includes some 20,000 In-



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dians who live up in the surrounding hills. Chichi is somnolent except on Thursdays and Sundays, when 3000 to 4000 Indians come in to trade, worship, shoot off skyrockets, and be goggled at by tourists, an ordeal they withstand with considerable dignity. About a hundred yards off the main plaza stands the Mayan Inn, handy to the fireworks. A tourist goal since 1932, the hotel is gussied up with antique colonial furniture, dark Spanish portraits, and baroque wooden saints, acquired when such treasures were easier to come by. In all these years the management has lost only two saints, lifted by souvenir-prone luncheon guests.

In the bedroom, where a fire was laid against the cool night air, the house rules explained in Spanish that the *camarero* who takes care of the room also serves in the dining room. On an antique desk a small card in English read, "Your Number One Boy is Manuel Ventura. He is your Waiter and Room Boy." Presently, there was a knock on the door, and a Quiché Indian appeared in black Sancho Panza knee breeches over bare calves, a black wool doublet embroidered with red roses and scrolls, and a red Moorish turban — the regular dress of Chichicastenango men. "I am Manuel," he said, "your room boy and waiter."

When we went in to dinner, Manuel appeared again, identified himself clearly, and presented a menu, saying, "Right side American, left side typical dishes." We opted for the left and fared very well with such items as Zacocho (vegetable soup) instead of cream of celery; Chiles Rollenos (stuffed sweet peppers) instead of roast leg of lamb with mint sauce; and Guacamole (spiced avocado) instead of watercress salad. For dessert, Plátanos Frijoles Refritos (fried plantains and black beans) was a shoo-in over gelatin.

Sunday morning before dawn the Indians, many of whom have marched all night up the mountains, gather in the long plaza and mill around the high, white, semicircular steps of the parish church, occasionally setting off rockets. Describing the Chichicastenango Indians, Aldous Huxley wrote, "there are no better Catholics and scarcely any better heathens in the whole of Guatemala."

At the foot of the church steps they burn pom and copal incense to

the old Maya gods; ascending the steps they swing censers in some ambivalent ceremony; and inside the church they celebrate the Mass. Men and women sit separately for the service. The men remove their Moorish turbans and wear them as shawls, exposing stiff, spiral black hair, like a sealskin cap. Women wear their own Chichi garb of long blue skirts circled with white cluster stripes, and blouses heavily embroidered with bright flowers. The officiating priest was a thin El Greco Spaniard with a Castilian lisp; his sermon dwelt at length on the poor, the hungry, and the afflicted. A sign outside the church requests visitors not to stand in the middle of the church and stare at the Indians praying.

All day the Chichi marketplace seethes with trade in foodstuffs, flowers, rough, unpainted furniture, pottery, blankets, and shawls. On the church roof two Indians made a kind of elementary music: three notes up, three notes down on a flute; boom boom, pause, boom on a drum. If the whole performance is for tourists, the Indians show no awareness of it; they simply ignore the alien presence. By late afternoon the market had thinned out, but the church steps were still jammed with worshipers ascending in clouds of incense. Half a dozen quiet drunks staggered about the plaza. When we left, we passed files of Indians trudging down the long mountain road bent under huge shoulder loads — their unsold wares.

Mile-high Lake Atitlán, said the American explorer John Lloyd Stephens, who wrote of his Guatemalan travels 125 years ago, is more beautiful than Como. It is at least as blue, and in addition, includes three volcanoes around its rim. On the shore is the Hotel Tzanjuyu, a pink and green stucco confection where one can relax and view sunsets in the same Latin colors. There are no motor roads circling the lake — perhaps another advantage over Como — but launches make excursions to several small Indian communities.

One of the most decorative of these communities, San Antonio Palopó, rises steeply from the east shore, all whitewashed walls and red tile roofs. The women of the village appear to keep busy scrubbing their hair, themselves, and their handsome blue and red skirts and

blouses in the waters of the lake. One mother pulled a red wool cap over her baby's face as we passed by; our travelers' eyes, explained our guide, had seen too many strange sights that might harm so young an infant.

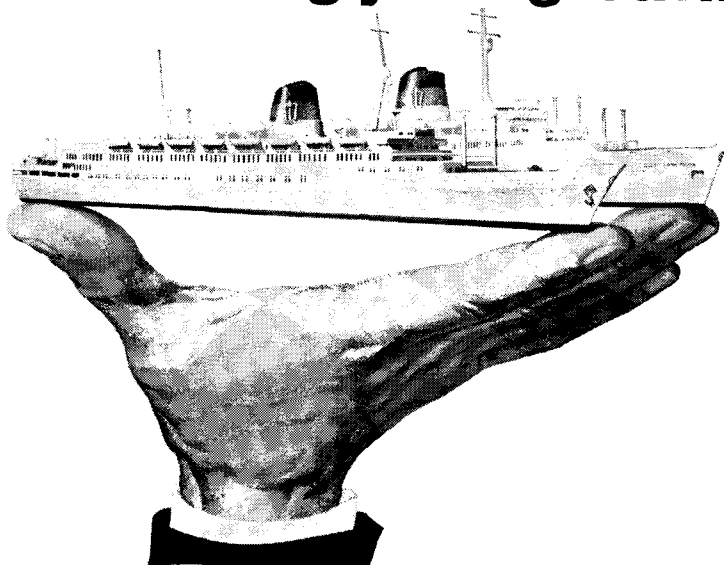
On the other hand, in Santiago Atitlán, a larger, more touristic village, mothers with babies, sisters with babies, grandmothers with babies all chanted "take-a-pitch" as we mounted the main street. The picture bait is the woman's headdress — twelve yards of red cotton ribbon wound around the hair in a wide halo. No one dares to photograph the wooden-faced men, despite their uniform of baggy Bermuda shorts in purple and white striped cotton, embroidered with a band of red, blue, orange, and yellow flowers and the quetzal bird of Guatemala.

Aside from comparative costume study, Lake Atitlán offers swimming, water-skiing, and at a flower-bedecked hotel called the Casa Contenta, excellent regional cooking. There, one evening, we sampled chuchitos, a kind of tamale made from corn grown on the volcanoes, said to have a unique flavor from the lava soil, and fine charcoal-broiled steak with chismal, a sauce of tomatoes, onions, and mild spices.

Two thousand feet up a spiral road from Lake Atitlán, the town of Sololá, capital of the department, furnished two items of interest. On one side of the plaza, a dozen or so baby pigs snuffled about in the dust — not at all an unusual sight, except that each pig wore sandals, some of classic leather, others of modern inner tube, to protect their feet from the cobbles. Sololá was also celebrating the Fiesta of the Immaculate Conception, one of sixty-two fiestas that keep Guatemala hopping all year round. A troupe of dancers shuffled and swayed through the streets in elaborate costumes: a Japanese lady, a nurse, a French sailor, a Harvey-size rabbit, a gorilla. The costumes and papier-mâché masks seemed remarkably un-Indian. We later learned that they had been ordered from the catalogue of a New Orleans costume house.

Continuing west on the Pan American Highway, we turned off for Nahualá, where local law forbids a white person to remain overnight. It is a brown village nestled in a brown earth bowl; the tile roofs

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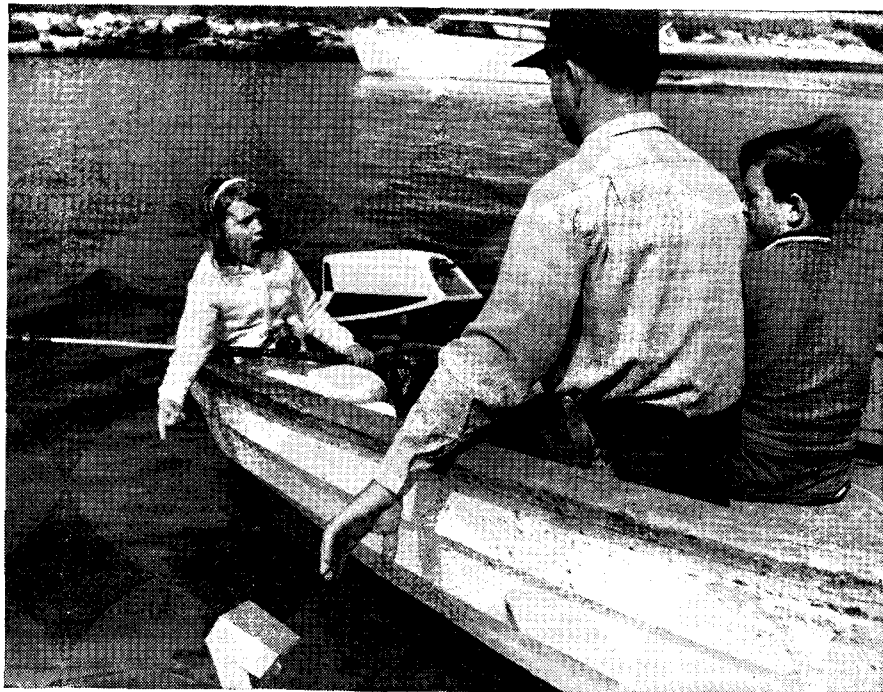
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are brown; the men wear brown checked kilts, brown wool jackets, and their faces are brown. Nahualá law forbids alcohol, too, and if a villager comes back from another town after drinking, he is supposed to get twenty lashes. Perhaps because it was a feast day, we observed at least four candidates for the lash. One wrinkled old brownie approached the car and asked in alcoholic Spanish how soon we were going to leave town. We left without delay.

After crossing a 12,000-foot pass called the Disconsolate One and skirting a patchwork of deep valleys, we came to Huehuetenango. Although the town is *ladino*, which means that Western dress and Spanish customs have been adopted, the hinterland is pure Indian. A simple but spotless hotel, the Zacaleu, provides hospitality, and its bartender, whose English goes as far as "OK," serves outsize martinis.

This is missionary territory covered by the Maryknoll order, whose members get around by Jeep and horseback—one priest to 10,000 parishioners. The curate of the Huehuetenango church, a cheerful young priest from Long Island, said that the Indians in this region live at a bare subsistence level because the mountain soil is worked out. "They're good people," he said. "They'll lie, steal, get drunk, but they're basically good, and they trust us after our twenty years of work here."

The priest told the story of one of his Indian parishioners whose wife had died in childbirth. "I went out to his hut and found the newborn baby lying there on the hearth. The Indian said, 'I will bury them both tomorrow.' 'But the child is alive,' I said. The Indian replied, 'Who will take care of it? I have to work in the fields.'"

The priest sent out some powdered milk, and the child was later adopted through the efforts of the Maryknollers. "Now she is two years old," said the priest with a smile. "A lively little one."

Just outside Huehuetenango stand the ruins of the temple of Zacaleu, built by the Mam, a Maya branch which flourished from about 500 A.D. to the Spanish Conquest. The United Fruit Company has restored the pyramids, ball court, king's throne, and sacrificial altar, with a liberal use of white cement plastered

over the ancient stones. Although the mountain setting is impressive, the general effect of the restoration is rather like a California drive-in restaurant, and some archaeologists call Zacaleu the Monument to the Unknown United Fruit Man.

At the western limit of the highland tour, Quetzaltenango, Guatemala's second largest city, is notable chiefly as a center for excursions to nearby market villages. The place to stay is the Pension Bonifaz, a modern hotel that rambles around a patio, then climbs up a hill to a tropical roof garden. The most colorful of the neighboring villages is San Francisco el Alto, celebrated for its Friday market of blankets, textiles, pottery, and assorted livestock, all displayed in lively confusion atop an 8600-foot mesa. Depending on one's bargaining skill, vivid woven cotton skirt lengths go for \$5 to \$6, ample handwoven wool stoles for \$4 to \$6; or if one buys nothing at all, the Indians seem to like the game nonetheless.

Back in the capital at the Guatemala Biltmore there's a swimming pool as well as the urban amenities, in a quiet residential neighborhood. In December, the great central market behind the cathedral was sparkling with Christmas decorations. One whole aisle was devoted to a form of folk art—tiny painted clay figures for elaborate Nativity scenes, called *nacimientos*. They included the three wise men, madonnas, angels, lambs, Indians weaving, making tortillas, and so on. There were baskets of paper chopped as fine as sawdust, in hot primary colors; crosses woven of wheat stalks; enormous paper flowers. By contrast, the conventional Christmas balls and tinsel looked drearily Anglo-Saxon.

Before we left the country, we flew north to the lowland jungles to see the Maya ruins at Tikal. Here the University Museum of the University of Pennsylvania, digging for the past ten years, has uncovered the largest Maya site in Central America. The ruins fascinate archaeologists because no one knows why the Maya abandoned the region 700 years before the Spanish Conquest, or, for that matter, why they picked this inhospitable jungle in the first place. The excavators have done a good deal to make the jungle more hospitable for visitors, building a small hotel called the Jungle Lodge,

which offers screened bungalows with running water, electric light (until 9:30 P.M.), and a large central bar—all in a ferociously green Somerset Maugham setting.

Climbing around one newly excavated complex with the Tikal field director, a tall, gaunt Swiss named Georges Guillemin, we came upon several small rooms, each about the size of a bath in a modern apartment. "This was probably a palace," said Guillemin, rapping the thick limestone walls. "Nice little rooms, cool in summer. And in winter they used curtains." He pointed to a pierced lintel made of chicle wood. "See, they bored holes to hang them up." The Maya had another cozy domestic habit; when an important man died they buried his servants right along with him.

About 350 buildings have been excavated out of an estimated 3000 at Tikal. The Jungle Lodge supplies a Jeep to run guests around the six square miles of ruins under the guidance of a good-natured British Honduran Negro named Clarence, who doubles as a barman and general factotum at the lodge. He pushes indomitable lady tourists up 190-foot pyramids, at the same time shouldering their miniature cameras and enormous handbags.

At Temple V, an overgrown pyramid deep in the rain forest, one blond, rosy girl from New York City heaved herself up the almost vertical face, clutching at roots and stumps as she sought thin footholds. At the top we looked out over a hundred miles of writhing jungle, pierced by the white temples of the Great Plaza of Tikal. She had been all around Guatemala, so I asked her what she thought of it.

She mopped her brow. "I was born and brought up in Manhattan, in the East Fifties," she said. "This country is certainly different." It is, at that.

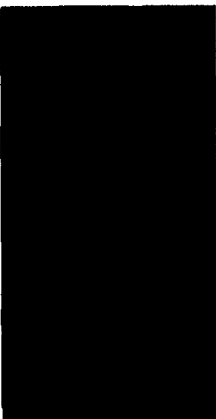
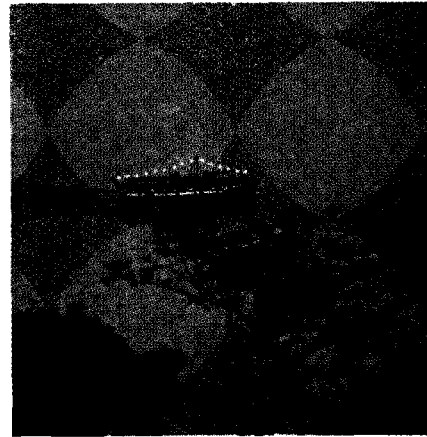
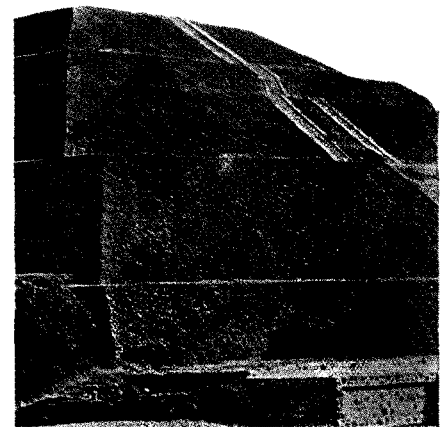
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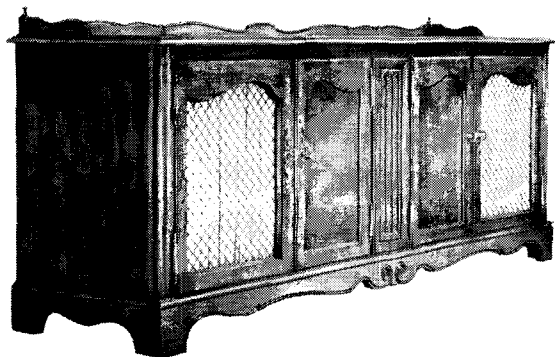
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Britain's Musical Revival

by Herbert Kupferberg

It was Anton Rubinstein who, nearly a hundred years ago, referred to England as "the most unmusical nation on earth." About a century before the Russian pianist and composer made known his views, Charles Burney, as sturdy an Englishman who ever lived and a good friend of Dr. Johnson's, observed that to the British public, music was "an innocent luxury, unnecessary, indeed, to our existence, but a great gratification and improvement of the sense of hearing." And Dr. Johnson himself, it may be recalled, once remarked of the performance of a celebrated violinist: "Difficult do you call it, Sir? I wish it were impossible."

These depressing opinions are fairly typical of the view that most foreigners, and many Britons, have held of English music for the two hundred years between the death of Henry Purcell in 1695 and the beginnings of the twentieth century. Whatever else England may have contributed to the world in those years, it produced few composers. Its dominant eighteenth-century musical personality, Handel, was German born and bred, and probably its greatest nineteenth-century figure, Sullivan, was a magician of light music whose serious efforts have failed to endure.

But nowadays all that is changed. The English musical renaissance, which began with Sir Edward Elgar just before 1900, has now put British composers into a commanding position in the musical world. Last winter, for example, Benjamin Britten had two operas playing simultaneously in New York, with the Metropolitan giving *Peter Grimes* at its new house at Lincoln Center while its touring National Company was playing *The Rape of Lucretia* a few blocks away at the City Center.

Along with the upsurge of new British music has gone a revival of interest in the previous great creative period of English composers, the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The Elizabethan songwriters and instrumental composers, some of whom all but disappeared from history for two hundred years, are being revived, and a veritable boom exists in the works of Henry Purcell.

Purcell's great opera *Dido and Aeneas* has been recorded frequently, but seldom as well as in its latest version by Victoria de los Angeles, Heather Harper, Peter Glossop, and

others, with Sir John Barbirolli conducting the English Chamber Orchestra and the Ambrosian Singers (Angel S-36359, stereo; 36359, monaural).

Like most Englishmen, Purcell managed to impart a resolutely British character to whatever he did; *Dido and Aeneas* may deal with the love between a Carthaginian queen and a Trojan prince, but its sailors' farewell sounds like a chorus of British tars, and its witches bear a family resemblance to those in *Macbeth*. And the English language itself has seldom been set to music more affectingly than in Dido's famous threnody, "When I am laid in earth."

Another opera by Purcell, though lesser known, also displays his ability to transform an exotic tale into a musical work close to the experience and the idiom of his listeners. *The Indian Queen* (L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL-299, stereo; OL-294, monaural) is not, to be exact, an opera, but it is near enough to make the differences seem unimportant 270 years later. In subject matter it is a preposterous account of a war between Mexico and Peru, two countries that were all but unaware of each other's existence in Purcell's time. The Peruvian general is named Montezuma, which puts him in the wrong country altogether; however, he eventually changes sides and joins the Mexicans, whose queen, Zempoalla, promptly falls in love with him.

Far from being inspired by this saga to flights of exoticism, Purcell wrote music which was thoroughly suited to the surroundings of a London theater, or for that matter, an English village green. Even when the fanciful figures of Envy, Fame, and one or two Aerial Spirits appear, they are far more the habitués of Restoration England than of pre-Columbian Mexico. And for all the artificiality of its locale, the opera is imbued with a sense of honest, straightforward emotion.

The Indian Queen, which will come as a revelation to most listeners (this is its first stereo recording), is filled with delightful things — a trumpet-dominated "symphony" with a strangely foreboding string ending; a jolly, piquant duet for two spirits; a song for Envy in which the sibilants of a snake's hissing are underlined in a way that would seem naïve if it weren't so surprisingly



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effective; two famous songs, "Ye twice ten hundred deities" and "I attempt from love's sickness to fly"; and several choral and ensemble numbers. *The Indian Queen*, which is admirably presented by a large cast headed by April Cantelo, soprano, and Christopher Keyte, bass, with Charles Mackerras conducting the English Chamber Orchestra and St. Anthony Singers, is an invigorating work to hear, and it loses nothing by being of its own country and epoch.

Purcell was only thirty-six when he died, and his contemporaries probably would have been astonished to know that music by native English composers would go into an eclipse for two centuries. But that is what happened. Whatever the reasons (and some interesting ones have been advanced), English musical life was pretty much turned over to foreigners, whether those who settled permanently, like Handel, or those who merely visited, such as Haydn and Mendelssohn.

Yet any notion that music is simply not part of the English soul, as it is of the Italian or the German, is rebutted by the tremendous revival that has reached its climax in the twentieth century.

English composers began regaining prominence in the 1890s; Sir Edward Elgar was the giant among them, but there were plenty of others who demonstrated that direct melodic appeal and skillful musical craftsmanship could be as characteristic of British music as of any other. Sir Edward German, for instance, wrote light operas and incidental music for Shakespeare's plays; such suites as his *Henry VIII* dances survive to this day. Similarly, the piano pieces of Percy Grainger — "Molly on the Shore" and "Country Gardens" — have achieved an immortality of their own. Grainger was born in Australia in 1882 and died in the United States in 1961, but the tang and forthrightness of British folk music imbue his works. Incidentally, a recording of Grainger playing his own music has just been issued as part of a series devoted to great pianists of the past (Everest X-913, stereo; 913, monaural). These are transfers to discs of Duo-Art piano rolls made during the 1920s. The performances retain some of the mechanical sound associated with piano rolls, but even so, one is made aware of the flair and bril-

liance with which Grainger played his lively, hearty pieces.

Recordings of English music more or less modern in origin amount almost to a deluge. Elgar's lyric and finely spun Violin Concerto in B Minor has just been given its first stereo recording by Yehudi Menuhin, with Sir Adrian Boult conducting the New Philharmonia Orchestra (Angel S-36330, stereo; 36330, monaural), while RCA Victor has re-released, in monaural, the much older version of the same work by Jascha Heifetz and the London Symphony under Sir Malcolm Sargent (LM-2919).

Gustav Holst is represented by a recording of his chamber opera *Savitri*, a beautiful and exotically tinged work in which a Hindu woman (sung by Janet Baker) confronts and triumphs over a visitation by Death (Argo ZNF-6, stereo; NF-6, monaural), and by a fine selection of medieval lyrics and part songs, performed by the Purcell Singers and English Chamber Orchestra (Argo ZRG-5495, stereo; RG-5494, monaural). Frederick Delius' rhapsodic Piano Concerto is coupled with the American Samuel Barber's Sonata, Opus 26, in a Decca record, with Marjorie Mitchell as soloist (DL-710136, stereo; 10136, monaural), and his Double Concerto for Violin and Cello, another smoothly flowing, evocative work, is performed by Raymond Cohen and Gerald Warburg, with Norman del Mar conducting the Royal Philharmonic on an imported Pye release (GGC-4073, stereo or monaural). Sir William Walton's vigorous Symphony No. 1 is played in a resounding recording by André Previn and the London Symphony Orchestra (RCA Victor LSC-2927, stereo; LM-2927, monaural). A record of New Music from Britain issued by Angel features Peter Maxwell Davies' *Leopardi Fragments*, the work which won the 1966 Koussevitzky International Recording Award (S-36387, stereo; 36387, monaural). The list could go on indefinitely.

But no matter what its length, the name at the top would surely remain that of Benjamin Britten, without a doubt England's most significant composer since Purcell. Now fifty-three years old, Britten is represented by some forty entries in the Schwann catalogue, including several operas. Another one, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with a cast including Alfred

Deller, Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Heather Harper, is scheduled to be released later this year by London. Right now London, capitalizing on this season's successful revival of *Peter Grimes* at the Metropolitan Opera, has released a single disc of highlights taken from the complete recording of the work originally issued in 1962 (OS-26004, stereo; OM-36004, monaural).

The force and flavor of *Peter Grimes* come through strongly in these excerpts; Britten, who lives on the Suffolk coast, knows how to steep a score with the feeling of the sea, and he is not afraid to turn the English folk-song tradition to his own good uses. This musical drama of a proud and violent fisherman pursued to his death by an evil fate is now more than twenty years old (it was commissioned by the Koussevitzky Foundation in 1944), but the power of its score remains unabated.

While Britten's *Peter Grimes* and *Rape of Lucretia* were playing in New York this season, still another British work, Wilfred Josephs' *Requiem*, was being given its American premiere performances by the touring Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra conducted by Max Rudolf. Josephs is a thirty-nine-year-old composer born in Newcastle-on-Tyne and currently resident in London. Before he decided to concentrate on music he received a degree in dentistry, a fact that seems to fascinate American critics who have written about him. In December, 1963, Josephs' *Requiem* won first prize in the first International Competition of La Scala, Milan, and ever since, it has been performed across Europe to mounting acclaim. It was written as a memorial to the Jews who perished at the hands of the Nazis, lasts fifty minutes, and is scored for the unique combination of large symphony orchestra, chorus, baritone soloist, and string quintet. It represents a combination of the Jewish and Catholic liturgical traditions, for its vocal portions are made up of the words of the traditional Hebrew prayer for the dead, the Kaddish, while the string quintet interludes (of unusual harmonic richness and expressivity) represent the portions of the Roman Mass. Despite some contrived and showy passages, the Josephs *Requiem* is a work that marshals its resources skillfully and that communicates emotion. Decca, which regularly

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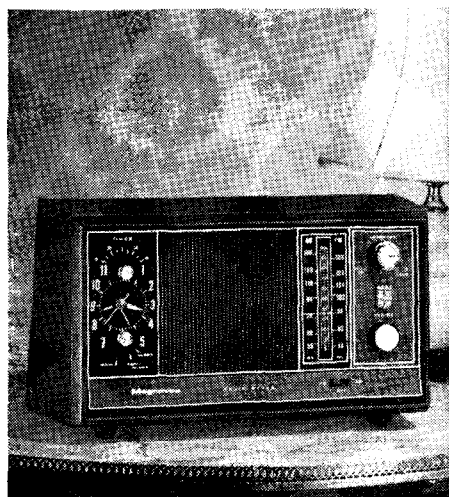
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records the Cincinnati Symphony, has deferred for the time being the question of whether to add the Josephs *Requiem* to its catalogue. Whether it eventually is recorded or not, it offers one more attestation of the continued vitality and originality of British musical life.

Record Reviews

Corelli: Twelve Concerti Grossi, Opus 6
Max Goherman conducting Vienna Symphonietta; Odyssey 32-36-0002 (stereo) and 32-36-0001: three records

Odyssey is a new series of \$2.50 records launched by Columbia and devoted to both new releases and reissues. Among the latter is this superb set of Corelli orchestral recordings made by the late Max Goherman, who earned his living conducting Broadway theater pit orchestras, but demonstrated his talents by systematically recording the works of Corelli, Vivaldi, Haydn, and others. Goherman's recordings were enthusiastically praised when they first came out (on the Library of Recorded Masterpieces label) for their scholarship, authoritativeness, and sheer vivacity, and this welcome reissue demonstrates that in this repertory, they have not been equaled.

Franck: Symphony in D Minor
Sir Thomas Beecham conducting Orchestre National de la Radiodiffusion Française; Seraphim S-60012 (stereo) and 60012

Listeners who never wish to hear the Franck D Minor again are hereby urged to give it one more try in this remarkably clean and vivid recording reissued in Angel's low-priced Seraphim series. Sir Thomas Beecham was renowned for his ability to impart a gloss to the weariest war-horse, and he never displayed the faculty more brilliantly than here. The D Minor, after all, is the symphony that most of us regarded as the world's greatest in the days of our youth, and here Sir Thomas takes us lovingly back over the years.

Schumann: Piano Quintet in E-flat, Opus 44
Mozart: Piano Quartet in G Minor, K. 478

Leonard Bernstein, pianist, and the Juilliard String Quartet; Columbia MS-6929 (stereo) and ML-6329

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his thoughts, but this record suggests that Leonard Bernstein could, if he wished, carve out a highly satisfactory career for himself as a chamber music performer when his retirement from the New York Philharmonic becomes effective two years hence. His playing, and that of the Juilliard Quartet, is musically clean, rhythmically secure, and charged with an excitement that lifts these performances far above the general run. Since the Schumann quintet is one of the great ensemble pieces in all music, and the Mozart quartet a product of the composer's mature genius, the record abounds with beautiful music-making on both sides.

Wagner: Tristan und Isolde

Karl Böhm conducting Bayreuth Festival Orchestra and Chorus, with Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Christa Ludwig, and others; Deutsche Grammophon 139221/25 (stereo) and 39221-25: five records

The problems of putting a powerful and lucid *Tristan* on records are enormous, and DGG solved them simply: it put its microphones on the stage at Bayreuth last year and took down the live performance at the festival. The result is a *Tristan* with a tremendously vivid quality, as shown, for example, in the climax of Act I where the lovers, having swallowed the supposedly fatal potions, pour their hearts out to each other while the ship bearing Isolde to her match with King Mark reaches port. Birgit Nilsson demonstrates anew that she is the foremost Wagnerian soprano of our times, and Windgassen is a not unworthy colleague. Böhm's conducting permits no lagging, and the sound seems none the poorer for originating on a theater stage rather than in a recording studio.

A Hand Is on the Gate

Arranged and directed by Roscoe Lee Browne, with Leon Bibb, Gloria Foster, Moses Gunn, Ellen Holly, James Earl Jones, and Josephine Prémice; Verve-Folkways FVS-9040 (stereo) and FV-9040: two records

Some of America's finest Negro actors, actresses, and singers were brought together for this Broadway production taken from prose, poetry, and song created by the American Negro. The variety is enormous, with writers ranging from James Weldon Johnson to Leroi Jones, and

heroes from Fredrick Douglass to Satchel Paige. There is pride as well as bitterness in this recording by the original cast, and these qualities are conveyed as memorably in the music as in the words.

Kander and Ebb: Cabaret

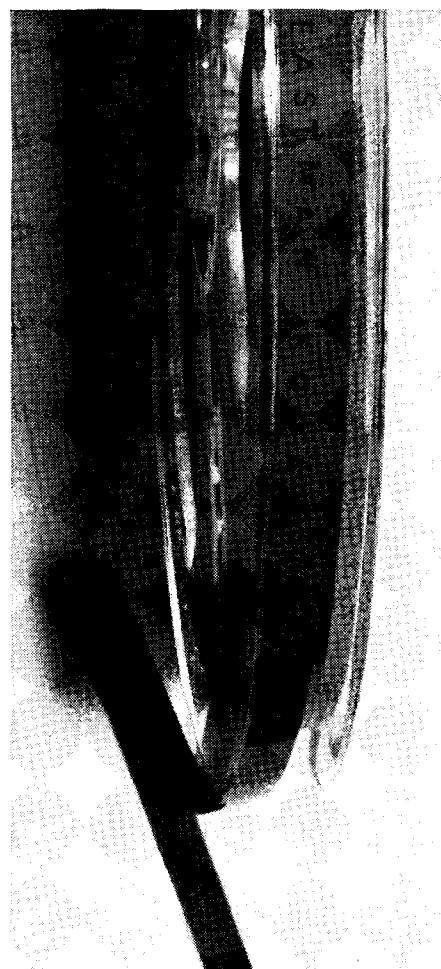
Jill Haworth, Lotte Lenya, Jack Gilford, Bert Convy, Joel Grey, and members of Broadway original cast; Columbia KOS-3040 (stereo) and KOL-6640

In a season of mostly lightweight Broadway musicals, *Cabaret* stands out as a show that at least attempts to use its words and music to some point—in this case, to recall the feverish mood of Berlin during the rise of Hitler. If the show never quite attains the penetration of its Christopher Isherwood original, it's because the words and music of Fred Ebb and John Kander never establish much of a sense of personal characterization. It's a shame, for instance, that the incomparable Lotte Lenya, who plays a seedy but dignified boardinghouse keeper, is given so little of consequence to sing. The two outstanding songs are the superb opening "*Willkommen*," a welcoming song that conjures up a picture of a grinning, pasty-faced nightclub impresario, and "Tomorrow Belongs to Me," a Nazi marching song which sounds so authentic that one wonders whether the authors did some rummaging around the old German originals.

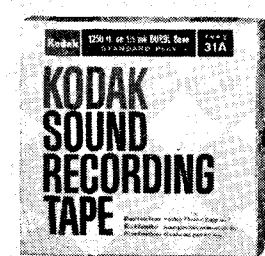
You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown

Orson Bean as Charlie Brown, Barbara Minkus as Lucy, Bill Hinnant as Snoopy, and others, with MGM Orchestra conducted by Jay Blackton; Leo the Lion Records LE-900 (monaural)

This is an "original cast" album that reverses the usual procedure, for the record came out before two off-Broadway producers decided to turn it into a live show. The songs, by Clark Gesner, celebrate the various characters in the "Peanuts" comic strip of Charles M. Schulz, and succeed in being moderately entertaining and reasonably faithful to their originals. Thus, Snoopy the dog celebrates the coming of supper with a joyous jig, Charlie Brown recounts his baseball failures in a doleful ballad, and the entire ensemble sings a chorale defining happiness in homey terms. The score is amiable if not memorable, and Mr. Schulz's illustrations brighten the album.



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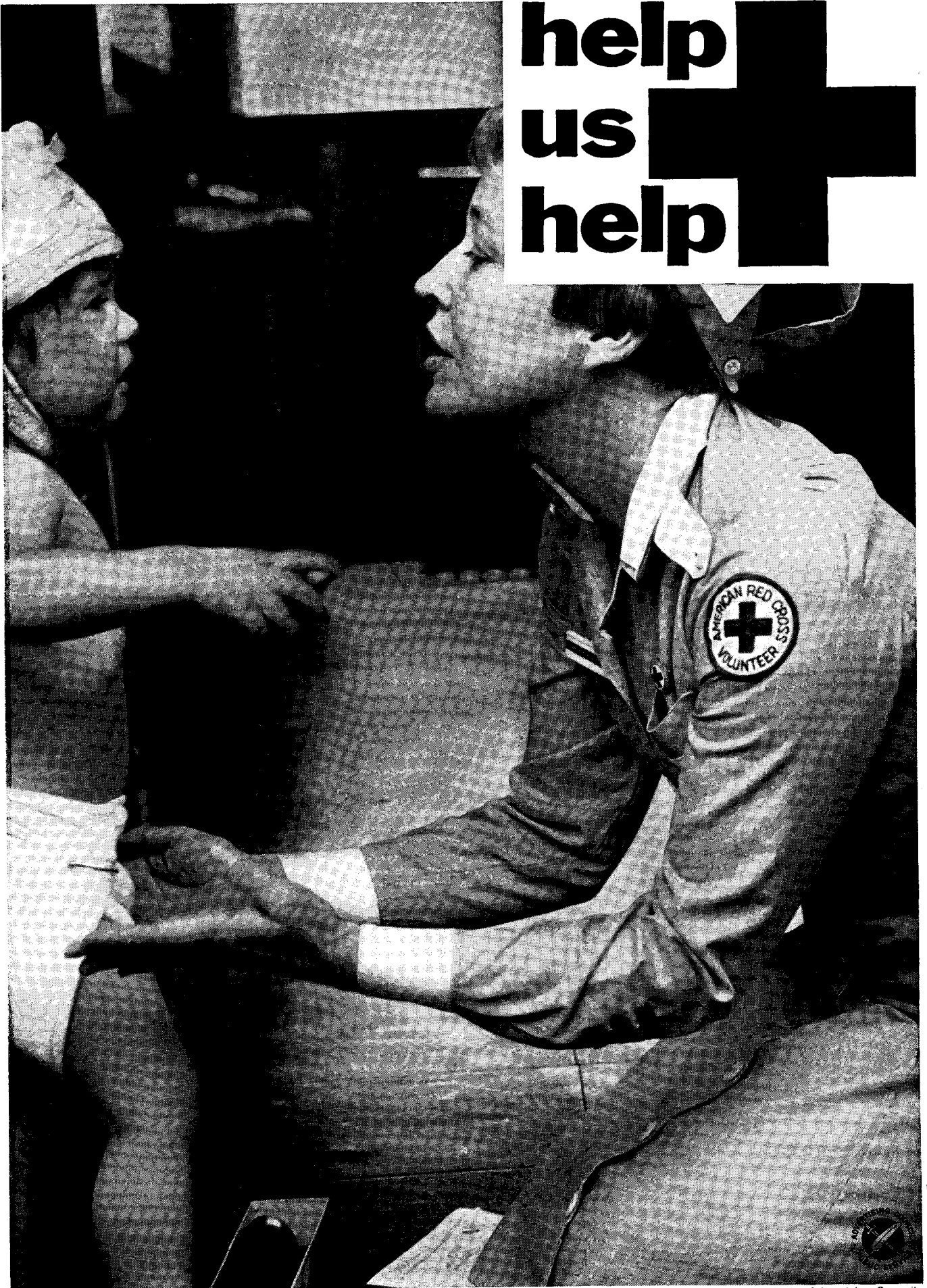


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books

The Peripatetic Reviewer
by Edward Weeks

A man of intense sympathy and increasing imaginative power, John Hersey has come to his writing with less insularity than many of his contemporaries. He was born in Tientsin, China, in 1914 and spoke Chinese fluently before he knew English. As a war correspondent for *Time-Life* he was appropriately assigned to the Pacific, and his first book, *Men on Bataan*, in the nature of a correspondent's report, appeared in 1942. A year later he published *Into the Valley*, describing what had happened to a Marine company on Guadalcanal which had been entrapped by the Japanese deep in the jungle. This was the semi-fictional story of the Marines' reactions and his own as they fought to extricate themselves. I remember him well on his return, for he spoke in a symposium which I chaired at the Town Hall in New York; he spoke without notes, and his remarks about the fighting men on Guadalcanal made his eight minutes the most stirring on the program.

Hersey's third book, *A Bell for Adano*, grew out of his experiences on the Italian front, and in it he moved from journalism to the novel. His gift for characterization and his inherent compassion served him well; the book was widely read and earned him the Pulitzer Prize in fiction for 1945. It was followed by his most formidable performance in journalism, *Hiroshima*, which traced the atomic holocaust through the factual record of six survivors.

It was not easy for any writer so long engrossed in war to find themes of comparable drama in civilian life. I think Hersey may have hoped to expunge the violence once and for all in *The Wall*, the intricate, anguished story of the Polish Jews fighting to survive the Nazi brutality in Warsaw; one had the feeling that *The Wall* was more of a tour de force than *Hiroshima*, that the suffering in it was not as much a part of Hersey as what he had experienced in Japan, and that it was high time he found in New England, where he, his wife, and his children were happily settled, some contemporary American leads which would give full scope to his ability as a novelist. But it would be some fifteen years before he did.

JOHN HERSEY's new short novel, *UNDER THE EYE OF THE STORM* (Knopf, \$4.95), begins as an innocent summer cruise out of Edgar-

town. Aboard the sturdy yawl *Harmony* are the guests: Flick Hamden, an electronic gadgeteer, and his complacent wife, Dottie; the owner, Doctor Thomas Medlar, a liver specialist in his mid-thirties, and his attractive wife, Audrey. The weatherman has been making noises about a tropical storm named Esmé, which is reported five hundred miles off the Georgia coast and meandering. Tom Medlar has a head for details, and the care of his beloved *Harmony* is the perfect antidote for his practice in surgery. Tom, who at the moment is fed up with medicine and depressed by "the downhillness of everything since the Korean War," looks forward to showing his boat off, not unmindful, on this sunny morning, that Esmé may be in the offing.

The skipper is a fusspot aboard ship; his wife calls him Dr. Meticulous. He keeps an impeccable log, he keeps every piece of equipment in trim, just as he keeps an assortment of emergency gear in the lockers or stowed up forward, each ticked off in his inventory mind. He fusses at the others until the three join forces in laughing indifference to his caution. Flick, in particular, enjoys teasing. "Why a sailboat?" he asks, and Tom, goaded and embarrassed, talks about the illusion of a triumph over the evil side of nature, which you get for a short time on such a craft—words which a few hours later he would gladly eat. As the day begins to cloud over, Tom is appalled to find that his friend has not brought any oilskins with him, and to the annoyance of the others, he puts into the nearest harbor to make good the deficit.

Proximity begins to work on the four of them. Tom feels a momentary attraction to Dottie in her bikini as she lies sprawled asleep on the canvas cushions of the cockpit. Flick, who seems to resent any request to lend a hand, annoys the skipper, and annoys him still more when with lipstick and a black eye patch cut from the log, he comes roaring on deck as a buffoon pirate. The situation is really torn when Tom intercepts what he takes to be a naked look of adoration between his wife and Flick. Are they really lovers he wonders, and the thought becomes part of the nightmare from which he awakens at three in the morning to find that the storm has closed in on them while they were



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sleeping at anchor in Great Salt Pond.

Tom is by rights the central character, and his planning and reflexes as he struggles to keep the boat afloat are an ingenious piece of seamanship. The struggle is a long one, for he knows that the eye of the storm will not reach them until 1:15. He knows that the odds are against them, and that the *Harmony* is a sick boat because of "that one lousy piece of pinchpenny lumber in its keel," the rotting wood enclosing the keel bolt. The benumbing of Flick and the surprising behavior of the girls are part of his problem. Against the inhuman violence of the hurricane he has only the instinctive precaution of his ordered mind. I admire the powerful writing in this book, which is as believable as the inane relief which seizes them all when the eye has passed. The author has staged the ending so abruptly as to suggest that this is the last the two couples want to see of each other; the ordeal simply broke them apart.

Centaur and editor

When I was learning my trade as a book salesman in New York, **STUART ROSE** was the most colorful anomaly in our business; here was a handsome man, black-haired, lean, with legs designed for a saddle, who should have ridden with Jeb Stuart yet somehow had drifted into publishing. Throughout life Rose has agreed with TR's observation that "the outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man." He was dedicated to the Cavalry by his two uncles, both of whom rode in that service in the Spanish-American War, and Stuart himself at the age of sixteen, having falsified his age, volunteered for the 1st New York Cavalry, then on the Mexican border, and went on to be a highly efficient machine gunner in France. He would like to have made his career in the regular army, but when his family went broke, he was called back to Manhattan to help support them and himself, and editing was what most appealed to this centaur. Riding of any kind — schooling, fox hunting, steeplechasing — was still his passion, and this ambivalence of his for the horse and the book is responsible for an unusual, vigorous, very masculine memoir, **THERE'S A FOX IN THE SPINNEY** (Doubleday,

\$4.95). Stuart Rose may not have the lyrical touch of Siegfried Sassoon, whose *Memoirs of a Fox-Hunting Man* is a post-World War I classic, but with his wry sense of humor he rides a close second.

After the Armistice but while still in the army, Mr. Rose sustained a hard fall while racing mules, and it broke his back. The army doctor passed it off with some ointment, and for the next twenty years the young veteran went through the hardest kind of equestrian usage without realizing that he had a fractured frame. For many of those years he did not have enough money to own a stable, and the stages by which he rose to be a licensed "gentleman rider," a huntsman of renown, and a jockey much desired by wealthy patrons make good reading. He tells more dashing than anything else I have read of the delights and the difficulties of fox hunting and steeplechasing in the United States. He received more spills and bruises than silver ("Second Place Rose, they call him, Second Place Rose," his wife, Pat, sang to him as they returned from one point-to-point), but Stuart always survived to ride another day and his inextinguishable zest and courage made him welcome wherever there was a meet.

These same qualities and a nice sense of judgment informed his friendships with Harold Lamb and James Branch Cabell when he was editor of McBride's; his man-to-man relationship with Alfred McIntyre when he was editing for Little, Brown; his admiration for Margaret Mitchell, James Boyd, Clifford Dowdell, and Walter D. Edmonds when he was buying and editing the fiction for the *Saturday Evening Post*. Stuart's prose sometimes goes clippety-clop, as if the centaur rather than the editor were writing, and he has in him an old-world gallantry which permits him to say, as he leaves the paddock for the starting gate, "I'll feel like a knight of old wearing milady's gauge." No other editor I know could say a thing like that and get away with it.

Foreign policy and the press

JAMES B. RESTON, the associate editor and senior Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, came to his present eminence from the sports page. In 1937 he was

sent abroad to cover Wimbledon and the Irish sweepstakes for the Cincinnati *Inquirer*, and two months later he was covering the foreign office in London for the Associated Press. He could never have accomplished this transition had he been less sage and quizzical, and in his new book he modestly alludes to this sudden transformation as a symbol of the amateur standing of so many now in the capital. **THE ARTILLERY OF THE PRESS** (Harper & Row, \$3.95) is Mr. Reston's penetrating analysis of the influence of American newspapers on our foreign policy; in chapters that are searching, well informed, and witty, he examines the testy relationship between the executive and the reporter.

The book opens with two con- tending quotations: Lenin asked in 1920, "Why should freedom of speech and freedom of press be allowed?"; and Thomas Jefferson remarked in 1787 that "were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without news- papers, or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to choose the latter." Mr. Reston begins by examining the machinery of the press. He regrets that in the who-what-when-where- why technique of news writing the why comes last and often gets left out altogether. He acknowledges that in the McCarthy era the lie was given the same impact and impor- tance as the truth, and that the publish-and-be-damned principle can actually damage our national security, as happened when the Chicago *Tribune* disclosed the fact that we had cracked the Japanese code. He bears down hard on the loud moralizing of American leaders. "Talking off the record," he writes, "to 1,000 people is like making love in Grand Central Station," and this leads him to speak his mind about the feeling abroad that American officials are too inexperienced to exercise safely the power they possess.

Mr. Reston comes to the heart of the matter in his chapter entitled The President and the Press. The power of the presidency, he says, has been increasing steadily since World War II, and almost all scientific and political trends are enhancing this power "more than they are in- creasing the power of the Congress or the press." He places his hope in what Matthew Arnold termed "the

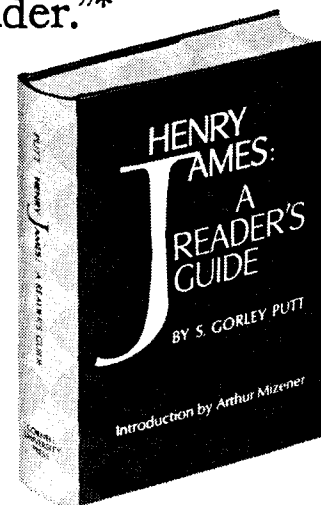


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Horace Walpole

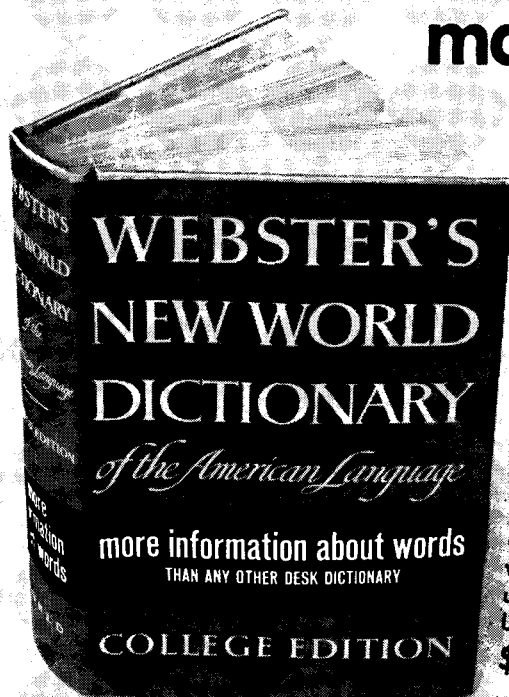
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educated remnant": "My hope is that the best elements in the press, in networks and government, in the schools, colleges, universities and the church, in business, commerce and finance will prevail over the worst, and create a 'remnant,' in Arnold's terms, that will have a dominant influence on our society. My nightmare is that the 'remnant' will be divided, exhausted, and corrupted. The danger of this is very real."

Spaceman at large

The problem of the non-student, the drifter who is not eligible for college or capable of a good job but somehow manages to hang on precariously, is nationwide. The hero of *IN ORBIT* (New American Library, \$3.95) by **WRIGHT MORRIS** is one such. The novel begins when Jubal Gainer, like a spaceman in his crash helmet, comes thundering into the small Midwestern village of Pickett on the motorcycle which he has stolen. Jubal is a guitar player trying to escape the draft. He has no money, just this mad desire to get away. And in Pickett he runs out of gas.

Pauline Bergdahl, who services the gasoline station in her unlaced tennis sneakers and her surplus pea jacket, spots him for the mean truant that he is, and telephones her hunch to her friend Curt Hodler, the editor of the *Pickett Courier*, who pays her \$5 for her tips when they prove to be right. In this case Hodler is skeptical, with the result that Jubal the boy, footloose and desperate, goes on the rampage, taking what he can get and on the way assaulting Holly Stohrmeyer, the village half-wit. The hue and cry begins, and in the pursuit we come to know quite a lot about the moving spirits in this little town: about the German refugee and musician Haffner, who teaches at the girls' college; about Alan Hatfield, the poet, and about Charlotte, his attractive scatter-brained wife; we see the sheriff in action; and most of all, we follow the thoughts and actions of Hodler, the quiet peace-loving editor.

In Orbit reminds me of *Winesburg, Ohio*. It holds within it the very natural short stories of a community suddenly invaded by what Miss Holly thinks was a spaceman, a community suddenly saved from bloodshed by a howling twister.

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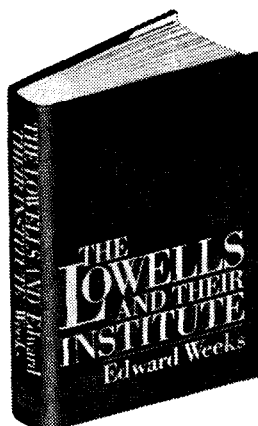
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Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin

We have become so hardened to the subordination of man to the state that incidents of oppression no longer arouse our indignation. After the Nazi and Communist concentration camps, after the restoration of slavery under various guises in many parts of the world, a single incident of injustice is hardly capable of arousing our indignation. It is hard now to recall the moral environment in which the fate of one French Army officer or of two Italian anarchists seemed vital to men of goodwill everywhere. Perhaps because protest is no longer effective, because totalitarian governments are not responsive to world opinion, the call to conscience seems futile.

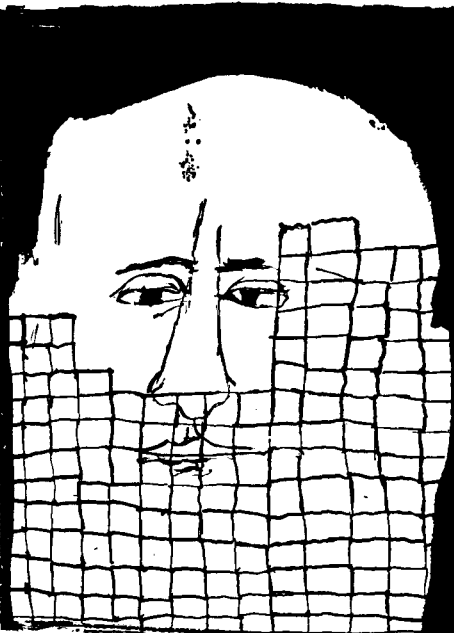
ALBIE SACHS'S THE JAIL DIARY OF ALBIE SACHS (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95) reminds us of the issues involved. In October, 1963, Sachs, a young South African lawyer, was imprisoned under the Ninety Day Law, which permitted the detention, at the will of the police, of any person suspected of an offense against the state. Sachs had been the attorney in several cases involving apartheid, and the purpose of his arrest was to secure information about the movement against the racial laws. No charges were necessary. He was questioned from time to time but remained in solitary confinement for the full period. When he was freed on the ninetieth day, he was immediately rearrested and held for another 78 days. In the end he was released, never having been accused of any crime, but having served 168 days.

This book is not, properly speaking, a diary. During most of his incarceration Sachs lacked writing materials as well as books. He wrote this account after his release, and it is, therefore, more organized than a day-by-day record would have been.

It is nevertheless a moving account. In the beginning, Sachs determined to withhold all information by refusing to respond to any inquiries no matter how trivial. By holding inflexibly to that resolution he was able to maintain his silence, so that in the end his captors got nothing from him. Any opening in the nature of a dialogue would have made restraint more difficult.

Sachs was, however, in a relatively fortunate position. He was white and well connected, so that there were limits beyond which his interrogators did not go. He suffered no physical abuse, and the conditions of his incarceration, while uncomfortable, were not indecent. Other cases, to which a concluding chapter refers, showed that even the most determined men gave way when there were no limits to the power applied to them.

The most striking observations of the book deal with the effects of prolonged isolation on man's personality. Absolutely cut off from the outer world, deprived of the possibility of communicating with anyone but the jailer, totally alone, Sachs had to struggle to remain a human being. His initial response was to develop and maintain a daily routine which occupied the passing hours in a rational and coherent way. It took ingenuity to do so in the total vacuum of the cell. Yet the longing for contact persisted and found expression in a strange friendship with an unknown prisoner who whistled together with Sachs at recognized hours. There are interesting descriptions of the efforts to establish some kind of human relationship with the jailers and of the problem of retaining sanity through the long empty days and nights. As time passed, Sachs sank into deep depressions and occasionally took refuge in illusion. He endured almost a half year of confinement under these terms. There are indications that he could not have lasted much longer.



JEAN GENÊT'S MIRACLE OF THE ROSE (Grove Press, \$7.50) is a jail journal of another kind. Genêt was a hardened criminal serving a life sentence when he began to write this book. His career in crime had begun at the age of ten and led him from the reformatory to prison. Here he describes life in Fontevrault in all its grim complexity and richness, utterly dissimilar to the stark isolation of Sachs's cell. The difference arose from the fact that the underworld inmates of Fontevrault expected and were prepared for their imprisonment. The barred universe they inhabited was home. Everything outside it was an irrelevance. The problems of consciousness which bothered Sachs did not impinge at all upon Genêt, who was able to accept the terms of incarceration and to live and love within them.

The novel — part fiction, part autobiography — has a complex structure. It unfolds along a dual story line. In the present it deals with Harcamone, who awaits execution in the solitude of the death cell. Harcamone, who had brutally killed Fontevrault's one kind guard, is the hero of convict society, which awaits the miraculous apotheosis of the guillotine, in which all will fulfill themselves. Woven into this account is the remembrance of life years earlier at the nearby reformatory at Mettray, where many of the inmates had spent their boyhood together. The juxtaposition exposes the perversion of impulses that turned the youngsters of the past into the homosexual crashers and chickens of the present. This continuity of experience makes the prison an integral world rather than the hiatus in existence it is for Sachs.

Isolation

Life behind bars is a grossly exaggerated extreme of the case of the modern man who loses contact, and for any one of a number of reasons, finds himself in isolation. The search for a meaningful routine and the escape into illusion are common outside as well as within the jail.

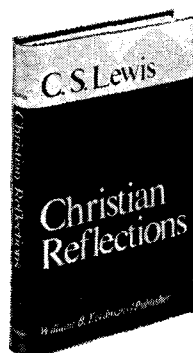
Loneliness was the theme of almost everything Italo Svevo wrote. It took more than thirty years for the emergence of a true estimate of the stature of this clerk in a Trieste bank. Svevo never achieved recognition during his lifetime. Only Joyce,

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of his contemporaries, recognized his ability. Yet his novels were impressive achievements in form and in substance.

P. N. FURBANK'S *ITALO SVEVO* (University of California Press, \$6.00) is an admirable introduction to the man and the writer. The biographical section is excellent, drawing together illuminating material on Svevo's family background, on his intellectual heritage, and on the city of Trieste. The lucid and perceptive critical discussion analyzes the problems which Svevo faced as a writer, focusing properly on the novels.

His short stories, now appearing in English translation in *SHORT SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY* (University of California Press, \$6.00), have an interest of their own. The eight stories, written between 1910 and 1928, vary in length and in subject matter. Only three are fully polished with the craftsmanship Svevo devoted to the work he published in his lifetime. Yet these tales not only make fascinating reading but also state the themes that engaged Svevo as a thinker.

The central concern is consciousness, what men know of each other and of the world around them. The earliest of the stories attempt ingeniously to perceive the world through the eyes of animals, and the same device crops up incidentally in later stories, as in "The Hoax," where little fables about sparrows illuminate the problems of the humans. But the chicken and the dog that are the protagonists of "Argo" and "The Mother" are more than Aesopian instruments for commenting on man's foibles. Svevo is interested in what smell actually feels like to the dog as a sentient being. That concern leads him to the larger problems of how any person knows about or communicates with any other. Writing in the years of the birth of psychoanalysis, Svevo was early aware of the Freudian findings. But his artistry and his humor took him beyond the formulas to authentic perceptions of man's situation.

Most of the stories deal with old age. The elderly men in their sixties confront what remains of life with pathetic small ambitions, for a good night's sleep or a business loan. They know from experience the slight likelihood of success. They clutch illusion tenderly, for illness

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and death are always close, and there is little to protect them from utter loneliness. A brother, a spouse, or a girl becomes precious insofar as each postpones the ultimate solitude. Love in this perspective is a means of catching hold for a brief moment of a connection with the outer world.

The setting of Svevo's work as of his life was a provincial town which provided a circumscribed ambit within which to encompass man's outer environment. Svevo makes no effort to describe the town as a physical place, although there are fleeting allusions to its river and its tram lines. It is rather the social and cultural context from which age and experience detach the individual. The distance from it, which is the measure of man's loneliness, is at the same time the sign of his developing consciousness.

Love and death are also the themes of **JAN WOLKERS' A ROSE OF FLESH** (Braziller, \$5.00). This novel by a young Dutch writer deals with a day in the life of an invalid. Daniel lives alone. On this day, he encounters his son, talks with his parents, and thinks about the wife from whom he is separated. He is about to go to the theater (the play is Molière's *Imaginary Invalid*) when an attack of asthma forces him to stay at home, where he spends the night in conversation with the woman who was to have accompanied him. In the exchange of talk, they uncover the sources of their disorders, in each case the meaningless loss of a child. But there is no warmth between them, and the morning separates them as casually as the evening had brought them together.

Flashes of tenderness relieve the unalloyed pessimism of the story, as when Daniel chats with his son or when the visit of the aging parents summons up recollections of childhood. But the compassion for people and things that infuses Svevo's writing is absent from the novel of the younger man. Here, too, illness and death are the badges of man's loneliness in a world which is all mist. Man can scream out or pray, but no sound will travel in the mist and no one will hear. The very effort to reach out is therefore banal.

The intellectual context of the novel literature of isolation includes a change in the image of man in the past half century. In **TO DENY OUR NOTHINGNESS** (Delacorte, \$7.50),

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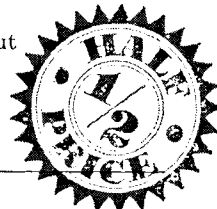
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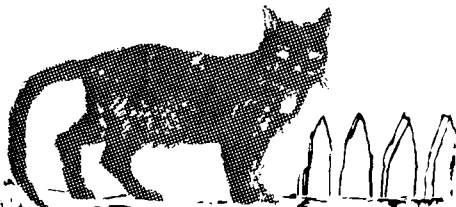
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MAURICE FRIEDMAN surveys some of the writers who have contributed to the transformation. He reaches back to Freud and Bergson and comes down to Camus and Beckett, touching upon philosophy and psychology as well as fiction. The analysis proceeds mainly by juxtaposing several writers, although the logic of the selections and omissions is not always clear. Professor Friedman closes with a plea for moral philosophy which asks each man to seek a meaningful personal direction, an "ought" to apply to each situation. While most of the writers he treats would agree to the validity of the quest, many would not share his confidence in a successful outcome.

The problems of empire

ROME ON THE EUPHRATES by FREYA STARK (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$9.75) is an illuminating history of the Roman frontier in Asia Minor and the Middle East. The story sprawls across the events of eight centuries from the Battle of Magnesia in 189 B.C. to the death of Justinian in 565 A.D. The author is not a professional historian, but she has worked through the basic sources with care, and she knows how to tell an interesting story.

The book celebrates a trade route, along which for millennia the Bactrian camels brought the wares of China to the West. In Mesopotamia — the bridge of Asia — goods from India swelled the flow on the way to Europe. Here was born Alexander's dream, nurtured by the Hellenistic society that followed him, of a united world, the common possession of all civilized men.

The rising empire of the West destroyed that vision. Repeatedly the Romans attempted to build a frontier across these paths because they felt secure only behind the sea or with an unarmed nation on their border. The effort, which always failed, damaged the region and also exhausted the metropolis. Rome was alternately debauched by the wealth stolen from the East and drained by the effort to maintain control.

The grand theme is interesting although not particularly convincing, and in any case has little relevance to the merits of the book, which arise out of the excellence of the parts rather than out of the argument of the whole. Freya Stark

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writes well, at times passionately. Her moving descriptions of men, events, and landscapes bring remote people and places alive, and she is admirably sensitive to the apt quotation from the great literature of the eras she treats. She is partisan and favors the underdogs. The Seleucids and Parthians, Antiochus, Mithridates, and even Crassus, who have usually been harshly dealt with by their enemies, attract her indulgent sympathy, and her defense enlivens the story. Furthermore, she is not averse to digressions, which enable her to tuck into her narrative a charming account of Pliny or an amusing aside on the animal stories of the Greek Fathers.

Above all, she knows the country, having traveled through it. The ancient cities which are now Turkish villages, the shifting rivers, and the changeless people cease to be dead names in a book as her perceptive vision connects past and present. Having looked through the slit in the mountains where an American dam holds the Dizful River, which feeds the emptiness that Trajan peopled with his dreams, she understands the Roman prisoners who wore their hearts out while they practiced as captives their engineering skill. She knows too the feeling of an ancient society where men long since felt that all was lost, all destroyed, and what might befall tomorrow, God alone knew.

Making the bomb

The bomb that fell on Hiroshima surprised and shocked the world, not only by its power but also by the suddenness of its appearance. The three-year effort that had developed and built the weapon had been so secret that the word of its use was totally unexpected. In the decades since then a good deal has been written by the scientists about the discoveries in nuclear physics that put the atom bomb within reach and about the effects of its explosion. But the story of its manufacture remained unknown.

STEPHANE GROUEFF's **MANHATTAN PROJECT** (Little, Brown, \$6.95) tells that story in detail for the first time. The author, born in Bulgaria, educated in Switzerland, and New York correspondent for a French weekly, has skillfully assembled the complicated facts, mastered the technical issues, and written a lucid

narrative. He has a sense of the complexity of the task and of the vigorous personalities involved in it, and manages to communicate both.

The story begins with the warning from Einstein of the danger that the Germans might exploit for military use their success in splitting the uranium atom in 1938. It concludes when the *Enola Gay* dropped its cargo over Japan on August 6, 1945. Between those events lay an enormous engineering feat, completed at high speed and immense cost while the nation was engaged in a bitter war in Europe and in Asia.

The scientific committee that was responsible for the decision to proceed to manufacture the bomb in May, 1942, had to choose among five possible production methods. The techniques of none were yet defined with any precision, and the wrong choice could be disastrous because the Nazis already had a three-year lead. The bold recommendation was to try all five methods at the same time. The program entailed therefore the construction of several tremendous plants equipped with machines that had not yet been invented for processes that had not yet been developed — and speed was of the utmost urgency.

The success of the project called for the building of whole new cities at Hanford, Washington, and Oak Ridge, Tennessee, for the enlistment of an army of scientists and technologists, for the maintenance of laboratories at Berkeley, Los Alamos, Chicago, and New York, and for the production of supplies by a dozen cooperating corporations. Planning, the solution of scores of technical problems, design, and fabrication went on almost simultaneously. The limitless resources of a country determined to get the job done made the tremendous effort possible. But fully as important were the willingness of the scientists to apply their intelligence to the task and the confidence of the government in backing them.

The objective of this awesome mobilization of brains and power was a weapon of unparalleled destructiveness. The reader of this book will not refrain from wondering what results might follow from a similar dedication of intelligence and energy to the constructive solution of some of the nation's social problems.

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Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams

When an author has won a Nobel Prize, it is not unsafe to assume that his work is imbued with high seriousness and earnest purpose, for the Nobel committee has never shown much affection for comedians. The Icelander **HALLDOR LAXNESS** comes, therefore, as a delightful lapse from tradition. His novel **THE FISH CAN SING** (Crowell, \$5.95) simmers with an ironic, disrespectful mirth which gives unexpected dimensions to the themes of lost innocence and the nature of art. These



themes are sober enough, but as Mr. Laxness develops them through the experiences of young Alfgirim in Reykjavik at the start of the century, they lead to such memorable absurdities as the reincarnated princess and the magician whose clothes are abruptly borrowed, leaving him "in the wings wearing nothing but his underpants and holding his doves and top hat."

Iceland was a Danish colony in those days, and Mr. Laxness has a great deal of fun with provincial imitations of Copenhagen manners. Young Gudmunsen (the spelling is fashionably Danicized) makes a speech bedizened with random French, irrelevant German, and preposterous Latin, and is interrupted at intervals by his father, Old

Gudmundsson, setting the facts straight with true Icelandic bluntness. The basis of Mr. Laxness' style is in fact Icelandic bluntness, which is not bluntness at all but a literary technique that goes right back to the sagas. It involves an artful, calculated, and even devious arrangement of what appear to be mere surface details, which by their juxtaposition produce meanings and emotional responses that are never mentioned in the understated text. And Icelandic understatement would outdo a Vermonter. How things looked, what was done, and what was said are almost the entire substance of *The Fish Can Sing*. Toward the end, when discussion of the position and reward of the artist becomes too complicated for Alfgirim's wide-eyed bumpkin pitch, Mr. Laxness emerges briefly and warily from behind the mask, but until that point, reflection, explanation, and analysis are rigorously avoided. Nor are they missed. There is no need for Alfgirim to label Thord the Baptist a nut when he can "remember walking past him down at the harbor one evening in a northerly gale of rain and fog, while he was preaching with great force and conviction at some wheelbarrows. . . ."

JULIAN HUXLEY'S FROM AN ANTIQUE LAND (Harper & Row, \$8.95) records observations and opinions formed during several journeys in the Middle East, Egypt, and Crete. Early in the book, one finds a description of a promontory on the coast road from Beirut by Byblos, a turn so nasty that every army that ever negotiated it saw fit to inscribe the fact on the cliffs. The names Mr. Huxley lists from this rock pile are Rameses II, Napoleon III, Nebuchadnezzar, Allenby, Tiglath-Pileser III, Sennacherib, Esarhaddon, Marcus Aurelius, Caracalla, and Selim I. The order is Mr. Huxley's, and tells a good deal about his book. He is prepared to consider, knowledgeably, the whole long and astonishing development of the region, plus its birds, animals, geological structure, unlikely visitors, ruins, buildings, waterworks, literature, and current problems, but he will not be bound by chronology or by anyone's formal historical theory, least of all the pessimistic views of Toynbee, which irritate him.

MRS. SATAN (Putnam, \$5.95) is an amusing biography of Victoria C. Woodhull, written by **JOHANNA**

JOHNSTON in a tone of scholarly amazement tinged with incredulity. Victoria was the woman who, in the 1870s, became a Wall Street broker, ran for President of the United States, addressed Congress on women's rights to great applause, edited a liberal magazine with scandal sheet appurtenances, lectured all around the country, advocated free love, got herself entangled in spiritualism, and survived innumerable legal scuffles. She also exploded the Henry Ward Beecher scandal (the reverend gentleman had seduced a lady of his rich and stuffy congregation), probably because one of his sisters was rude to her. She was a beauty and a terror, and her garrulous sister Tennessee was worse. They both married eventually in England and died surprisingly recently in circumstances of the utmost respectability. Miss Johnston is plainly not certain whether her subject was a genius or a lunatic, which is hardly surprising since one of Victoria's later lovers was never certain she could really read or write. It is unfortunate that this gentleman died before anyone thought to ask him about spectacles.

PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON'S INIQUITY (Scribner's, \$3.95) arises from her attendance at the Moors murder trial. The accused were one Brady and his mistress, who were convicted of killing a youth of seventeen and two children for no reason but sadistic amusement. They were a genuinely horrible pair, and Miss Johnson's revulsion from the whole affair has driven her into the quagmire of censorship for moral purposes. Since Brady owned the works of de Sade and several kindred authors, Miss Johnson reasons, he must have been encouraged to murder by the preoccupation of these writers with sex as blood-letting; therefore, Brady should not have had access to these books. This conclusion is debatable, however, for evidence at the trial established that Brady was given to chopping up live cats when he was a small boy and had no access to de Sade or anything like him. Did he murder because he read de Sade, or read de Sade because he murdered? Miss Johnson has run into usual difficulty with arguments support of book censorship as a means of preventing crime. There's no telling the cart from the horse in this field.

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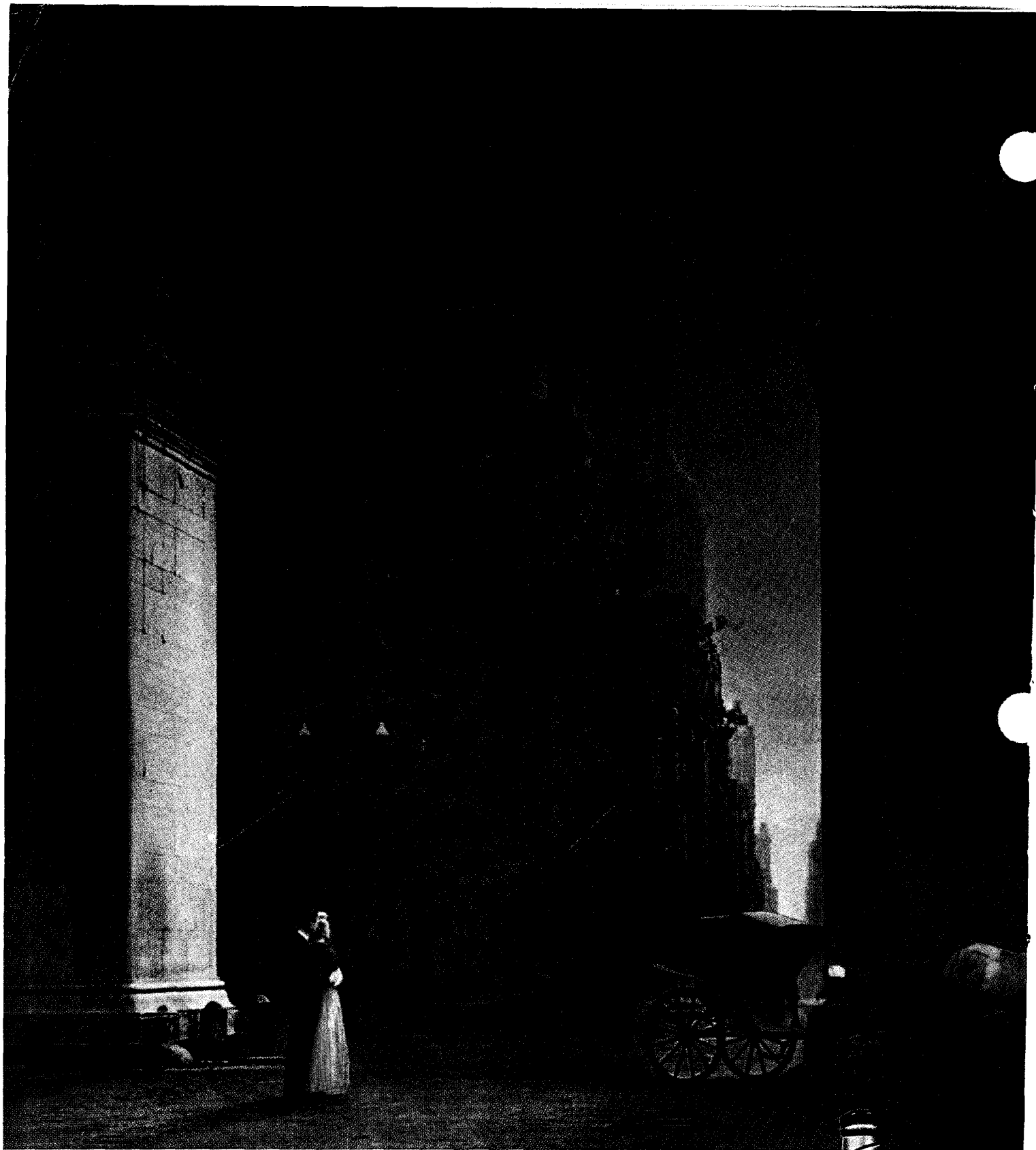


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